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EARLY CHRISTIAN ART AS SEEN IN THE CATACOMBS.

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THE conditions under which Christian art was cultivated in the early centuries were eminently unfavorable to its highest development. It was not, like pagan art, the æsthetic exponent of a dominant religion, enjoying the patronage of the great and wealthy, adorning the numerous temples of the gods and the palaces and banquet-chambers of emperors and senators, commemorating the virtues of patriots and heroes, and bodying forth the conception of poets and seers. There was no place in the Christian system for such representations as the glorious sun-god, Apollo, the lovely Aphrodite, or the sublime majesty of Jove, which are still the unapproached *chefs d'œuvre* of the sculptor's skill. The beautiful myths of Homer and Hesiod were regarded with abhorrence; and the Christian converts shrank as from sacrilege from any representation of the supreme object of their worship.

Nevertheless, the testimony of the Catacombs gives evidence that art was not, as has frequently been asserted, entirely abjured by the primitive believers on account of its idolatrous employment by the pagans. They rather adopted and purified it for Christian purposes, just as they did the diverse elements of ancient civilization. It was not till the increasing power and growing opulence of the Church led to the more lavish employment of art that it called forth the condemnation of the Fathers of the third and fourth centuries.

The art of any age is an outgrowth and efflorescence of an internal living principle; and as is the tree, so is its fruit. The iconography of the early centuries of Christianity is, therefore,

a pictorial history of its development and of the changes it has undergone. The corruptions of doctrine, the rise of dogmas, the strifes of heresiarchs and schismatics, are all reflected therein. The frescoes of the Catacombs are illustrations, inestimable in value, of the pure and lofty character of that primitive Christianity of which they were the offspring. The very intensity of that old Christian life under repression and persecution created a more imperative necessity for religious symbolism, as an expression of its deepest feelings and as a common sign of the faith. Early Christian art, therefore, was not realistic and sensuous, but ideal and spiritual. Of the unknown artists of the Catacombs, no less than of those of the Italian *renaissance*, may it be said,

"They never moved their hand
Till they had steeped their inmost soul in prayer."

The decoration of these subterranean crypts is the first employment of art by the early Christians of which we have any remains. A universal instinct leads us to beautify the sepulchers of our departed. This is seen alike in the rude funeral totem of the American savage, in the massive mausolea of the Appian Way, and in the magnificent Moorish tombs of the Alhambra. It is not, therefore, remarkable that the primitive Christians adorned with religious paintings, expressive of their faith and hope, the graves of the dead, or in times of persecution traced upon the martyr's tomb the palm and crown, the emblems of victory, or the dove and olive-branch, the beautiful symbol of peace.

It must not, however, be supposed that the first beginnings of Christian art were rude and formless essays, such as we see among barbarous tribes. The primitive believers had not so much to create the principles of art as to adapt an art already fully developed to the expression

of Christian thought. Like the neophyte converts from heathenism, pagan art had to be baptized into the service of Christianity. "The germs of a new life," says Dr. Lübke, "were in embryo in the dying antique world. Ancient art was the garment in which the young and world-agitating ideas of Christianity were compelled to veil themselves." Hence, the earlier paintings are superior in execution, and manifest a richness, a vigor, and a freedom like those of the best specimens of the classic period. Their design is more correct, their ornamentation more chaste and elegant, and the accessories more graceful, than in the later examples. These shared the gradual decline which characterized the art of the dying Empire, becoming more impoverished in conception, stiff in manner, and conventional or hieratic in type, till they sink into the barbarism of the Byzantine age.

The art of the Catacombs thus sprang out of that which was pre-existing, selecting and adapting what was congenial in spirit, and rigorously rejecting whatever savored of idolatry or of the sensual character of ancient heathen life. As Christianity was the very antithesis of paganism in spirit, so its art was singularly free from pagan error. There were no wanton dances of nude figures like those upon the walls of the Roman Sodom, Pompeii, but chaste pictures with figures clothed from head to foot; or where historical accuracy required the representation of the undraped form—as in pictures of our first parents in the Garden of Eden, or of the story of Jonah—they are instinct with modesty and innocence. Pagan art, a genius with drooping wing and torch reversed, stood at the door of death, but cast no light upon the world beyond. Christian art, inspired with lofty faith, pierced through the veil of sense, beyond the shadows of time, and beheld the pure spirit soaring above the grave, like essence rising from an alembic, in which all the grosser qualities of matter are left behind. Hence, only images of hope and tender joy are employed. There is no symptom of the despair of paganism, scarce even of natural sorrow.

Independent statues were, in the first ages, rarely, if ever, used. There seemed to be greater danger of falling into error by the imitation of these—the forms in which were most of the representations of the heathen deities—than in the employment of plastic art. Their fabrication, therefore, was especially avoided; and in nothing is the contrast between ancient Christianity and the Roman Catholicism of later days more striking than in the profusion of "graven imagery" in the latter compared with its entire

absence in the former. Indeed, sculpture never became truly Christian, and even in the hands of an Angelo or Thorwaldsen failed to produce triumphs of skill like those of Pheidias or Praxiteles. Christian plastic art, however, in its noblest development, far surpassed the grandest achievements, of which we have any account, of the school of Apelles and Zeuxis. Christianity is the glorification of the gentler graces, paganism of the sterner virtues. The former finds its best expression in painting; the latter, in sculpture.

Primitive Christianity was eminently congenial to religious symbolism. Born in the East, and in the bosom of Judaism, which had long been familiar with this universal Oriental language, it adopted types and emblems as its natural mode of expression. (Raoul Rochette: *Mémoire sur les Antiquités Chrétiennes des Catacombes*.—*Mém. de l'Acad. des Inscr.* XIII.) They formed the warp and woof of the symbolic drapery of the tabernacle and temple service, prefiguring the great truths of the Gospel. The Old Testament sparkles with mysterious imagery. In the sublime visions of Isaiah, Ezekiel, and Daniel, move strange, fantastic creatures of monstrous form and prophetic significance. In the New Testament, the Divine Teacher conveys the loftiest lessons in parables of inimitable beauty. In the apocalyptic visions of St. John, the language of imagery is exhausted to represent the overthrow of Satan, the triumph of Christ, and the glories of the New Jerusalem.

The primitive Christians, therefore, naturally adopted a similar mode of art expression for the purposes of religious instruction. They also, as a necessary precaution in times of persecution, concealed from the profane gaze of their enemies the mysteries of the faith under a veil of symbolism, which yet revealed their profoundest truths to the hearts of the initiated. That such disguise was not superfluous, is shown by the recent discovery of a pagan caricature of the Crucifixion, on a wall beneath the Palatine, and by the recorded desecration of the eucharistic vessels by the apostate Julian. When persecution ceased, this veil of mystery was thrown off, and a less esoteric art employed; but even when Christianity came forth victorious from the Catacombs, symbolical paintings celebrated its triumph upon the walls of the basilicas and baptisteries which rose in the great centers of population.

To those who possessed the key to the "Christian hieroglyphs," as Raoul Rochette has called them, they spoke a language that the most unlettered, as well as the learned, could understand. What to the haughty heathen was an

unmeaning scrawl, to the lowly believer was eloquent of loftiest truths and tenderest consolation.

Though occasionally fantastic and far-fetched, this symbolism is generally of a profoundly religious significance, and often of extreme poetic beauty. In perpetual canticle of love, it finds resemblances of the Divine object of its devotion throughout all nature. It beholds, beyond the shadows of time, the eternal verities of the world to come. It is not of the earth, earthy, but is entirely supersensual in its character, and employs material forms only as suggestions of the unseen and spiritual. It addresses the inner vision of the soul, and not the mere outer sense. Its merit consists, therefore, not in artistic beauty of execution, but in appositeness of religious significance—a test lying far too deep for the apprehension of the uninitiated. It was, perhaps, also influenced, as Kugler remarks, in the avoidance of realistic representation, by the fear which pervaded the primitive Church of any approach to idolatry.

Some of the Christian symbols, indeed, were common also to pagan art; as the palm, the crown, the ship, and others; but they acquired, under Christian treatment, a profounder and nobler meaning than they ever possessed before. Moreover, there are other and more striking examples of the adoption, when appropriate to Christian themes, of subjects from pagan art. Orpheus, charming the wild beasts with his lyre, is a frequently recurring figure in the Catacombs, and is referred to by the early Fathers as a type of the influence of Christ in subduing the evil dispositions of the heart, and drawing all men unto himself by the sweet persuasive power of his divine word. The victory of our Lord over death and hell, and probably an ancient interpretation of his preaching to the spirits in prison (1 Peter iii, 19), may have found a sort of parallel in the beautiful legend of the faithful lover seeking in the under-world the lost Eurydice, bitten by a deadly serpent; while at the sound of his wondrous harp, gloomy Dis was soothed, Ixion's wheel stood still, Tantalus forgot his thirst, and the stone of Sisyphus hung poised in air. The Orphic verses were also said, by the Fathers, to have contained many true prophecies of our Lord. These, however, like the testimony of the Sibyls, were pious forgeries of post-Christian date.

Another fable of the pagan mythology reproduced in early Christian art, is that of Ulysses and the Sirens. A sarcophagus from the Catacombs represents the "much-planning" wanderer of Ithaca bound to the mast, deaf to the blandishments of the rather harpy-like daugh-

ters of the sea, and so sailing safely by. Maximus of Turin, in the fifth century, explained the ship of Ulysses to be a type of the Church, the mast being the cross, by which the faithful are to be kept from the seductions of the senses. "Thus," he says, "shall we be neither held back by the pernicious hearing of the world's voice, nor swerve from our course to the better life, and fall upon the rocks of voluptuousness." (Hom. I, De Cruce Domini.)

But Christian art did not servilely follow pagan types. It introduced new forms to express new ideas. It created a symbolical cycle of especially Christian significance. Great care must be observed, however, in the interpretation of this religious symbolism, not to stretch it beyond its capacity or intention. An allegorizing mind, especially if it has any theological dogma to prove, will discover symbolical evidence in its support where it can be detected by no one else. This is strikingly manifested in the groundless interpretation, by ecclesiastical writers, of the imaginary signs of martyrdom, as well as of the so-called "Liturgical Paintings," in which they find distinct allusion to most, if not all, of the "seven sacraments."

The range of this art is so extensive and varied that we have only space to mention a few of its more important subjects. Most of these are derived from Holy Scripture, and indicate the remarkable familiarity of the Christians of pagan Rome with the Sacred Books, in painful contrast with the prevalent ignorance of the Word of God of the inhabitants of Papal Rome to-day. Not one of the subjects is derived from the Apocryphal Gospels, which, with the later legends of the saints, have furnished the motives of so much of modern Roman Catholic art.

The rudely drawn figure of an anchor, in allusion to St. Paul's beautiful reference to the Christian's hope as the anchor of the soul, is one of the most frequently recurring symbols of the Catacombs. This allusion is made more apparent when it is observed how often it is found on the tombstones of those who bear the name Hope in its Greek or Latin form, as *Elpis*, *Elpidius*, *Spes*, etc. There was a beautiful significance in this symbol to the tried and tempted Christian of the early ages. It assured him that his life-bark should outride the fiercest storm and wildest waves of persecution, and at last glide safely into the haven of everlasting rest.

Associated with this in thought, is the symbol of a ship, alluded to by Clement of Alexandria (*Ναὺς οὐρανοδρομουῖσα*—*Pædagogus*, Lib. III), and applied sometimes to an individual, and

sometimes to the Church as a whole. The execution is often extremely rude, being evidently taken from the clumsy barges that navigated the Tiber.

The palm-branch and crown are figures that frequently occur. Although common also to pagan and Jewish art, they have been clothed in Christian symbolism with a new and loftier meaning. They call to mind the great multitude whom no man can number, whom John saw in apocalyptic vision, with whom faith beholds the dear departed walk in white, bearing palms in their hands. They are the tokens of victory over the last enemy, the assurance that

"The struggle and grief are all past,
The glory and worth live on."

The crown is not the wreath of ivy or of laurel, of parsley or of bay—the coveted reward of the ancient games—nor the chaplets of earthly revelry, which, when placed upon the heated brow, soon fell in withered garlands to the feet; but the crown, starry and unwithering, which shall never fade away, the immortal wreath of glory which the saints shall wear forever at the marriage-supper of the Lamb.

One of the most frequent and beautiful symbols of the Catacombs is a dove, generally with the olive-branch in its mouth—the perpetual herald of the peace of God. Sometimes doves are represented sipping at a vase, or plucking grapes, in order, as De Rossi remarks with considerable show of interesting evidence for which we have here no room, to indicate the soul released from its earthly cares and entered into joy and peace.

Another exceedingly common emblematic representation is that of the believers as sheep or lambs, and Christ as the Good Shepherd; calling up the thought of that sweet Hebrew idyl (Psalm xxiii), of which the world will never grow tired, which, lisped by the pallid lips of the dying, throughout the ages, has strengthened their hearts as they entered the dark valley, and to which the Savior lent a deeper pathos by his parable of the lost sheep. Small wonder that this figure was a favorite type of that infinite love that sought the sinful and the erring, and brought them to his fold again. (Compare the exquisite line of the *Dies Iræ*:

"Quærens me sedisti lassus.")

With reiterated and varied treatment, to which we can here only allude, the tender story is repeated over and over again, making the gloomy crypts bright with sweet pastoral scenes and hallowed with sacred associations.

One of the most ancient and important sym-

bols of this primitive cycle was the fish. It was exceedingly common in the second and third centuries, but in the fourth gradually fell into disuse, and had almost, if not altogether, disappeared by the beginning of the fifth. The abandonment of this remarkable type may be explained by its mystical and anagrammatic character. When the age of persecution passed away, there was no longer need to use a sign whose meaning was known only to the initiate, to express those religious truths which were openly proclaimed on every hand. This emblem derives its peculiar significance from the fact that the initial letters of the name and title of our Lord—*Ἰησοῦς Χριστὸς Θεοῦ Υἱὸς Σωτὴρ*, Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Savior—make up the Greek word *ἰχθῦς*, fish. This symbol is first mentioned by Clement of Alexandria (*Pædag.*, Lib. III, c. xi), and probably had its origin in the allegorizing school of Christianity that there sprang up. It contained also an allusion to the ordinance of baptism. "The fish," says Tertullian, "seems a fit emblem of Him whose spiritual children are like the offspring of fishes, born in the waters of baptism." (*De Baptism*, c. i.) This sacred fish is sometimes represented as bearing a basket of bread on its back, and sometimes a loaf in its mouth, which is probably a symbol of the bread of life which Christ breaks to his children, or possibly of the Holy Eucharist.

But our space forbids the attempt to describe the whole range of sacred symbols which, for the most part, point to the person and work of the Redeemer. Besides these, there are others illustrating the character and duty of Christians, as the stag drinking at the water-brook, the emblem of the soul panting after the living God; the hunted hare, the emblem of the persecutions of the saints; and the cock, suggesting the duty of unsleeping vigilance. The olive-tree indicates the fruitfulness in good works of the Christian character; and the vine, the intimate union of the believer and Christ. Another class refers to the hopes of future blessedness; as the peacock, the emblem of immortality; and the phoenix, a symbol of the resurrection.

The cycle of Biblical paintings in the Catacombs, comprising representations of the principal events in Scripture history, both in the Old Testament and the New, though of exceeding interest, is too vast a field to be here entered upon. It has been treated in detail and with copious pictorial illustration by the present writer, in a volume now in press at the Methodist Episcopal Publishing-house—Nelson & Phillips—New York, entitled "The Catacombs of

Rome, and their Testimony Relative to Primitive Christianity," which discusses at length the structure, origin, and history of the Catacombs, their art and symbolism, their epigraphy, as illustrative of the doctrines, ministry, rites, and institutions of the primitive Church, and of Christian life and character in the early ages.

We can only enumerate here some of the more striking characteristics of Christian art. It is remarkable for the absence of those gross anthropomorphic representations of the Deity into which later art degenerated. All who are familiar with the subject will recall many painful examples of this offense against piety and good taste, to which not even the majestic genius of Michael Angelo can reconcile us. The writer remembers one picture in which the Almighty, in ecclesiastical garb, with a triple crown upon his head, and a lantern in his hand, is extracting a rib from the sleeping form of Adam. In Germany, according to Didron (*Iconographie Chrétienne*, pp. 216-227), the Supreme Being was generally represented as emperor; in England and France, as king; and in Italy, as Pope. The daring artists of the Middle Ages even attempted to portray the incomprehensible mystery of the Trinity, by a grotesque head with three faces joined together, somewhat after the manner of the three-headed image of Brahma in the Hindoo mythology. According to M. Emeric David, the French artists of the ninth century claim the "happy boldness"—*heureuse hardiesse*—of first representing the Almighty under human form. We find nothing of this in the Catacombs. (A single apparent exception is examined in "Withrow's Catacombs," Book II, chapter iv.) The nearest approach thereto is a single hand stretched out to arrest the knife of Abraham about to offer up Isaac, and a hand encircled with clouds, as if more strongly to signify its symbolical character, giving the tables of the law.

The entire absence of the slightest approach to any thing indicative of the worship of Mary is a striking characteristic of this early art. The Virgin Mother nowhere appears other than as an accessory to the Divine Infant, generally in paintings of the adoration of the Magi. (The development of the *cultus* of Mary is fully traced in the work last cited, Book II, chapter iii.) Another of the most striking circumstances which impresses the observer in traversing these silent chambers of the dead, is the complete avoidance of all those images of suffering and woe, or of tragic awfulness, such as abound in sacred art above ground. There are no representations of the seven-fold sorrows of the *Mater Dolorosa*, nor cadaverous Magdalens

accompanied by eyeless skulls as a perpetual *memento mori*. There are no pictures of Christ's agony and bloody sweat, of his cross and passion, his death and burial; nor of the flagellations, tortures, and fiery pangs of martyrdom, such as those that harrow the soul in many of the churches and galleries of Rome. Only images of joy and peace abound on every side. These somber crypts are a school of Christian love, of gentle charity, of ennobling thoughts, and elevating impulses. "To look at the Catacombs alone," says Raoul Rochette (*Tableau des Catacombes*, page 194), "it might be supposed that persecution had no victims, since Christianity has made no allusion to suffering. There are no symbols of sorrow, no appeals to the morbid sympathies of the soul, nothing that could cause vindictive feelings even toward the persecutors of the Church; only sweet pastoral scenes, fruits, flowers, lambs and doves, nothing but what suggests feelings of innocence and joy.

With the age of persecution, this child-like and touching simplicity of Christian art ceased. Called from the gloomy vaults of the Catacombs to adorn the churches erected by Constantine and his successors, it gradually developed to the many-colored splendor of the magnificent frescoes and mosaics of the basilicas. It became more and more personal and historical, and less abstract and doctrinal. The technical manipulation became less understood, and the artistic conception of form more and more feeble, till it gradually stiffened into the immobile types which characterize Byzantine art. It is of importance, however, as enabling us to trace the development of religious ideas and the introduction of additions to primitive belief, and as showing the slow progress toward the veneration of images. It demonstrates the non-apostolicity of certain doctrines, the beginnings of which can be here detected. It utters its voiceless protest against others which are sought for in vain in the place where, according to mediæval theory, they should certainly be found. It is to this period that most of the condemnations of art, or rather of its abuse, in the writings of the primitive Fathers must be referred. Toward the close of the fourth century, Augustine inveighs against the superstitious reverence for pictures, as well as the growing devotion to the sepulchers, which, he says, the Church condemned, and endeavored to correct. (*Aug. de Morib. Cathol.*, Lib. I, c. xxxiv.)

Where still employed in the Catacombs, art shared the corruption and degradation above described, which became all the deeper with the progressive debasement of the later Empire.

Amid the gathering shadows of the Dark Ages it became more somber and austere, filling the mind of the spectator with gloom and terror. Thus art, which is the daughter of paganism, relapsing into the service of superstition, has corrupted and often paganized Christianity, as Solomon's heathen wives turned his heart from the worship of the true God to the practice of idolatry. Lecky attributes this degradation of art to the latent Manicheism of the Dark Ages, to the monkish fear of beauty as a deadly temptation, and, later, to the terrible pictures of Dante, which opened up such an abyss of horrors to the imagination.

CARE FOR FLOWERS.

BY E. E. GRAHAM.

ADAM FLORA, from over the sunny southern seas, has landed on our shores with her rich and charming assortment of goods. How verdant the ship in which she sailed, and brilliant and gaudy her stores! What a feast of fancy! What poetry, enlivened by sweetest melodies! What rainbow tints and fairy forms, and snow-white winged creatures, ready to fly away to their native Eden! 'Tis like a vision—a glimpse through the golden gates ajar; and yet 'tis a sweet reality on earth, a special gift from the Father in heaven.

Come, fair sisters of the land, and let us avail ourselves of Dame Flora's treasures! She is a very goddess of liberality. She offers health, beauty, pleasure, profit; and in return asks only our industry, patience, a small share of our time and a few of our checks. For this small consideration, we may have those creatures of life and love and language, daily budding and blooming above, around, on every side, and even beneath our feet. Women, who have been styled the *poetry of life*, are, in fact, very prosy creatures, and will not believe till convinced by a process of staid and sober argument.

Flowers, unless made to contribute something to the bread and butter or dress and bonnet department, are worthless; and they can't afford the required time and money, and have n't the strength to bother with them merely for their own sake. Is n't that stupid prose? To be sure, it is none of my particular business, except that I love to see the world look pretty; and think it a sin for us not to do the little we can to make it a beautiful highway for the journey of pilgrims; a beautiful scene for the gaze of angels; and a beautiful Eden to return to the Lord, lovely as the paradise he loaned us in the beginning.

Therefore, my dear sisterhood, being one of your own species, sharing all your weaknesses, knowing how to sympathize with you in every thing, and advising you for the pure sake of sisterly love, you will bear with me if I engage to convince you that you *can afford* to cultivate flowers, and that they'll abundantly repay you for all your painstaking.

How many hours, during the course of a week, do you spend out, calling merely for the sake of appearing sociable, or for idle gossip? Those fashionable calls are unprofitable, and generally unpleasant. Why not abbreviate them? Again, how much time is wasted on unnecessary needle-work, overtaxing body and spirit, with a final result which will afford but little pleasure, and that to a very select few! Now, why not dispense with the superfluities of dress, and make garments after plainer, less expensive styles? No person of cultivated, æsthetic sensibility will pronounce all ornamentation as absurd and superfluous; but common sense and refined taste know just when there's enough, and that every touch added thereafter only mars the object, whatever it may be, giving it an overwrought, bunglesome, awkward appearance, confusing the mind instead of giving it pleasure. Now, in matters of dress, every lady should regard the laws of taste, and let fashion go to destruction whenever she opposes her superior lady taste. In discarding absurdities, and bringing dress down, or rather, I should say, elevating dress to the standard of elegance and propriety, the saving there would be in money, time, and strength would sound so very fabulous that no skeptical, mathematical person could believe, until he had examined the result through the unclouded glasses of his own calculation. While the greater part of this enormous fund should be expended in direct efforts to make the world better, I do argue that some of it might go toward making the world more beautiful. Each home might be converted into a little Eden of grace and loveliness. One of the ways to do this, is by the cultivation of plants and flowers. Here, as elsewhere, our critic taste should always be within call. Too many flowers in one's front yard produce no better effect than a dress or bonnet too highly trimmed, or a table overloaded with delicacies. In embroidery we choose some grave color for a groundwork—something that will contrast with the various shades we employ, and serve to show our work to advantage. This may be done with the same pleasing results in our out-doors broidery, wrought of the living, breathing blossoms. There's no more delightful groundwork than

nature's own deep, soft, and verdant velvet. This should be spared to relieve the eye from gorgeous coloring. There should be artful creepers and delicate, pending vines, to give an air of ease and gracefulness. There should be such happy blending of shades and tints, that the effect will be one of unbroken harmony; like the master-touches of music, in which there are ten thousand sweet melodies murmuring and rippling and laughing, all blending their silvery voices into one enrapturing harmony. Then in our flower-lawns, there should be shady arbors from which to view the dancing sunbeams; shrubs and trees, where birds will build their homes, and woo us with their loving songs; fragrance floating in the air to keep us lingering in this fairy-land—this ground enchanted.

Do you now see, my sister friends, that you each have some little extravagancies in the use of time and money, that you might employ to better purpose? Do you not know that flowers will repay for themselves many times over in affording you most healthful exercise—such life-giving draughts of pure air, such invigorating sunshine baths, all accompanied by such pleasing fancies? Then, again, do they not largely pay in affording you constant though ever new and varying beauty for your own enjoyment, for the entertainment of many friends, and for the weary stranger who passes your door? As you grow more intimate with those exquisite touches of a divine and loving Hand, do you not feel your heart grow better, your affections purer, your desires for heaven more ardent? Then who can not afford to cultivate flowers? They are within the reach of all; and she who discards them as being unworthy her notice, is virtually declaring herself superior to her Maker and Savior. Flowers are the delicate workmanship of our Creator; and through his noblest worthies has he immortalized them in song. Flowers afforded suitable patterns for the imitation of high, heaven-born art in that grand temple whose architect was God. Flowers were wreathed with everlasting honor into the beautiful smiles of that great poet, who, with one mighty stroke, disenthralled the world. Flowers are our kindred ties. From the same natural dust we sprang, and to the same we shall return. Who that has a human heart—a pure, refined, ennobled soul—does not love and care for flowers? “A garden,” says an eloquent writer, “is a beautiful book writ by God’s own finger. Every flower and every leaf is a letter; and you have only to go on joining them together into words and sentences, until you find yourself carried from earth to heaven by the beautiful story you are going through.”

SOME DISTINGUISHED SUICIDES.

BY JAMES PUMMILL.

IT is remarkable in what different lights men view the act of suicide. There is not yet a settled opinion as to the condition of mind of the individual who commits this strangest of all the strange deeds performed by human beings. A great many persons take sides with Sir Thomas Browne, who says that “suicide is not to fear death, but yet to be afraid of life. It is a brave act of valor to condemn death,” he continues; “but where life is more terrible than death, it is then the truest valor to dare to live. And herein religion hath taught us a noble example; for all the valiant acts of Curtius, Scævola, or Codrus, do not parallel or match that one of Job.”

It will be noticed that Sir Thomas considers the act of suicide as voluntary, and holds the self-murderer responsible. In this, he does not differ from thousands of well-thinking men. The Greek and Roman philosophers deemed it a crime, and burned the offending hand apart from the rest of the body. In the Roman Catholic Church, in the sixth century, it was ordained that no commemoration should be made in the Eucharist for such as committed self-murder. This ecclesiastical law continued till the Reformation, when it was incorporated into the statute law of England by the authority of Parliament, with the confiscation of land and goods. Till 1823, the body of the suicide was directed to be buried in a cross-road, and a stake to be driven through it.

But the question at once occurs to the mind of the reader: What was the effect of these laws? Are statutes reasonable in cases of suicide? There can be no doubt they are, if, as believed by Sir Thomas Browne, suicide is a voluntary act. If self-destruction is made disgraceful by legal enactments, will not the fear of death and disgrace act as an antidote to the dread of life and disgrace, thus leaving the mind of the would-be suicide *in equilibrio*? The case of the Milesian virgins, spoken of in Plutarch, may be mentioned as an example of the effect of law. An unaccountable passion for suicide seized these maidens, from which they could not be prevented by the tears and prayers of their friends. But a decree being issued that the body of every young maid who did self-murder should be drawn naked through the streets, a stop was soon put to the extraordinary frenzy.

The poets who have in any way alluded to suicide, have uniformly regarded it as a voluntary act. Among these may be mentioned

Lucretius, Sewall, Massinger, Dryden, Chapman, Mason, Davenant, Jonson, Young, Savage, Blair, Thomson, Cowper, Byron, Darley, and a host of others. Shakespeare himself, whom our critics regard as "myriad-minded," and who was a deep student of all the phases of human character—a dramatic metaphysician—takes the same view. He finds it, he says,

"Cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life."

Or, at least, he makes one of his favorite characters use this language, which may be regarded as a foregone conclusion of the great poet's own sentiments. He makes my Lord Hamlet debate the question of suicide, and conclude that it is better to bear the ills we have than fly to others that we know not of. Macbeth, too, discusses the question in moments of temporary grief and despair; and more than once is almost persuaded to play the Roman fool, and die on his own sword. And his grand Cassius, having lost every thing upon which he had staked his reputation as a warrior and citizen, compels a soldier to hold the sword while he rushes upon his fate. Thus suicide, in the view of the most distinguished poets of all time, and by the lawgivers of many generations, is an act of ratiocination.

There are, however, eminent scientific men and philosophers who hold that suicide is the result of insanity. "It is a curious fact," says Sir Charles Morgan, "that some men are born with a tendency to self-destruction, which exhibits itself at intervals, from an early period of life, even before it can be the result of feeling or reflection. It is generally accompanied by mental aberration, consequent on pressure on some part of the brain, and is more purely physical than the *amour propre* of man is willing to allow. What poetical suicides and sublime despair might have been prevented by a timely dose of blue-pill or the offer of a *Loge aux Italiens*!" This takes all the romance out of suicide, if not the terror. The moderns differ much from the ancient and mediæval philosophers, in chiefly regarding *felo-de-se* as a mania. This mania is hereditary, as in the cases alluded to by Sir Charles Morgan; and it is brought on by various kinds of personal abuse, as intemperance in drinking, and by grief at the loss of friends and property, marital infidelity, and so on.

The ancients and the moderns are both right, it may be said. For while it can be shown that laws have been sufficient to prevent those classes of suicide that are the result of personal disgrace, by making the fact of voluntary death

still more disgraceful; it can as well be shown that there are forms of suicide which are directly the consequence of mental aberration, and which no possible representation of future disgrace or future punishment could in the least affect. The discussion of this profound theme, however, we leave to profounder pens. We started to write a sketch of some distinguished suicides, which, we doubt not, will be far more interesting to the reader than a learned disquisition; and the history of these will give a deeper insight into the mysteries of the subject than any mere essay.

The first instance of suicide recorded in Jewish history is that of Samson, about 1120 B. C. The strong man, blind and heart-broken by ill-treatment from an unfeeling multitude, tore down the pillars of the Temple of Dagon, which fell upon his enemies, as well as upon himself, and several thousand of them died with him. The story may be found in full in the Sacred Book. Another case is that of Saul, the son of Kish, about 1050 B. C., who threw himself upon his own sword and perished. Both of these remarkable characters were compelled to suicide by despair in having lost all that they deemed valuable in life. Judas may here be mentioned, who hanged himself in remorse for having sold his Lord and Master.

The case of Cato has been immortalized by Addison in a dramatic poem. This great soldier approached his death deliberately. He was at Utica, not prepared for or intending to support a siege against the armies of Cæsar. When that general approached the city, rather than fly, or fall alive into the conqueror's hands, Cato stabbed himself, after having deliberately fortified his mind by reading Plato on the Immortality of the Soul,—B. C. 46, in his fifty-ninth year. Cause of suicide, disaster in war.

Empedocles, a philosopher, historian, and poet, who lived 444 B. C., in Agrigentum, Sicily, leaped into the flames of Ætna. His reasons were characteristic of that Roman age. He wished it to be believed that he was a god, and, that his death might be unknown, he stole secretly to the crater, and, throwing himself into it, perished. How was this discovered? Singularly enough, the volcano threw up one of his sandals, and revealed to the world that Empedocles had died by fire. Thus his design of persuading the credulous populace that he had flown to some godlike sphere, in fleshly guise, was prevented by a seeming miracle. This is not a solitary instance of suicide by fire. A Frenchman, who had read the story of Empedocles, and admired the grandeur of his death, determined—just like a Frenchman!—to imitate

the classic suicide; and threw himself into the crater of Vesuvius—A. D. 1820. A case is mentioned of an Englishman, who, in 1811, jumped into the furnace of a forge. But this was a death of his own choosing, and not from emulation of the feat of Empedocles. He was enticed by the beautiful flames—a fascination not to be resisted by the suicidal mind.

The suicide of Diocles, the Syracusan, is an instance of political integrity, which is worthy of modern imitation. It seems that, among the laws which this eminent man gave to the Syracusans, there was one enacting "that no man should presume to enter, armed, into an assembly of the people; in case any should, he was to suffer death." One day, an alarm was given of an approaching enemy, and Diocles hastened out to meet them, with his sword by his side. On the way, he was informed that the people, indifferent to their common danger, had assembled to talk sedition in the forum; and, forgetting all inferior circumstances for his zeal in the public safety, he stepped into the assembly, armed as he was, intending to use his best endeavors to call them to a sense of their duty. But before he could address them, one of the busiest of the factions called out "that Diocles, in arms among the people, had broken the laws which he himself had made." Diocles, struck, but not confounded, turning toward his accuser, replied, "Most true; nor shall Diocles be the last to sanction his own laws." On saying this, he drew his sword, and, falling on it, expired. If one-half this delightful sense of honor, not only for the letter but for the spirit of the law, existed among our law-makers, there would be no laws enacted without the wisest consideration, and none broken with impunity.

Among female suicides of antiquity, the case of Arria exhibits a memorable instance of heroic fortitude. Poetus, her husband, having joined Scribonianus, who was in arms, in Illyria, against Claudius, was taken, after the death of the latter, and condemned to death. Arria, having in vain solicited his life, persuaded him to destroy himself, rather than submit to an ignominious end. Pliny records, she plunged the dagger into her breast, and then presented it to her husband, exclaiming, "Poetus, it is not painful."

There are also the names of Cleopatra and Queen Dido. The first applied an asp to her bosom, on account of the death of her lover, Marc Antony, whose interest her own injudicious conduct had ruined;* and because, from her fading beauty, she could no longer rule the

affection of kings. The latter built a funeral pile, and stabbed herself upon it, as her ungrateful subjects, in the very empire her own genius had founded, would have compelled her, from reasons of State, to wed a king whom she despised. We must here, in closing our list of remarkable ladies, allude to the case of Portia, the accomplished and virtuous wife of Brutus—who committed suicide after her husband's death, in spite of the watchfulness of her attendants, by swallowing a handful of live coals.

In the early part of Roman history, a remarkable instance occurs in the reign of Tarquin I, when the soldiers, thinking themselves disgraced by making common sewers, destroyed themselves. The soldierly pride disdained to hew wood and draw water, to dig sewers, or to perform labor fit only for the menial citizen. The Roman soldier was dignified and haughty, and to him death by his own hands was nobler than the disgrace of common labor. Why Tarquin should have so degraded his brave and proud warriors as to drive them to such desperate ends, is one of the mysteries of history. It is well known, however, that he was a great reformer, ruling his people with moderation and popularity. He desired, it seems, to elevate the citizens above the soldiery, our history showing that he increased the number of the senate, and made himself plenty of friends by electing one hundred new senators from the plebeians. But you will find a better account of him in the classical histories than we have room to furnish in our article, which more concerns suicides than kings. Tarquin did not commit suicide, but died by a death common enough among the Romans—assassination.

When we descend to modern times, we find in the catalogue of suicides the names of some very remarkable men—scholars, poets, historians, and statesmen. An interesting instance is that of Thomas Chatterton. This young poet was born at Bristol, England, the son of a poor school-master. His father died before he was born. He spent some years at a charity school, and was articled to an attorney in his fifteenth year. Before he was quite sixteen, he commenced a series of literary forgeries which deceived the most acute men of the time; and which, considering his extreme youth, must be the wonder of ages. The first of these forgeries were published in a Bristol newspaper, being an account of an ancient procession. On being questioned, he alleged that he found these documents in the charter-room of the Church of St. Mary, Radcliffe. He next exhibited specimens of old poetry, which he asserted were written in the fifteenth century, by a priest

* Antony is said to have stabbed himself, upon the false information that Cleopatra was dead; and, not long after, died of his wounds.

named Thomas Rowley. Pieces of his own, avowedly, appeared in London magazines; and these, original and forceful as they were, showed him to be quite capable of the old-style imitations. Horace Walpole, and some others of the eminent *litterateurs* of the day, were deceived by these spurious antiques. But the poets Gray and Mason easily detected the imposture when some of the poems were sent to them by Walpole. Every-where in these poems of Chatterton there is evidence of genius and of vast reading in old literature. If this genius had been properly guided by some kind and fostering hand, there is no doubt that a brilliant poet would have been saved from a sad fate. But perversity was exhibited in the unhappy boy's conduct as well as in his writings. He extorted a release from his master before he had served his three years, and went to London. Here he found some literary employment; but chiefly busied himself with politics and satire—a muddy stream for a young literary aspirant. A few months of hard drudgery, ill requited, and disappointments in expectation of patronage from the great, drove poor Chatterton to despair. He poisoned himself, in 1770, before he had reached his eighteenth year. Many a dirge has been written over his untimely tomb, by the greatest of succeeding poets; and Wordsworth, the scholar and philosopher in verse, speaks of him as

"The marvelous boy—
The sleepless soul who perished in his pride."

This strange genius is buried near the Workhouse, Shoe Lane, without a stone to mark his grave. They refused him bread when living, and a stone when dead.

General Charles Pichegru, an officer in the French army, is placed in the catalogue of modern suicides. He was born in 1761, of humble parentage, in Franche Comté; and received his education at the military academy of Brienne, where he was monitor to Napoleon Bonaparte. The Revolution found him in the rank of adjutant, and he rose rapidly during the campaigns of 1792 and 1793. At the end of that year, he obtained chief command of the Army of the Rhine. He gained the victory of Hagueneau, and invaded and conquered Holland. He captured not only towns and fortresses, but also some of the Dutch fleet, Winter-bound in the Texel. Pichegru sent his army over the ice, and the strange spectacle was presented of ships being taken by cavalry. He was favorable to the Bourbon family; for which the French Directory recalled him from his command, and at length banished him to Guiana. From thence he escaped to England; and,

returning to Paris secretly, in 1804, with some royalists, was arrested by order of Bonaparte, and thrown into prison, where he committed suicide, in 1805.

Another suicide, Alexander Berthier, Prince of Neufchatel and Wagram, was of higher birth than most of the chiefs of the French Revolution. Born in Paris, 1753. He served in Rochambeau's auxiliary corps in the American War. He was afterward Napoleon's chief of staff. On the downfall of Napoleon, he professed allegiance to the Bourbons. On Napoleon's return from Elba, Berthier quitted France with the Bourbon princes; but he suffered deeply in spirits. While watching a body of Russian troops passing through Bamberg, on their way to France, he was so overcome with the spectacle that he killed himself.

Among eminent statesmen, the names of Sir Samuel Romilly and Lord Castlereagh may be of interest. Romilly, born in London in 1757, was one of the most distinguished of English statesmen. He was a reformer of many of the abuses in English laws. Brougham, in his biography of English statesmen, speaks of him in terms of the highest praise. He had married in 1798; and to the death of his much-loved wife, in 1818, is ascribed the despondency that resulted in his suicide in November of the same year.

Robert Stewart Castlereagh, Marquis of Londonderry, was born in 1769. He was, in his life, a member of the Irish Parliament, a member of the English Commons, secretary of state, war and colonial secretary, foreign secretary; and, in 1814-15, he represented Britain at the settlement of Europe by the Congress of Vienna. He was perhaps the "best abused" statesman of his day. John Hill Burton represents him as a man of fine person and commanding manner, who could often look proud defiance when assailed, which elicited the admiration of his many adversaries. In the session of 1822, he seemed to be suffering severely from overexertion and excitement; and on the 12th of August, he deliberately terminated his days by a slight incision in the carotid artery.

Among artists: Benjamin Robert Haydon was born at Plymouth, England, in 1786. He was the painter of a large number of pictures—portraits, landscapes, and dramatic and historical scenes. His last paintings, in 1846, were "The Banishment of Aristides," and "Nero Watching the Burning of Rome." These pictures Haydon exhibited—as was his custom—but he was unusually unsuccessful with them. He had often lost by his exhibitions, but had sometimes gained large sums. These last

pictures, however, being a severe loss, and at a time when he was penniless too, and disappointed at not being employed in the decoration of the Houses of Parliament, had the effect of prostrating his usually indomitable mind, and plunging him into despair. In this state of mind, he destroyed himself, June 22, 1846. Sir Charles Eastlake, Sir Edwin Landseer, and Lance, the fruit-painter, were Haydon's principal pupils; but, according to Ralph Wornum, their styles retained no single trace of his. One of the latest entries in Haydon's diary reads thus:

"Tom Thumb had twelve thousand people last week, B. R. Haydon one hundred and thirty-three and a half—the half being a little girl. Exquisite taste of the English people!"

There is no necessity for dwelling in detail upon the melancholy circumstances attending the death of Hugh Miller, the geologist of Cromarty, Scotland. It is but recently that event occurred, sending a thrill of anguish through every civilized community in both hemispheres. As a writer on scientific subjects, Hugh Miller had no equal in simplicity, perspicacity, and force. He made the reading of geology popular among all classes of people. Overwork was the cause of his death, as it is of thousands of eminent men, though by a slower suicide. The last work on which he was engaged was "The Testimony of the Rocks," which beautifully reconciles science and revelation. His other most important works are "Cruise of the Betsy," "Old Red Sandstone," "My Schools and Schoolmasters," "First Impressions of England," etc.

Here, then, is a subject for serious contemplation. All of these men, though living lives of activity and much usefulness, died ingloriously by their own hands. It is a solemn reflection that no man who lives a *fast* life—who labors beyond his mental capacity—however noble and honorable may be his aspirations, is exempt from the fatal influence which terminates in suicide. Look even here, at home,—you will find similar instances in every grade of society and in every profession. The men of most brilliant attainments can not escape this terrible destiny when their daily lives are consumed by overwork, anxiety, selfishness, and ambition.

"There is many a rest on the road of life,
If we only would stop to take it,
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would wake it.
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted;
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through
When the ominous clouds are rifted.
There was never a night without a day,
Nor an evening without a morning;
And the darkest hour, the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jeweled crown
Or the miser's hoarded treasure;
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayer to Heaven,
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart,
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the delicate silver threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame Heav'n for the tangled ends,
And sit to grieve and wonder."

THE LIFE THAT NOW IS.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

NOTHING is more natural than the feeling that the world grows old with us. Our eyes grow dim and our ears dull, as we journey; and we think that the flowers have faded, and the songs grown silent in the beautiful valley of youth. It is hard to realize that the change is in us, and that the paths we have trodden lie behind us, fresh and dewy for other feet. So we say to the young, pressing eagerly after us: "This life is not worth the living; its promises deceive; its pleasures burst like bubbles at the touch; its joys end only in sorrow."

It is well for the world that God has so filled the young heart with confidence in its own powers, and faith in the reward that awaits them, that none of these things move it; else many would sit down dismayed at the very outset of the struggle. The young man feels his heart strong within him, throbbing a glad response to the calls of this present life. It calls for work, and he is eager for action; it lies all about him, real, tangible, present, and the life to come looks far off and shadowy. It is not the part of true wisdom to attempt to take from him his confidence in the possibilities of this life, and substitute for them only those motives which spring from another. The world would lose half its melody if the song of youth were lost from its music. It is as old as creation, and set to the tongue of every nation under heaven. When one generation exchanges its chorus for the graver anthems of toil, there follows close upon their march a fresh, young army with sunshine upon lip and brow, ready to take up the

measure; and so the song of youth goes echoing on forever.

There is to-day no grander and truer Gospel than that which, eighteen hundred years ago, declared, "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, as well as that which is to come;" and Christianity must fail of any extensive hold upon the sympathies of the young while it ignores that part of the promise which appeals to the fresh, untried physical life.

Say rather to the young man, "This is a goodly heritage into which you have come; it is full of joy and promise and grand possibilities. There is sure reward for all intelligent labor, whether of body or brain. You are strong; you wear the gold and purple of your manhood right royally, and moving among your fellows, you feel that when God made you a man, he made you something more than any human heraldry can signify. Women love and praise you; little children reverence you, and old men look proudly upon you, as they totter feebly graveward, and say, 'Let us lie down in peace; the generation to come will fill our vacant places, and stronger arms than ours will take up our burdens.'"

If I may make of this present life something grand and noble, glorifying its meanest labors by a lofty purpose, and covering its homeliest duties by the beautiful garments of praise, it becomes to me something more than a wearisome burden which I must bear with what patience I may until I am so fortunate as to be rid of it. It is something to be rejoiced in, and it is well to consider how I may make, through its sunshine and shadow, a straight path for my feet to the shining heights above. "Teach us to pray," said the disciples to the Master; and what a wonderful prayer he taught them, comprehending in its simple petitions all that the finite can ask or the infinite bestow! Is it not a significant fact that in this, the only prayer whose form is divinely sanctioned, the very first petition we are taught to offer for ourselves relates wholly to our bodily wants. "Give us this day our daily bread," as if to set the seal of Divine recognition upon all that pertains to our present life?

In so far as our present life is a failure, judged from an intelligent human point of view, in so far have we failed to accomplish what God meant us to accomplish; in so far have we failed to glorify him in the eyes of others. It is not enough that we have so lived that we may share in the blessedness of a future life; he meant this present life to be something to us. He meant us to live it worthily, and show our

gratitude for his gifts, not by neglecting, but by putting them to noble uses.

It has been truly said that good men are usually better than their theories; and men who, from accidents of education, hold the dreariest and most uncomfortable theories of life often set them practically at defiance, because their natures are so abundant in charity and hopefulness that the ice in which they incase themselves will melt away before its warmth. If their lips consent to the declaration that this world is a wilderness of woe, they are sure to find flowers in the desert and springs in the dry ground.

When Luther attacked with his sturdy blows the Church which then represented all there was of Christianity, he did not mean to destroy, but simply to reform abuses. Some of the gravest of these had sprung from a perverted idea which had substituted for Christianity a terrible system of pains and penalties, which had robbed the human race of God the Father, and given them in his stead a fierce avenger, best pleased when his subjects were most miserable, and to win whose favor it was necessary to forego all the delights of life. The world has not quite outgrown this old monkish idea yet; and there is a disposition to set all the sparkle and glitter of the life that now is on the one hand, and the hope of that which is to come on the other, and say to the young, "Choose between them;" as if God had not declared by the voice of revelation that "light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart."

It is hard to calculate the amount of mischief that is done by wrong-headed men with the best possible motives. The very goodness of their hearts makes their blunders more mischievous, and helps to blind us to their gravest errors. To this class belong the croakers who are perpetually harping upon the troubles and misfortunes of life, and who feel it a duty to speak contemptuously of these mortal bodies, and all that pertains to our earthly dwelling-place.

When, in that far-beginning, the great voice called the earth from chaos and night, the morning stars sung together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy at its birth. Its Creator deigned to call the work of his hands very good, and it is not so marred and disfigured that the glory with which he crowned it is wholly lost. The painter's pencil can but faintly portray the beautiful array in which morning and evening, Summer and Winter, seed-time and harvest, come to us, not with a tame monotony of charms, but fresh and ever-varying. An endless succession of delights has been spread for us from

shore to shore. Does the eye weary of fertile plains, the mountains rise in silent grandeur with their frowning battlements of rock, upon whose scarred fronts Nature's hand has written, "The strength of the hills is his also." Does the ceaseless murmur of the sea make you long for rest, there are low green valleys where the dew lies upon the grass, and where the bees tell drowsy tales to the listening flowers. There are lakes whose clear bosoms mirror only the clouds by day, and the stars that tremble in the blue depths by night. There are forests, under whose leafy arches you may almost hear the wonderful processes of growth, and learn the secrets of nature's alchemy. Let no man speak scornfully of this earth, though blight and mildew may sometimes consume its brightness. Let us rather learn the lessons that its myriad tongues repeat, and so shape our lives that they may not mar its beauty.

We need a more cheerful philosophy of life, and a more hopeful race of prophets, to tell us of the world's future. When the old kings went forth to battle, they had a harper to sing the brave deeds of their ancestors and the victories they had won, until every heart was fired with ardor. If we are to meet with a brave front the foes that rise up against us, and conquer in the daily battles of our lives, we want no miserable croaker to prophesy ruin and defeat; we want no faint-hearted spies to give an evil report of the goodly land, but a strong, resolute, hopeful spirit, whose words may be an inspiration to the faltering. We want poet, prophet, and priest, who will say with the old Scotch piper, when ordered to play a retreat, "I never learned to play a retreat, sire."

CONTENTED AND HAPPY.

BY MRS. OLIVE STEWART.

TWO EPISODES IN A LIFE-STORY.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, a small house stood at the extreme end of a country village. It was before the time of Mansard roofs; and, anyway, the Johnsons were plain, contented people. The very house had a contented air about it. It stood twenty feet from the road, and the little yard had a border of flowers all around it, even under the windows, the only intervals being the gate at one end of the walk from the road, and the door at the other. There, throughout the Summer months, pansies, roses, marigolds, prince's-feathers, nasturtiums, tall hollyhocks, and, last of the year, China asters flourished in all their homely splendor. Nor must the morning-glory be forgotten,

which climbed around and half-veiled the parlor-window. The house was a story and a half high, front-door in the middle, small parlor on one side, with smaller bedroom and a clothes-closet opening out of it. On the opposite side of the narrow entry was the door leading into the room which served as kitchen and dining-room in one; with pantry and father's and mother's bedroom back of it. But there were four doors to that entry; and the fourth, when open, disclosed a staircase, ascending which, you would find yourself in a hall, with two small rooms on one side and a larger one on the other, all of them of a decent height in the middle of the house, but sloping down toward the eaves in a way that warned tall people out of certain corners. The two smaller rooms were the respective bedrooms of Silas Johnson, a mischievous urchin ten years old—distinguished chiefly for playing off pranks on two lovers, and for an unlimited capacity in the cake and pie line—and of Mary Johnson, aged twenty on her last birthday. The latter was a fresh, blue-eyed, dimpled-cheeked girl, busy as a bee and lively as a cricket; always ready with a quirk and a laugh for the glad and gay, or a soft tone and gentle caress for the sad and weary. Between this daughter and son, two infants and a half-grown girl had come and gone, and were no more; so Mary was almost idolized by the good old couple, and Silas well-spoiled, as is the general usage in such cases.

And now Mary had a sweetheart, and she was going to be married, within a week, too; for John Brundage had, during two years past, been hovering about that cottage, and coming in Summer-time with the night-bird to that little flower-bordered front-yard, where his favorite perch was the door-step, and where he did not sit alone. John was the proprietor, and, with the exception of a small boy, sole clerk of a village store, which means a mart where nearly every thing used by villagers is to be found, from crockery and hardware, merinos and muslins, down to a crock of butter or a pail of berries.

Behind this shop a carpenter had been very busy for some time, and a plasterer and a painter had followed him, and, in short, three or four rooms had been fitted up in the back part of the building, or added on at the rear; and this was the nest which the aforesaid companion of the night-bird had prepared for his gentle little mate. For several weeks there had been a quiet bustle in the Johnson household, though mostly confined to the largest of the three up-stairs rooms. In this room, which was chiefly appropriated to storage of many things,

from the side-saddle of Mrs. Johnson's younger days, and the piles of home-made bedding to sundry strings of dried apples and peaches; yet there was on one side a bedstead that served mainly as a receptacle for two extra feather-beds, extra in more senses than one; for the thrifty housewife was wont, when showing them to friends or neighbors, to say, with a wink and a nod: "There an't no better beds than them nowhere. Every feather on 'em's good, live-geese feathers; and the ticks is as good as the feathers;" then, with another wink and a whisper, grammar in the mean while being of no account whatever, "They're for Mary. Guess they'll do to go into the Brundage family." It may here be remarked that the good mother felt herself in a measure circumvented, and was quite chagrined, when she found that John Brundage had bought, and placed in his future wife's bed-chamber, one of those new-fangled things, a French bedstead, whereon were two mattresses designed to supplant the aforesaid feather-beds.

To return to that up-stairs room. As before hinted, it was lately become a center of business, wherein mysterious doings were going on, with door closely barricaded to keep out that roguish and inquisitive Silas. An elderly cousin of acknowledged ability in wielding scissors, needle, and thread ('t was before the advent of sewing-machines), had been closeted there for weeks, sometimes with Mary, sometimes with the mother; and when, at last, by dint of sharp watching for an opportunity, Sile managed to slip in, he saw there on the bed, covered by newspapers, a small pyramid of something that looked like dresses, from the stray sleeves and bits of skirts peeping forth, while under the window, nearest the bed, was a rude table, improvised out of two empty barrels with boards atop, and overspread by an old table-cloth. On this table was a billowy heap of white book-muslin, and a roll of white satin ribbon. All these novelties so excited Sile's curiosity, that, preparatory to pitching in for a thorough examination, he snapped his fingers, ejaculating, "O, Jeminy!" but at that very instant he was seized upon from behind by the indignant entering females, and ignominiously chucked, neck-and-heels, into the outer darkness, where, for the space of half an hour, he revenged himself by kicking and pounding on the door, with a running accompaniment of noises in imitation of squalling cats, cackling hens, and hooting owls. There came a day, however, when scissors and needles were laid aside, and Cousin Elsie, as well as the bustle, was transferred to the kitchen and the pantry; whereupon ensued

a great commotion among such elements as flour and butter, eggs and sugar, currants and raisins, attended with earnest consultations and careful comparison of notes between the trio of females; and all the while that irrepressible boy was the plague of their lives. About the time that all these operations were drawing to a close, there came, late one afternoon, an expressman to the door with a bandbox. This was taken in by Mrs. Johnson, and brought into the kitchen or family-room, there to be opened and examined. It was a white bonnet, and was the one article of that *trousseau* not manufactured either in the house or within the village, it having been ordered from a neighboring town. After taking one peep at the dainty structure of white silk, tulle, and flowers, Cousin Elsie, at a sign from the mother, whisked quietly across the entry into the parlor, and shortly was heard ascending the stairs. A minute later, and while Mary was still gazing admiringly at that lovely bonnet, by all odds the finest bit of head-gear which had ever come into her possession, Elsie called down to say they had better make haste and bring that bandbox upstairs, for she did believe Sile was coming. Up-stairs, therefore, went mother and daughter, bearing the precious bonnet; and having shut and fastened the door, Mrs. Johnson said, with a sigh of relief:

"Well, I believe that is the last article. All them things is ready now; and I count, considerin' that we an't noways rich, that Mary has got a putty fair outfit. There's them two new caliker mornin'-gowns is jest as handsome as picters; and she had two merinos last Winter that an't one mite the worse of wear; and that black silk—it's a good silk too—is every bit as nice as new; and we had it made up with flounces and all, a-purpose. Then them two muslins, the pink and the lilac, I do think, Elsie, you never did make more cunnin'-lookin' dresses than them in all your born days. As to that dove-colored silk that Miss Stubbs made, I do n't suppose there's been any thing much nicer than that made in this village for one while. I should have said that was the thing for the weddin'-dress; but Mary and John, they both thought nothin' would do but white to be married in. You see, fashions does change so; and, as the saying is, 'You might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion;' so father, he says: 'She's our only girl, and a good one; and we an't a-goin' to be stingy with her; she shall have as nice a book-muslin as this place will afford;' and there it is; and a petticoat of coarse book, too, to wear under it, and white satin bows; and if she do n't look

sweet as any posy, when she gits that dress on to stand up before the minister, then I do n't know nothin' about it. Her under-clothes is all right, too, as you and I knows, Elsie; and there agin, see how fashion changes. When I was married—and it was counted that I had all any girl wanted—I had a common quilted petticoat, and a black silk one, besides flannel ones, of course; and I had one white cambric, with a wide hem and two tucks. Now, Mary, there, has her quilted merino, and black silk quilt, and three white ones, without countin' that book-muslin; and I reckon she won't never need no more white petticoats as long as she lives. Still, because I knew them Brundage girls is a little stuck up in their notions, I wanted my daughter to go among 'em as good as the best; and so, jest you look here, deary," drawing something out from behind Elsie's back, "here's a garment I guess you did n't expect, and one that nary Brundage girl of the lot can't match. I do n't much think there's many satin quilted petticoats as good as that in this country."

With this triumphant burst, Mrs. Johnson paused and wiped her face, being quite in a perspiration, and almost out of breath with uttering her long speech, while Mary stood astonished, then said:

"Why, mother, you did n't go and break up your wedding-dress to make me a petticoat—that beautiful silver-gray satin that your rich uncle gave you?"

"Yes, Mary," replied the old lady, with the faintest possible shadow of regret on her face and quaver in her voice, "father and me talked it over, and we agreed 't was best. We ha'n't got no other girls to feel jealous about it, and it would n't never do you so much good in any other way; and, after all, there an't nothin' in this house we could ever miss so much as yourself, deary." Here the poor mother, who had been so brave that she had not once betrayed the pangs daily rending her maternal heart at the prospect of giving up her darling to another, gulped down a sob; but the next moment, seeing Mary turn her face to the window to hide the big tears rolling down the rosy cheeks, she made a mighty effort, and, with a voice and manner that were meant to be cheery, said, "Well, you won't be far away, and when you are gone, I do expect that father and me 'll jest take to spillin' that are young codger of a Sile, right out and out;" a statement which, it is but fair to say, she was most likely to verify in the event.

That night, as John Brundage and his betrothed sat on the door-step, talking as usual

in low tones, Mary, with flushed cheeks and moist eyes, told her lover of the mother's little sacrifice in order to enrich her daughter's wardrobe—a sacrifice which nobody could well appreciate, unless somewhat acquainted with American character. Every genuine American, from one end of the United States to the other, not only counts himself as good as his neighbor, or a little better, but prizes distinction, and sets great value on any small matter that confers a distinction. Moreover, in country places, where life jogs along quietly, and is apt to grow monotonous, among people who have lived in the same region and intermarried for two or three generations, the details of private life become of great interest. These details, then, take the place of the rush and whirl of fast-coming events in city life; and so it came to pass that every body in the neighborhood knew and respected that silver-gray satin dress, as every body would now know that it had dwindled into a petticoat. Thus Mary was deeply touched by this quaint proof of motherly devotion. Her voice had a quiver in it, and John Brundage was beginning to experience that puzzling, half-guilty feeling that comes over a man in such a position, when the friends of his lady-love, or that interesting person herself, goes off into a plaintive mood over the approaching break in the family. It is very awkward, to say the least, for an honest fellow, who has not one constituent of bandit in his composition, to be put in the light of a cruel abductor and devastator of parental hearts and hearth-stones. So John did n't quite know whether he ought to confess himself a wretch, and ask pardon, or get up and shake himself, when a trivial event changed the tide of feeling decidedly. John did shake himself, but not from internal emotion—the cause was external. Something hit his shoulder, and then went tumbling and bobbing about his neck and ears. He put up his hand.

"What the mischief is flopping round my neck in this style?" he said. "I felt it on my hat first;" and he groped about, trying to find the intruder.

As he moved his body forward, he felt a jerk from behind, pulling him upward by the coat-collar, and a voice called downward:

"O say, John, unfasten my fish-hook, will you? and do n't break it; it's the best one I've got. I was ony jest tryin' to fish your hat up; and I'd a done it, ef you'd a kep' still; but I could n't git the hook inter the bows of the band, you was so oneasy."

John unfastened the hook, and, looking up, discovered, by the light of the rising moon, something like a huge toad squatting in the

broad eaves-trough just above him. The next moment Mary cried, in a tone devoid of all sentiment:

"Sile Johnson, you scamp, come down from there this minute, if you can without breaking your plaguey neck."

There was a large apple-tree at the corner of the house, the branches of which swept the roof, and this young exponent of the Darwinian theory had climbed the tree, gone out on the branches, and from these crept along the eaves-trough, bent on his fishing expedition.

Twenty-five years have passed since that night, and the years have wrought or brought many changes. That village has not changed; that is, it has not grown much; but the good old father and mother Johnson sleep in the little church-yard. The prankish Silas, like many another lad of his temperament, as the youthful necessity for muscular motion wore away, subsided into a staid, easy-going man, fond of quiet fun and of children. John Brundage was a born merchant, and, before many years, made his way into both a large business and a large city. Mary proved to be a loving wife and a thrifty housewife. She was also accounted a good mother; but, if the truth is to be told, she failed where too many mothers fail: instead of ruling her children, from their infancy they ruled her. The father being made of sterner stuff, and, moreover, though ambitious, not given to free expenditure, the poor mother found herself, as her three children grew apace, between two fires. Young America was on one side, continually crying, Give, give! and pater-familias on the other, tightening his purse-strings perhaps too stringently. To escape out of this dilemma, she made a not uncommon but most mistaken effort; namely, that of maneuvering to get funds from the father to supply demands which she did not approve, but which were pertinaciously pressed by her children. Jack, the second child, and only son, had long been a thorn in his mother's side, in regard to the question of supply; and the diligent merchant, Brundage, discovering a spendthrift propensity in his son, threatened to bind the youth to a trade, or otherwise restrict his liberty, if he did not keep within his allowance. And now, to augment the difficulty for Mrs. Brundage, her eldest daughter was to be married, and there must be a *trousseau*. The father, with his usual common-sense directness, told his daughter that she must and should have what was necessary for the occasion; but as the bridegroom elect was a young man, just entering on a profession in which he must toil and meet hard knocks before he could attain

firm footing, if ever, why, the young couple had better not make a grand *splurge* in the way of wedding finery. This little speech was received with special dissatisfaction by the young lady; for she had set her heart on outrivaling all her friends and acquaintances in this very matter of the *trousseau*. She told her mother that if she never had any thing else in this world, she was going to have what she wanted for that bridal outfit, and she did not know yet what she should want.

"Why," she said, "it fairly makes me sick to hear papa talk; and he uses such horrid, low words—*splurge*—about a *trousseau*!"

These were only preliminary remarks, however. The business was opened by bringing seamstresses into the house, and visiting ladies' furnishing-stores; and when these minor matters were well under way, then came the tug of war. The amount of toil that mother and daughter went through in roaming about among first-class dry-goods houses, examining, comparing, and consulting—in fact, searching the city over in order to make sure they had seen every thing worth seeing preparatory to deciding—is something that can be appreciated only by the initiated; and both ladies groaned in spirit more than once before that toil was ended. The mother groaned, first, because she was weary in body and in mind; secondly, because her own bridal experience had been so different; and she could not give to her daughter, not with all her wealth, the satisfaction she had felt in that simple outfit. The daughter groaned because she found it both tiresome and vexatious to decide. The more she saw, the more she wanted; and she felt that nothing less than *unlimited* power to purchase would satisfy what she called her *love of the beautiful*. Several dresses had been selected and put in hands; but still Mrs. Brundage could not get Marion to come to the point concerning the bridal array. Half-a-dozen styles had been approved one day, and discarded the next—some of them because of the extravagant outlay they would imply. At last the young lady had given a half assent to one, which was a compromise; that is, more expensive than the mother had intended, not so much so as the daughter wished. Just at this stage of proceedings, when Mrs. Brundage was distressed by the feeling that she was already incurring more expense than would be pleasing to the husband, whom she still regarded with almost girlish fondness, she one day received a letter from her scape-grace of a son at college, demanding a large sum of money. He wrote that unless she responded promptly, he should be exposed and expelled, promising, however,

to reform, if she would save him once more. She was sitting, heart-sore and puzzling her brains with the question, "What shall I do now?" when Marion came into the room, wearing a face that was meant to be piteous, but which a careful observation would have pronounced determined. The mother looked up vacantly, being absorbed in her misery, but said nothing. Marion waited a moment, then said, in a petulant tone:

"Mamma, Julia Brown called this afternoon; she is just gone."

"Did she?" responded the other, still abstracted.

"She has been telling me all about Miss Bonker's *trousseau*. She says it is going to be *splendid*," said Marion, suggestively.

No answer.

"Her wedding is to come off just a little before mine, and she is to be married in the same church, and I can not think of being in any degree inferior to her; so I sha'n't have that dress we were talking about last."

The mother looked up earnestly now, yet said nothing. Marion continued:

"Mamma, I must have a dress that will take down that conceited chit. I *won't* be outshone by her. If I never get another dollar's worth from you, I am determined to have a dress from Paris—from Worth; and you may as well tell papa at once."

The poor mother had just been thinking that she must tell papa something else, that would pull on purse and heart-strings both; and the daughter's demand grated very harshly on her ears. She thought a moment; then, by way of reply, she told Marion all her trouble, appealing to her for sympathy, and begging her to be content. This appeal did not have the desired effect. Instead of being softened, the young lady became exasperated, and spoke her mind very freely. She said she was not going to be put aside on account of Jack's misdeeds. Every body in the house knew he was the favorite; and he might spend and squander as he pleased, while she could not get the paltry favor of a wedding-dress to her liking. She had tried to put up with something inferior; but she could not bring herself to it. It had been the one dream of her life, to be the best-dressed bride of the season; and if she could n't have a dress from Worth's, she did n't care to be married at all. Perhaps they would like to have her remain always at home, and be an old maid; besides, it was n't as if her father could n't afford it.

Mrs. Brundage explained that the question was not whether he *could* afford; he *would* not,

because he disapproved such expenditure. After some further expostulation on one side, and altercation on the other, the little mother rose to her feet, and said, with an air of firmness, new and strange in her:

"When I was about to leave my father's house, I was happy and grateful; you are neither. It is too much, and not too little, that is your bane. I am going to your father, not so much with a request as to tell him all; and never again will I assist child of mine to spend his money without his knowledge and consent."

That night the little woman went alone into a store-room; having locked the door, she opened an old chest and took out a well-preserved, ancient, gray satin petticoat; then she sat down on the floor, spread the garment across her lap, and wept some quiet tears, as she murmured, like one talking in a dream, "Mother dear, we were contented and happy."

THE POTENCY OF THE PRESS.

BY REV. R. DONKERSLEY.

ABOUT twenty years ago, while one day in the city of Boston, we called upon our old friend, Franklin Rand, Esq., at that time, and for many years since, publishing agent of *Zion's Herald*, the great mouth-piece of New England Methodism. During a brief confab, the popular agent says: "Why do n't you write more frequently for the *Herald*? Bear in mind we can give you an audience of fifty thousand readers. You can't get such an audience from your pulpit." This suggestion was the subject of frequent after-thought. It may have contributed largely toward the inducement for the writing of hundreds of pages which, since the time of its utterance, have gone from our pen to the press; whether for the weal or for the woe, the good or the evil, of the patrons of the printed sheet must be deferred to the revelations of "the Great Day."

We have sometimes listened to or read essays and "papers" treating upon the relative influence of the pulpit and the press. We marvel that any intelligent and reflecting mind should ever attempt comparison of these two forces otherwise than with the direct and avowed intent of demonstrating the comparative impotency of the pulpit whenever placed in conjunction with the press. Do we speak unadvisedly when we aver that the *New York Tribune* and *The Independent*—papers somewhat opposite in character—are making themselves more widely and more potently felt, for weal or for woe, in this nation than are the

united pulpits of New York and Brooklyn in their particular localities? Or, is it an exaggeration to say that the combined press of New York City alone exerts a wider and more effective influence upon mind and character than goes forth from all the pulpits of the Eastern and the Middle States? Or yet again, will any one charge us with overstating the case, in the expression of our conviction that the combined press—periodical and book—of the three cities of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston are a more general and more potent influence upon individual and national character, career, and destiny than are the united forces of the thirty thousand pulpits of the whole United States?

We hardly think it possible that the most eloquent tongue that ever did, or now does, address human masses could, even with its highest efforts, sufficiently magnify the wide-extended and mighty influence of the press. It does not, we think, lie within the domain of possibility that the most racy and graphic pen that ever was, or now is being, wielded, can present an exaggerated representation of the far-reaching, soul-stirring, character-forming, and eternal-destiny-determining force which the printed page *now*, more than ever heretofore, sways over the millions of our race. Especially is there but little danger of overrating the potency of types in their bearing upon the citizens of these United States; for we, as compared with the nations of the globe, are pre-eminently *the* reading nation. It is hardly an hyperbole to affirm that the press of our country is an ubiquitous and an omnipotent power.

Perhaps one of the most popular and extensively read contributors to the religious periodical press of this country is Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, of Brooklyn, New York. A few years ago, in a number of *The Evangelist*, that gentleman thus expressed himself upon the relative force of the pulpit and the press:

"But if we were called upon to decide between the spiritual results of labors with the tongue and labors with the pen, we might give the preference to the latter. During our whole ministry, we have made it a rule never to let a week pass without at least one article of a moral or religious character, long or short, being sent to the press. These articles number about thirteen hundred; their circulation in Great Britain and Canada has been almost as general as in the United States. We have made a proximate calculation of the number of copies printed during these twenty-five years, and find that they amount to over fifty-five millions. If each copy had but a single reader, here are over fifty-five millions of opportunities to reach immortal

souls. All that we have accomplished has been small in comparison with the widely circulated writings of Newman Hall, Spurgeon, and the pastor of Plymouth Church."

Hon. Daniel Daugherty, of Philadelphia, in a recent lecture on Oratory, uses this language:

"The grand days of oratory are over. The future may give birth to men who shall rank with the greatest orators of the past, for oratory can never be lost while liberty survives; but, for all this, its glory, power, and pride have passed away forever. A power mightier than an army of orators has arisen, which has dwarfed their genius, and lowered them to the level of ordinary mortals, and which is changing the whole world. The power of the orator sank when the printing-press arose. The orator speaks to a thousand; the press, to hundreds of thousands; the former rarely, the latter every day. The orator is mortal, the press unfailing. The one speaks to a city, the other to a nation. The words of the orator die with the sound that voices them; the words of the press live forever. The orators are listened to by a few of an evening, and the press sends even their words to the whole world next day. If the press, then, does honestly its duty, with its far greater powers, and labors for the welfare of the people, the honor of the nation, and the glory of God, we may be content that the day of oratory is over."

One of the most eloquent and most popular preachers of our day and of our land, in a discourse of fine spirit and of great power, on the death of Horace Greeley, among other utterances, gives us the following:

"It is a vast responsibility that rests upon the people that set type or sit in editorial chairs. The audience is so large, the influence is so great, the results are so eternal, that I believe, in the Day of Judgment, among all the millions of men who will come up to render their account, the largest account will be rendered by newspaper men. And I will tell you why: Here is a paper that has, for instance, fifty thousand circulation; we will suppose that each of these papers is read by three men, there is an audience of one hundred and fifty thousand people. Now, suppose that in one of the issues of that paper there is a grand truth forcibly put, how magnificent the opportunity! Suppose that there be a wrong thing projected in that paper, who can estimate the undoing of that one issue? . . . I congratulate you, newspaper men, on the splendor of your opportunity; but I charge you before God, who will judge the quick and the dead, that you be careful to use your influence in the right direction."

It is hardly possible to form even a proximate calculation of the number of copies, struck off from the press, of the "sermons," "prayers," and "lecture-room talks," which first find audience in the Plymouth Church. Large as are Mr. Beecher's Sabbath and Friday evening congregations, it is safe to reckon that this immensely popular man addresses as many millions through the medium of the press as he reaches thousands by the thunder of his powerful lungs, and the charm of his eloquent tongue. His thoughts and sayings have long been the common property of the universal press; almost equally so with the secular as with the religious press. And it is highly probable, though we may not speak hereon with positiveness, that Mr. Beecher is almost as much read by the civilized world abroad as by the citizens of his own country. Who shall estimate the influence which such a man, through such a medium of communication, exerts in furnishing the mental aliment, in shaping the opinions, in forming the character, in directing the course of conduct, and determining the eternal future, of millions of his contemporaries? Ah! and even generations yet to come shall feel the potent spell of this master-mind; for though the "tongue" of the "eloquent orator" may lie silent in the grave, he shall still address multitudes by the agency of the immortal printed page. Eternity alone can tell of the all but immeasurable influence which now does, and, perhaps for centuries to come, shall go forth from such an intellectual Goliath.

The influence of the press moves silently, sometimes almost imperceptibly, but not on that account less certainly or potently, upon human intellect, human character, and human destiny. Dr. Franklin tells us, in one of his letters, that when he was a boy, a little book fell into his hands, entitled "Essays to do Good," by Cotton Mather. "This book," the doctor informs us, "was tattered and torn, and several leaves were missing; but the remainder gave me such a turn of thinking as to have an influence on my conduct through life; for I have always set a greater value upon the character of a doer of good than on any other kind of reputation; and if I have been a useful citizen, the public owe it all to that little book."

Jeremy Bentham mentions that the current of his thoughts was directed for life by a single phrase that caught his eye, at the end of a pamphlet—"The greatest good of the greatest number." George Law, a boy on his father's farm, met with an old, unknown book which told the story of a farmer's son who went away to seek his fortune, and returned, after many years' absence, rich. From that moment, George became

uneasy, lived over again the life he had read of, returned a millionaire, and paid all his father's debts.

A certain writer says: "Robinson Crusoe has sent to sea more sailors than the press-gang. The story about little George Washington telling the truth about the hatchet and the plum-tree, has made many a truth-teller. We owe all the 'Waverly Novels' to Scott's early reading of the old traditions and legends; and the whole body of pastoral fictions came from Addison's sketches of Sir Roger de Coverley, in the 'Spectator.'"

It was the perusal of Homer's "Iliad," which celebrates in such moving strains the deeds of bloody and brutal heroes, that helped to make Alexander the wholesale robber and murderer of mankind. Alexander had a perfect passion for Homer; he used to say that Homer's works were the most perfect productions of the human mind, and the best medicine of the warrior. He always carried with him Aristotle's edition of "Homer." He kept it in a golden casket encircled with jewels, and laid it every night, with his sword, under his pillow. The reading of the Life of Alexander greatly contributed to the making of other bloody heroes, scarcely less noted than himself. Of this number was Cæsar, whose highest ambition, we are told, was to walk in the steps of Alexander. Another was Charles XII, of Sweden, who longed from earliest years to imitate the Macedonian conqueror; and who, like him, converted firmness into obstinacy, courage into rashness, and severity into cruelty. Cæsar, again, was the ideal of human greatness that fanned the fire of martial zeal in the bosom of the Turkish Emperor Solymán, who, after defeating and poisoning his own father, carried his merciless victories over Egypt and Persia. The highest ambition of Solymán was to imitate Cæsar. These four conquerors convulsed the world with their crimes; and, as they strode on to fame and power, they crushed millions of human hearts in the giant footsteps of their ambition. How pernicious has been their influence in the world, since their day up to the present time, who can tell? Such have been some of the ruinous results, whatever the good results may have been, of Homer's writings upon mankind since his death.

The immense sales which some of the issues of the press have obtained, indicate the hold which the printed page has upon the mind, the taste, and the passions of mankind. Authors are numerous, increasingly so. The children of their brains are legion. A large proportion of these candidates for literary patronage are of

untimely birth and of immature constitution; and, being destitute of the requisite vitality, are early consigned—accompanied by the sad moanings of doating parents—to the tomb of oblivion. Not so, however, with all the issues of the press. There are now, and there ever have been, literary productions which seem to have come forth bearing unmistakable impress of universal acceptance, and inherent with the elements of remarkable longevity.

Of the general furor created immediately upon the appearance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," thousands of readers retain a vivid recollection. The immediate and long-continued demand for this ingenious production surpassed the most enlarged expectations of all who had either literary or pecuniary interest invested therein. It is said that one day, while the now immortalized author was at work upon this famed production, her husband, Professor Stowe, picked up a few of the sheets, which were "lying round" in manuscript, and, after reading them, remarked, "Harriet, this will bring you something." The modest writer playfully replied, "I hope it may bring me a silk dress," an article of apparel which she had not, at that time, lately owned. We may conjecture the lady's surprise when, a few months later, she received from the publishers, as the first installment of her share of the aggregate profits, the sum of *ten thousand dollars!* But this sum was but a fraction of the rich pecuniary harvest reaped by publishers in the United States and in Europe. To the publishers, the "Cabin" was a far greater windfall than to the author herself. One authority tells us that within six months after the publication of this book, it had sold to the extent of more than one hundred and fifty thousand copies in America alone, and within a few years it reached nearly half a million of copies. The first London edition was issued in May, 1852. During the month of the following September, one single house bought of the London publishers 10,000 copies daily during a succession of four weeks; making thus a purchase of 240,000 copies in the brief period of twenty-four days. Translations into Continental tongues were commenced early in 1852; and before the close of the year, unnumbered thousands of Spaniards, Italians, Danes, Swedes, Dutch, Flemish, Germans, Poles, Magyars, etc., owned a "Cabin." Could the worthy and deserving author but have claimed universal international copyright, even at a moderate percentage on sales, she might, perhaps, have become one of the richest women in these United States.

A volume of testimonies might be cited, from

persons of distinction, as to the political and moral influence of this remarkable book throughout the wide domain of its immense circulation. An almost equal number of defamatory testimonies might be collected, from slaveholders and their sympathizers, as to the damaging consequences of this production upon the "peculiar institution;" which testimonies, "being interpreted," mean, "Our craft is in danger." Lord Palmerston said: "I have not read a novel for thirty years; but I have read that book three times, not only for the story, but for the *statesmanship* of it!" Lord Cockburn averred that Mrs. Stowe "had done more for humanity than was ever before accomplished by any single book of fiction." The iniquitous "Fugitive-slave Law" powerfully felt the damaging influence of this book. And it is the opinion of some whose opinion is entitled to respect, that the "Cabin" contributed largely to incite and enkindle an outrageous "Rebellion," which, under Divine control, was "a blessing in disguise." This one "Cabin" utterly demolished thousands of slave-cabins south of "Mason and Dixon's line." We fear not that we go beyond the boundaries of sober fact in the averment, that this single book accomplished more in behalf of a grievously wronged and sorely oppressed humanity than had been achieved by all the lectures against slavery, from the day that Garrison, Phillips, Thompson, and other pioneer antislavery champions ascended the emancipation rostrum, down to the time that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" first greeted the reading public.

The following presents a striking illustration of the longevity, the far-reaching and long-continued influence, of certain issues of the press:

About two hundred and fifty years ago, might have been seen a pack-peddler perambulating the streets of the obscure village of Rawton, Shropshire, England. In passing from door to door, our itinerant literary merchant at length halts at the residence of a certain Mr. Baxter, where he throws off his load, and exhibits his stock in trade. This stock of goods, with but one solitary exception, consists wholly of songs and ballads. The exception in question was a good book, bearing upon its title-page, "The Bruised Reed, by Dr. Sibbs." Mr. Baxter purchases this book, and its contents are eagerly devoured by his son Richard—a lad, at that time, about fifteen years of age. With the Divine blessing thereon, this little book was made instrumental in Richard's conversion. In the course of years, the pious lad becomes a Christian man. He now hears and obeys the Divine call to the performance of the functions of a Christian minister. In this "high calling"

his labors seem to have been greatly blessed of God.

But it was as a writer of religious books Richard Baxter's great influence was, is, and perhaps to the end of time will be, felt. The productions of Mr. Baxter's pen were numerous. His writings are earnest, practical, and effective. On one occasion of his being arraigned for some act of non-conformity, before the notorious Judge Jeffreys, that wicked old wretch said to him, "Richard, thou hast written as many books as would load a wagon, and each of them as full of poison as an egg is full of food."

History tells us that Philip Doddridge became a reader of some of Baxter's heretical productions, and that such reading so molded his mental and moral man as to qualify and dispose him to become the renowned author of "The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul." This book was read by William Wilberforce, the successful advocate in the British Parliament for the emancipation of the West India slaves, and resulted in his conversion.

Mr. Wilberforce was a practical believer in the truthful adage, "The pen is mightier than the sword." Among the productions of Mr. Wilberforce's pen, we have "Practical Views of Religion." The reading of this book brought Legh Richmond to a saving experience of Gospel truth and grace. To Legh Richmond belongs the heaven-conferred honor of writing that world-renowned narrative of humble piety, "The Dairyman's Daughter," which has been translated into forty different languages and dialects, and is supposed to have been instrumental in the conversion of ten thousand souls!

Some years ago, we met with the statement that the American Tract Society alone had published and circulated three hundred thousand copies of Baxter's "Call to the Unconverted;" and that the same Society had published and scattered abroad one hundred thousand each of Baxter's "Saint's Rest," and of Doddridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul."

It is a well-attested fact, that these four productions of the authors above named, have been instrumental in the conversion of thousands of souls, numbers of whom are already in glory, while not a few yet remain with us to adorn the militant Church, and to bless the world with their uniform piety and earnest zeal.

And now, whence came forth this potent, this wide-spread, this long-perpetuated agency of saving and converting power? All is directly traceable to that little book which lay huddled up among the songs and ballads of the peddler's pack. It is more than probable that an

"innumerable company" will praise God eternally that Richard Baxter ever read Dr. Sibb's "Bruised Reed." Can we, or would we if we could, with the preceding cheering facts before us, suppress the exclamation, "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!"

When, some years ago, De Tocqueville was in the United States, he visited a Sunday-school. Seeing a Bible in the hand of every child, he asked, "Is this common?" Being answered in the affirmative, he exclaimed, "What a mighty influence it must have upon the nation!" Yes: think of the unnumbered Sunday-school pupils in all lands, each with an open Bible before him! More striking still, if possible, is the thought of all Christians, in all lands, sitting in their private rooms, every morning before they go out into the world, to read this one Book. What must be the influence of such general reading of these Divinely inspired pages, upon personal character and destiny, of national weal and progress!

We close with the following beautiful thoughts from Theodore Parker, which must have been conceived and written ere that unhappy man had drifted so far away from the cheering rays of the sun of the intellectual heavens, and from the great source of all moral power:

"The Bible is read of a Sunday in all the thirty thousand pulpits of our land. In all the temples of Christendom, its voice is lifted up once a week. The sun never sets on its gleaming page. It goes equally to the cottage of the plain man and to the palace of the king. It is woven into the literature of the scholar, and colors the talk of the street. The bark of the merchant can not sail the seas without it. No ship of war goes to conflict, but the Bible is there. It enters men's closets, mingles in all the griefs and cheerfulness of life. The affianced maiden prays God in Scripture for strength in her new duties. Men are married by Scripture. The Bible attends them in sickness. When the fever of the world is upon them, the aching head finds a softer pillow if its leaves lie underneath. The mariner, escaping from shipwreck, clutches this first of his treasures, and keeps it sacred to God. It goes with the peddler in his crowded pack; cheers him at eventide, when he sits down dusty and fatigued, and brightens the freshness of his morning face. It blesses us when we are born, gives names to half of Christendom, rejoices with us, has sympathy with us in our mourning, tempers our griefs to finer issues. It is the better part of our sermons. It lifts man above himself. Our best prayers are in its storied speech, where-with our fathers and the patriarchs prayed

The timid man, about awakening from his dream of life, looks through the glass of Scripture; he does not fear to stand alone, to tread the way, unknown and distant; to take the Death Angel by the hand, and bid farewell to wife and babes and home. Men on this rest their dearest hopes."

"PER CRUCEM AD LUCEM."

BY FLORA L. BEST.

SUILEN the shadow, and long and cold,
Veiling the river and hill and wold,
Shrouding all things in its murky fold.
Hath it no lining or edge of gold?
Not an earthly gloom; for the sky is fair,
With white cloud-tents in the amber air;
The proud sun hangs his conquering shield,
Like a living fire in the tranquil field.

The fountains sparkle, the torrents rush,
The broad, green earth has a vivid flush;
For red-lipped Summer, with cheek a-blush,
And voice that is sweet with note of thrush,
Has clasped the hills in her warm embrace,
Printing a smile on each rugged face,
And blessing the vales till the lifeless clod
Breaks into bloom, and worships God.

What matters it all if the day be done,
If the night forever have quenched the sun?
Better the Winter somber and dun;
My soul and nature would then be one;
And better that midnight's bell should toll,
To mark the hours for a starless soul;
Scoff not that the tears in my heart and eyes,
Have dimmed the joy of the earth and skies.

What is the sound that my soul doth hear,
Groping alone in the night-fall drear?
Doth the stately step of my Lord draw near,
Bidding the dead day rise from its bier?
Yea: 't is His kingly form and tread;
But he utters no word to awake the dead.
O heart, undowered with a tribute sweet,
Pour out *thyself* at the Master's feet.

What gift dost thou bear, my Lord and King?
Is it a song for my lips to sing?
Is it the shield of a seraph's wing?
Or is it a staff thy love doth bring?
As all the narps of heaven were stirred,
So solemn and sweet is his whispered word,
"No token I bear thee of joy or gain,
But an iron cross that is heavy with pain."

Climbing a rugged, relentless height,
Under the frown of the bending night,
Bearing my burden, I pray for light.
The hills hide an answer away from sight;
But the cruel cross hath mystical powers,—
When it toucheth earth, lo! a thousand flowers,
Lilies milk-white, and roses red,
Smile from the summits, stony and dread;

The secret of Summer is in its hold,
And it stays my steps like a staff of gold.

I hear a voice from the heavens say:
"Awake! arise! O dawn of the day,
From thy shrouding cerements of ashen gray!
I have rolled the stone from thy grave away."
And my soul doth gaze on the morning's rise,
With a hymn of praise in her lifted eyes.
The height hath become the ladder of old,
And exulting I climb on its rounds of gold;
While the cross drops low on the shining sod,
And seemeth a crown in the light of God.

UNDER THE OAKS.

BY HENRY GILLMAN.

WE sat beneath the murmuring leaves,
The sun was in fair Virgo's sign;
And deep, pervading happiness
Made all its golden promise mine.

The harvest-fields had yielded up
Their teeming splendor through the land;
And she had yielded up to me
The heart I held within my hand.

A book lay open on the grass,
Each page was flushed to sunset glow;
With thoughts inwrought with all the grace
Of hapless Edgar Allan Poe.

And as we read, with pity moved,
We paused, and gave to God the praise
That he had blessed us with such good,
And led our feet in other ways;—

While round us floated pleasant sounds—
The dreamy music of the bees,
The whispering of the distant waves,
The rustling of the forest-trees.

And evening slowly settled down
On all the grandeur of the day;
But could not drive its memory out,
Or steal its golden hopes away.

My life has had its milk and wine;
The immortal nectar now alone
Remains untasted—too divine,
Till lips and heart have purer grown,—

Till our rejoicing wedded souls,
Crowned with seraphic, heavenly bliss,
Sit at that holier marriage-feast,
Saluted with the Bridegroom's kiss.

MY REFUGE IN DISTRESS.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

BETSY TRIGGS;*
OR, RESCUED FROM SHAME.

BY W. E. HATHAWAY.

CHAPTER XV.

A HUNTING PARTY.

OTHERS besides Frank and Mr. Goodloe had heard the shot, and came running to see what was the matter; not to mention Mrs. Goodloe, who ran, pale and trembling, to the room, and then fainted, and had to be carried away again. The neighbors began to come in, and the word ran like wild-fire through the town; and the men turned out by hundreds, resolved to catch and hang the rascal before morning. Headed by Frank, who described the man to them, they sallied forth in all directions, beating up every corner where they imagined he might be hidden. And if he had been a rat or a rabbit, or any thing a hundred times smaller than a man, they would have been certain to catch him, had he been within the town. As it was, they continued the search all night and far into the next day, but were still unsuccessful. And the volunteer avengers grew tired and hungry, and began to straggle home again; and by noon every man had returned from the chase, thoroughly exhausted and disgusted; and the would-be murderer was still at large.

I say would-be murderer, because, upon examination, it was found that Betsy, although wounded, was not seriously hurt; a bad flesh-wound in her left arm being the full extent of the injury which she had sustained. This would soon heal up, and leave her as well as ever; but a new lesson had been learned of the desperate intentions of her cruel enemy, not soon to be forgotten. She could never feel herself safe while that wretch was left at large; and toward his capture her friends, who now began to multiply with astonishing rapidity as her story became known, began to devote their whole attention. Mr. Goodloe offered a reward of a thousand dollars for him, which was supplemented by a similar offer on the part of the citizens of L.; and it appeared certain that he must be captured very soon. Nevertheless, several weeks had elapsed, and still no knowledge of him. Betsy had fully recovered, and her presence was greatly desired at the trial of Bully Triggs. Would it be safe to bring her back? Certainly, so far as her father was concerned, for he was in jail. But it was almost certain that Dwiggs was informed of all our movements, and could control any number of

emissaries, ready to do his foulest work. He would particularly desire to prevent her giving testimony at the forthcoming trial, and might even make another effort, either in person or by the hand of some one else, to take her life. Still we decided to take the risk, and Betsy set out, accompanied by Mr. Goodloe and Frank, who never left her for a moment alone, and were constantly upon the alert to look out for an attack. They reached the city just at dusk, and were proceeding to take a carriage—Tom and I were at the depot watching for them, but somehow we had missed them—when, all of a sudden, Tom shouted:

"There he is!" and darted away from me like lightning.

Just then I discovered the object of our search at the other end of the depot; and between us and them, moving cautiously after them, but at a convenient distance, and keeping as much as possible in the crowd, was T. Dwiggs, Esq. He was so disguised that I wonder I knew him, with his heavy red beard all cut away, and in its place a long black beard, as black as jet, hung from his chin. His face, too, had lost its florid appearance, and, instead, an almost deathly pallor seemed to overspread it. His form seemed shrunken also; and altogether, being hunted, instead of hunting others, must have disagreed with him. Only his eyes and the shaggy eyebrows were the very same; and yet we might easily have passed him, only he attracted our attention by following and watching our friends. As I said before, Tom shouted, "There he is!" and darted after him; and there was nothing left for me to do but to follow. Tom was up with him in an instant, and seizing him by the collar, said:

"So we have found you at last. I wonder if you will give us the slip again."

Dwiggs turned himself suddenly, and proved that he had not lost all his old power, for he threw Tom off very easily, and in another instant turned to run; but somehow his foot got entangled in a lady's dress or her hoops, and he fell heavily to the floor. In another second, we were both upon him; and, although he struggled fiercely, the depot police soon came to our aid, and in a few moments we had him ironed, and ready to lead off to the lock-up. After seeing him securely lodged behind the iron bars, we went to hunt up the other parties, who had gone on in total ignorance of the important event which had just transpired behind them. It is needless to say that they were overjoyed to learn of his capture; and it would be very difficult for any one to describe the sort of an evening which we five spent together

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by W. E. Hathaway, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

that night. They had driven immediately to a hotel, and then Frank had gone out to find our lodgings, which he did without any trouble, and had left his card, with directions where to find them. We repaired thither at once, and ordered supper for all, to be served in a private parlor; and if there was ever a merrier group, it would be hard to find it. We ate of all sorts of dishes, and cracked all sorts of jokes, and told of our adventures, and laughed over them most heartily. And I could not help noticing Tom's glances of admiration toward Betsy, who sat across the table from him, beside Mr. Goodloe, whom she always called grandpa; and, really, she was a most charming girl indeed. She was very bright and cheerful, and seemed as glad as any one that Dwiggins was caught; but whenever there was any allusion to her father, who was always spoken of as Triggs, a shade would come over her face, and a look as if a dreadful pain went through her heart. I had noticed this several times, and whispered to the boys not to mention his name any more; but by and by, when we had calmed down a little, and were about to separate for the night, Mr. Goodloe began to speak about him very gently, and to ask Betsy if she thought she could testify against him.

"I have been thinking about it all the evening, grandpa," she replied, "and have thought how dreadful it would be to have to do it; for you know, for all he is so wicked, I suppose he is my father; and it is perfectly dreadful to think of being instrumental in convicting him of a great crime, that may send him to the gallows." And she covered her face, and began to weep most bitterly.

"So it is, my dear; and I have thought about it too," said Mr. Goodloe. "But the man has forfeited every title to your respect or pity; and you can not think of him as your father, really; and must not do it."

"I know it," she answered; "and I am more afraid of him and Mr. Dwiggins than I can tell; and yet it is so very hard utterly to cast off your own flesh and blood. And, besides," and here she shook as if with an ague chill, "it seems to me as if I can never tell all I know without dying for it; for so many times they have both threatened me with death, and held a bare knife at my throat, and made me swear I'd never tell of them, that it seems to me I can't do it. It makes me tremble just to think of doing it."

I think if Bully Triggs and T. Dwiggins, Esq., had been within reach of these young men about then, they would have stood the very best possible chance of being lynched on

the spot; for, notwithstanding we knew them so well, and though we had often said they were mean enough to do any thing, no one could stand there and witness the effect of their terrible power over that young girl, who had been snatched from them more than a year before, without realizing their deeper depths of wickedness, which transcended any thing we had before imagined. Nor was it possible to forget that she was saved, or to repress the tears of devout gratitude that we had been instrumental in rescuing her from that horrible life into which they had determined that she should be compelled to follow them. But she went on:

"Many times I have thought I would tell you all I knew about him and Dwiggins; but every time I have thought of it, I have been so terrified that I dared not do it, and the only way I could be happy was to try to forget it altogether. It seemed to me if I did tell, they would surely murder me; and only since Dwiggins attempted to murder me anyway, have I decided to reveal all I know. It is really wonderful to me how I have been able to banish it entirely from my mind, as I have most of the time; but you have been so kind to me, grandpa, and done so much to make me happy, that I could n't help being glad anyway. And Mr. Waterloo, yonder, was so good as to lie in jail for me;" and Betsy glanced over at Tom, who, instead of looking proud, acted as if he wanted to hide his head. "I can never thank you all enough for what you've done for me. It is all so different. I sometimes fear it is a dream. After mamma died, I used to dream sometimes that she came and kissed me; and then I would wake up and cry because it was only a dream. And only a little more than a year ago, I thought that no one loved me, and every one was cruel to me; but now it seems as if every one loved me and could not do enough for me."

"So we do love you, darling," said Mr. Goodloe, putting his arm about her, and drawing her toward him; "every one of us; and many more would too, if they only knew how precious you are. But come, I fear this is too much for you; you are tired with riding, and must go to bed."

And so he rang the bell for the housekeeper, who came down for Betsy; and, bidding us all a good-night, she left us to ourselves. I don't think we felt ashamed of each other when we looked into each other's eyes, and saw the tears that stood there. I don't think we could have been offered a more satisfactory reward for what we had done than we felt in our hearts; and, if deeds count in the day of judgment, I don't think what we did for Betsy Triggs will rate among the least. I am not boasting of

our work, but simply weighing this act with all others; and though the parental relation were twice as sacred as it is, and though the law may protect the parents and give them privilege to rear their children as they will, I shall continue to think that it is a good and righteous act to remove children from the power and control of those degraded wretches who are too vile to be trusted with their care.

After she was gone, we fell to discussing the question of the necessity of her appearing against her father; and deplored it sadly, but could not see how it was to be avoided.

"I'll tell you what," said Tom, "I never heard any thing in all my life that touched my heart so deeply. That she, who never received any thing but the most revolting cruelty from her father's hands, should still revere that name, and cling to the ideal in loving tenderness, with such sweet devotion, is simply wonderful. It will be a shame, indeed, to require her to trample these delicate sentiments under foot, which do her so much honor, and to stand up before a gaping, heartless crowd and pronounce her father to be what he is. I am not sure but it would be better for him to escape half his punishment than that she should be required to do it."

"And yet," said Mr. Goodloe, "it would be a dreadful pity for him to escape; for her safety depends upon the certainty of his conviction, and the severity of his sentence. She must testify against him."

"It does appear so, indeed," said Frank; "but are you certain that he can not be convicted without her evidence, now?"

"He might be, perhaps," I replied, "but so much the more certainly with it; for although she has not yet revealed a great deal, I am sure that she can tell a story whereat our ears will tingle. We think we know something of the depravity of these two men; but all our knowledge is but as child's play in the surf compared to deep sea soundings. They surpass the height and depth of our imagination."

"Yes: and so do hundreds of others who live among us, and with whom we are meeting daily," said Tom; "we have no conception of their wickedness and cruelty. It's enough to make one ashamed of his species, and loathe the very name of humanity."

"That may be very true," said Mr. Goodloe; "but you must remember that God keeps the balance nicely adjusted; and where sin abounds, there grace much more displays its saving power. There may be depths of sin, which we can not sound, in human hearts; but, just as surely, there are heights of rare benevolence,

unselfish love, and pure and blessed truth. This ought to comfort us, if it can not entirely satisfy our minds."

"You're always looking on the good side, Mr. Goodloe, and seeing more that's hopeful than despairing," said Frank; "and, for my part, I think we have an illustration of your words in the person of the dear girl who has just left us. There are some people, in whom the will to follow truth and beauty is so very strong, that it seems as if no degree of temptation can win them from it; and no amount of cruelty and wrong can smother their generosity or deaden the noble impulses by which they are controlled. We ought to remember and cherish these examples."

"Not only so," said Mr. Goodloe, "but I am convinced that very few people are born into this world without so much of this same disposition to love the good, as would lead them to embrace it in preference to evil, if it was only properly set before them; and God only knows how hard the children of ignorance and vice struggle against the current which finally sweeps them along to perdition, before they yield themselves wholly to its power."

"But how many of them are bound hand and foot by wicked parents, who compel them to do wrong against their will!" said I.

"I have always thought," said Tom, "that these ragged urchins, who block the walks by hundreds in the poor districts of our cities, were born to be inevitably what they generally do become—the same dull, brutish beings that their parents were before them, and utterly incapable of becoming any thing better; but I begin to think I was all wrong, and that, as you say, God means that every child shall have a chance to be a noble being."

"They never can escape their darker fate, however, without our help," said I, "and must, as you said, inevitably follow their parents in the well-worn path of ignorance, poverty, degradation, and crime, unless we stoop to lift them out of it in childhood. But how to do it, is the problem. How to secure to every child the opportunities for correct development and proper culture, while the parents claim supreme control over them, and insist upon rearing them as themselves, and how to accomplish any thing while the law protects the parents in their blind and wicked course, is certainly a mystery! But come," said I, "Mr. Goodloe wishes to retire, and we must not keep him up all night discussing these perplexing social questions. Frank, you will go with us; so come on;" and, bidding Mr. Goodloe good-night, we went back to our lodgings.

CHAPTER XVI.

A VISIT TO HARDCRABBLE.

THE trial of Bully Triggs and T. Dwiggins was delayed for some time, owing to several causes, and Mr. Goodloe thought best to send for his wife to come and keep Betsy company. And after her arrival we had more meetings at the hotel, and more private suppers and dinners, and enjoyed ourselves immensely. The one question, that was like the skeleton in the closet, was that of Betsy's father, and we all avoided it; but one afternoon Mr. Goodloe proposed that we make a trip to Hardscrabble, and visit Mr. Triggs's deserted hut. The suggestion met with universal favor from all but Betsy, who said she did not care to go, but would accompany the rest if they especially desired it; and so we set out, and filed along its crooked pathways, to the astonishment of the dwellers of that gloomy valley, and the infinite wonder of the frowzy-headed and dirty-faced urchins, who peered out of every window and door-way at us as we passed. Arrived once more at the miserable little hut, we found the place quite deserted, except by the rats, who scampered away in all directions as we entered; and as there was little left to attract our attention, we were about to turn away again, when some one noticed Betsy gazing, pale and frightened, at a dark spot on the wall.

"Why, what's the matter, Betsy?" said Frank.

The girl started, as if out of a dream, and answered:

"I seemed to see it all over again, just as it happened years ago. It was just there the man stood," and she pointed to a spot near the door, "and I was here," taking her place near it, "and he and Dwiggins were over yonder. The man had come here to buy counterfeit money, and they had had a quarrel, and he was going away, and swore he would expose them. I can't repeat all they said; but 'he,' that is, my fa—, Triggs drew a pistol, and shot him. The ball struck in his neck, and the blood spirted all over me, and there is the mark of it yet on the wall; and then he staggered and fell to the floor, and they finished killing him with that big poker yonder;" and Betsy pointed to the very one with which Tom had struck Bully, on the morning of his arrest. "And then," she went on, "they robbed him of all he had, and buried him in the cellar yonder; and it was after this that they made me swear I'd never tell of them."

All the time she had been relating this, she had not looked or acted like herself; but more

as one who was under the influence of some strange spell; and we who listened stood awestruck and gazed upon that dark spot on the wall, as if we half-expected it to speak.

"O, dear, how dreadful!" said Mrs. Goodloe. "I do n't wonder you did n't want to come here. Let us get away from the place as soon as possible."

"I'm sure I do not care to stay," said Betsy; "but there is one thing I'd like to find, if it is here, and that is mamma's picture."

"O yes; I wonder I had not thought of that before. I wish you could find it;" and Mrs. Goodloe began to scrutinize every corner and place where such an object might be hidden. In this we all joined her; but were entirely unsuccessful, as no picture could be found. At last Betsy suggested that we tear away the ceiling on one side of the room, saying that she remembered that they used to poke things that they wanted to hide into a hole high up, and let them fall down between the walls; and that her father had once taken some things from her mother and thrust them in there, as long ago as she could remember.

It was only the work of a moment to knock away the plastering and lath, and to pull out a mess of rubbish that had evidently been deposited there long ago; but nothing appeared except a few old letters, so moldy and black as to be hardly readable. We were about to leave them carelessly, when I happened to glance at the direction on one of the envelopes, and read aloud, "Hattie Grandon."

"What!" said Mrs. Goodloe, starting. "Hattie Grandon, did you say? Where? show it to me!"

I showed her the envelope, and she opened it hastily, and looked over the letter for the signature. It was only "G. G." It was dated, however, September, 1850, and the post-mark was S.

"Can it be possible," said Mrs. Goodloe, all in a flutter, "that that letter was written by George Grandon! And if it was, it could only have been to one person, I am sure. Look at it, Mr. Goodloe. I declare it almost makes me faint to think of it!"

Mr. Goodloe took the letter, and read it aloud. It was as follows:

"S—, September 3, 1850.

"MY DEAR WIFE,—Although the forms of law have not yet been complied with, you are none the less my dearest, my wife; for true marriage is one of those compacts which can not be rendered more complete by its ceremonies. I am yours, and you are mine. The objections of my hard-hearted father, who will

not give his consent for me to marry you, can and will have no influence to deter me. You can and must trust me wholly. I am, however, not yet of legal age, and can not properly marry you against his will till then. But it will be only a few months; and I hope by that time he will have overcome his prejudices, and will allow me to bring you home. I address you, as I said I would, as Hattie Grandon; and will continue to do so when you are away from home. When you are there, of course, I can not do it. But if you are content, I will provide for you in the city, and you need not go home until we can go as man and wife. My father talks of sending me to Europe; but I will only stay a short time, if I go; and I shall see you many times before that anyway. Do not worry yourself about any consequences; but remember I am ever your loving husband. I will be with you again in a day or two at most. G. G."

The next we opened bore a foreign postmark, and was very short. It only read:

"DEAREST HATTIE,—I inclose you a draft for fifty dollars. Father won't hear of my returning to America for several months yet. Take care of yourself the best you can. I don't think you had better write to me any more, as I fear father might get hold of some of the letters.

"Your own, G. G."

We looked over the other letters, but they were all of no interest to the reader; and folding them up carefully, we took our way back to the hotel. Mr. Goodloe was very thoughtful, while Betsy asked:

"Who is George Grandon, Mr. Waterloo?"

"Why," said Tom, all at once, "it must be the very same one who now keeps the jewelry store that Triggs and Dwiggin's robbed. His name is George, and he is a son of old 'Squire Grandon, who used to be as proud as Lucifer. It's very queer how he came to write those letters though, if he did." And so we speculated about it while we all walked along, very much astonished and wondering what it could mean; but Mr. and Mrs. Goodloe had not a word to say.

The trial was now to come off in a couple of days, and all our interests were centering in it. I ought to mention that the reward which Mr. Grandon offered had never been paid to us, and one afternoon Tom said:

"Let's go down to Grandon's store and see about that trifle of ten thousand dollars that he owes us."

"You do n't imagine we are going to get that, do you?" said I.

"I do n't see why we should n't; we brought

him back fifty thousand dollars' worth of goods, all safe," said Tom; "but we won't, if we do not look after it."

"Well, then, let us go, of course;" and away they went.

Arrived in Mr. Grandon's store, we asked for that gentleman, and were astounded by the information that he had left the week before, taking his family with him, for Europe—sailed on the steamer *Austria*; would begone an indefinite time; and the intelligent clerk who gave us this information could tell us nothing further.

"Well, that is mighty queer," said Tom; "and just before this trial, too. What on earth can have taken him away so suddenly?"

COLORADO CAÑONS.

BY MARY L. CLOUGH.

PART I.

I think no people in the world appreciate their privileges more than Coloradans. They are enthusiastic over their scenery, their pure air, clear, sparkling water, mighty granite hills, and green, sunny parks. They start out in small parties, with wagon and saddle horses; seek some pleasant spot; picnic or camp in the woods, on the bank of some beautiful stream, where they can fish, hunt, or idly wander about, viewing the magnificent sights spread out before the eyes of the enchanted beholder; while the soft green turf, gemmed with a thousand fragrant flowers, the clear, blue sky, the fresh, balmy air, and the unparalleled weather of the mountain Summer, make out-door life a pleasure rarely experienced elsewhere. I have many pleasing memories of such excursions. Not involving the fatigue and danger of a long trip over the Snowy Range into some marvelous park, they still savor of romance, and yield that satisfaction of retrospection born of pleasure unalloyed with pain or danger. I recall one little trip in particular, which, although devoid of any startling event or wonderful episode, still often recurs to my mind as a delightful season of rest and recreation. I feel my heart warm affectionately toward those who were associated with me in that excursion. Though not acquaintances of long standing, we all feel bound together by no ordinary ties of kindness and appreciation. It has been my experience, that such informal association often cements a friendship that, in later years, strengthens into a tenderness sweet to the memory, dear to the heart, when the world seems cold, and events rudely hurry us.

I had been spending the Summer with my

sister, whose husband was running several saw-mills, at one of which she resided. Walling's Mill was situated six or seven miles from Central City and Black Hawk, that great mining center for the territory. I had only lately been emancipated from my books and studies, and, not being in good health, had come to try what mountain air would do for me. It worked like a charm. Body and mind had taken new tone and color from the health-inspiring atmosphere and magnificent scenery. I had spent a delightful season; and now the Summer had stepped in, fresh, luxuriant, free from excessive heat and languor. While the denizens of the "states" were sighing and fanning through the scorching afternoons, we sat down on the cool, grassy slope, in the mild Spring temperature—around us the woods, the hills, the blossom-bordered brook, all basking in the sunshine, while before and above us stretched the Snowy Range, piled up to the clouds, snow-capped and snow-slashed, a mighty refrigerator frowning down into the smiling Summer.

The morning of the Fourth of July, 1871 dawned fair and beautiful. I was awakened from my morning nap by a team driving up, and merry voices calling to us from outside. To arise, dress, and rush to the door, was the work of a few moments. There we found friends from Central City, out in a large spring-wagon, for a Fourth of July fishing-trip. They enjoyed the pure air too well to be prevailed upon to come in. So they sat and talked and laughed with my sister, while I, at their urgent invitation, prepared to accompany them. In a few minutes, I had hurried a few necessities in a traveling-bag, was hoisted into the wagon, and away we went. O, the clear, bright sunshine of the early morning! How it lighted up the polished spires of the pines, and intensified the tints of a thousand dewy flowers along the road! How deliciously the sweet air stirred my long, flowing hair, which I had not time to "do up!" How we talked and laughed, till the hills rang with our nonsense, and how gallantly the noble horses shook their manes and dashed along! But I must tell you of our party. We were eight. Mr. and Mrs. Root were substantial people of the town, who generously provided the "outfit" of horses and conveyance. Mr. Root is acknowledged to be the most successful fisherman in the mountains, which is no small honor, the trout here being remarkably shy and suspicious, though proportionately large and fine. Mr. Root is a man of iron will and indomitable energy, which he carries with a business-like fidelity into his sport, that often makes it appear comical. United with these

traits, he has a power of endurance rarely equaled; and well he may have, springing as he does from the old Allen stock. His mother's father was an own brother of Ethan Allen's. Old Mrs. Root, now over ninety years of age, and a resident of Vermont, is the niece of the old hero, and well remembers his visits to her family, and the peculiarity of his person and manners. One of the Vermont papers, not long ago, published the genealogy of the Allens, ending with the history of the present representative family of Roots. Next in the list were Mr. and Mrs. Reeves, young married people, who had secured a little bit of heaven in this life by their deep and tender attachment to each other; Miss Hattie Levings, a school-teacher, rejoicing in emancipation from grim desks and dog-eared spelling-books for a few days; Mr. Frank Pease, an estimable young gentleman, known by the author in her childhood; myself, of whom *n'importe*, I have already been introduced. Last, but not least, and, on the contrary, the biggest one of the party, was Shepard; not the redoubtable Jack, but one fully as wonderful, in his own estimation. This worthy was Mr. Root's driver, the knight of the whip, and, if his own words might be credited, the hero of the most surprising adventures and "hair-breadth escapes" ever chronicled by Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., or any other man. Any chance remark would be likely to call forth a story from him, commencing with, "When I was in California;" or, "After I had massacred them Injuns in Mexico." But we were all too happy to be annoyed by his loquacity; it only served as a source of mirth.

There is a refreshing sense of liberty and equality among these old mountaineers. "Wild Kit," with his startling experience in savage warfare—of starvation in the desert, of encounters with wild beasts, of perils by the torrent and avalanche, of aimless wandering in snow-storms over the wild wilderness of the range—feels fully the equal or superior of Augustus, with all his college honors and drawing-room culture. What good would the "Odyssey" do, with its dead and gone Greek heroes, real or imaginary, in a genuine Rocky Mountain bear-fight? reasons "Kit;" and really, we can't see, ourselves, that it would be any advantage in such an extremity. So our mountaineer calmly examines his gun-lock, and is master of the situation.

We took the Caribou road, and, in half an hour or so, drew rein at Rollinsville, a little cluster of houses with a large hotel as a centerpiece, owned and "run" by J. Q. Rollins, who is proprietor of the beautiful ranch that extends

in meadow-land, wide and clear, green and waving with timothy and clover. It is flanked by steep, craggy mountains, and intersected by South Boulder Creek. Here we stopped on the bank, and spread our cloth on the green, tufty level, and from hidden hampers came forth a breakfast fit for a king, which was eagerly partaken of by our hungry company. The cool water of the stream was nectar, and exhilarated like wine. After our repast, some of us "wiped up the things." While the horses ate their grain, Mr. Root went out to "try his luck;" only with him it is no "luck," for they do say he can catch fish wherever there is water. I suppose we made a pretty picture there in the July sunshine, if only any of us had been appreciative enough to have noticed it. May be the idle smoker, stretched out under the bridge, on the pebbly shore, his head pillowed on a tuft of swamp-lilies, noted the picturesque grouping from under his lazy eyelids, for Frank has an artistic eye. Hattie and I had climbed to the topmost pinnacle of a rocky bastion that overhung a part of the little hamlet, and there sat talking with our feet among the ferns. Mrs. Root was gathering flowers at the base, the married lovers walking off, arm in arm, over the daisied meadow, and the lonely fisher in the distance slowly following up the stream with rod and line. "Fourth of July" had come to us, but not with blare of trumpet, or crash of guns, or flourish of flags. All in the peaceful quiet, we could remember how those brave old heroes ratified our national freedom, this day, nearly a hundred years ago.

The morning was waning; so we called an advance, and, after having some little difficulty in luring Mr. Root from his fishing, we proceeded on our way. The road was good; the forest was vocal with the song of birds, and the four or five miles to Middle Boulder seemed short ones. Middle Boulder Creek had been selected as the location of the reduction-works for treating the silver-ore of the new mining district, known as the Caribou, situated four miles above, nearly on timber-line. Mr. Breed, two-thirds owner of the Caribou lode, was just building his capacious mill; Mr. Walling's saw-mill was humming on the bank of the creek; Mr. Brown's new hotel gleamed white behind gigantic yellow pine-trees; little houses were going up all around; one or two stores were in process of erection; tents were pitched upon the greensward. It was the inaugural of a city. A lovely place too—a partial opening in the dense forest, carpeted with grass, dotted with immense evergreen-trees. The land sloped up gently in the north and west, without rock or

stump, to the altitude of a respectable mountain. The creek rushed, foaming, over the bowlders; and along its course the gulch, opening, widened into a grassy meadow, several miles long, and from half a mile to a mile wide. This tract of land is valuable, and is mostly owned by Mr. Goss, whose residence, in the center of the beautiful park, commands a view of unequalled variety and grandeur. It is situated in the middle of a gorgeous amphitheater of natural garden, and galleried with range upon range of mountain. We did not stop long to admire this lovely vista that suddenly opened up before our eyes, and which was intersected by the Boulder City road that here led off toward the right, and which we now left, and, following the North Cañon, soon arrived at North Boulder and "Tom Hill's Ranch," one of the prettiest places in the country. A wide, grassy meadow flanks the stream on either side; the near hills are soft and smooth in outline, sparsely wooded with large yellow pines, and carpeted with brilliant green turf.

"Tom Hill," the proprietor of this, one of the best hay-ranches in the mountains, is a young man of enterprise, and has had the foresight to select and retain this excellent tract of land. He has seeded a good share of it to timothy and blue-grass, and the yearly produce of hay is enormous. He himself is a portly, rosy-cheeked, hospitable fellow, and his house on the side of a gentle, sloping hill at the entrance of the park, is the head-quarters for all lovers of fishing. He met us, jovial and pleasant as ever—directed us to a good camping-ground a little distance from his house, under the sheltering branches of a group of trees. Here we unharnessed our horses and prepared camp; we threw down our blankets and buffalo-ropes, with which we were plentifully supplied, and stretched ourselves idly down to rest. We found we were not the only visitors on the ranch. Little groups were scattered all through the woods and over the meadow, some fishing, some talking or reading, others preparing to lunch. More drove in, until we counted sixty persons on the ground. They had all come without previous plan or agreement, drifting here, as to one of the prettiest and quietest places, to spend the "glorious Fourth," where one might wander about in the magnificent grove, spread their dinners on the thick, soft turf, or fish in the limpid stream, escaping the tedium of the usual "eloquent oration" that nobody listens to, and the bore of the "unparalleled dinner" that nobody eats. After our lunch, we wandered off along the stream. The gentlemen fished, and we did as we liked—sat down on the banks and

watched the sparkling current, and the men pulling out the shining speckled trout; found wonderful gemmy pebbles on the beach, and dreamed they were opals and diamonds; or lay in the shade reading under the blue, beautiful sky. So the golden afternoon waned, and the evening came. One by one the gentlemen dropped into camp, tired and hungry, bringing enough fish for supper. Mr. Root had not put in an appearance. Where was our representative fisher? "Echo answered, Where?" We built a fire, and soon the savory smell of frying trout pervaded the air. We spread the cloth on the overturned bed of a wagon that lay conveniently near. We loaded it with good things. The steaming trout occupied the center of the board; but where was our knight of the rod? We sent Sheppard to call him (Sheppard has good lungs), but no answer. We were just about to give him up, and eat our supper, when a weary, muddy, bedraggled wanderer entered camp; and lo! our hero had arrived; but minus fishing-rod, fishing-basket, and fish, which, he lugubriously informed us, he had lost.

"What! lost, Mr. Root? Surely, that can't be," chorused our party.

"Yes."

He had thrown his hat and coat down somewhere, a few miles below, and went on fishing. The trout bit well, and he was quite carried away with the sport, and went some distance; but it was growing late and cool, so he thought he would run back, get his hat and coat, then come back and fish; so he left his fishing-rod and basket, now nearly full of trout, while he retraced his steps. He had wandered much farther from his clothing than he supposed, and had quite a tedious tramp and hunt before he found them. Then he went on for his fishing apparatus, but was unable to find it. He was certain he went far enough, and then zigzagged back, making several hours' work, with no success. He then set about to examine every foot of ground a mile down the stream, which he did with no results. Dark was setting in, and, tired and discouraged, he made for camp.

Here was a pretty mess. The woods had been full of strangers all day, and Mrs. Root and myself, skeptical of mountain morals, decided the fish had been taken. Some unlucky fisher had come across the prize, and thought it would add to his fame to carry them home as his own day's trophy. The others, possessed of more confidence in human nature, declared that Mr. Root had some way missed them; but our own idea seemed so natural, we contended that "any man would steal fish under the circumstances." Mr. Root took no part in this

discussion, except to assert he had made an exhaustive search. We adjourned to supper, each wedded to his (and her) own views.

O, how delicious were these delicately browned trout, and how we relished them! There was not a poor appetite among us. The fish disappeared as if by magic, until the third panful was disposed of, and night was deepening around us. We washed the dishes by moonlight, then threw more fagots on the fire; the stars twinkled out merrily from the clear sky, and the moon, like a lamp of silver, poured its mellow light over the scene. The hour was too delightful for slumber. We sallied out across the stream, and up the opposite slope; then we sat down under a tall tree, and sung an old song. A night-hawk, in a neighboring branch, took up the strain, and made the night vocal with his questionable music. Far below, mellowed by the distance, we heard the croaking of the frogs and the piping note of the whip-poor-will. The night was calm; but a scarcely perceptible breeze soughed in the tops of the pine-trees. What a peculiar sound these pines give, with just a breath of air stirring their plumes—something like the murmur of a sea-shell as you hold it to your ear! You may imagine the young folks were growing sentimental; so we returned to camp, prepared beds—the gentlemen taking the wagon, while we preferred the open air; for on these minor excursions of only a few days, we do not burden ourselves with tents. We were soon asleep. Several times in the night, I awoke to see the stars smiling on me, and the moon dropping down into the horizon. It grew chilly toward morning, and we were glad to rise at the first peep of day. But alas for our Fourth of July night! The ground was white with frost. In this locality, there is generally a heavy frost every night, even in midsummer. But the first rays of the sun turned the silvery powder into sparkling dew. We kindled a fire, exercised the cramps out of our benumbed limbs; for whatever the pleasures of camping out may be, sleeping on the ground of a frosty night is not one of them; at least a small minority of our party decided so, the rest averring they had never slept sounder.

The first thing in order was a search for the missing fishing-basket. An expedition started out, composed of all the gentlemen, while we prepared breakfast. Just as the board was ready, we heard a series of howls in the distance, which we knew to be the signal that the lost was found; and although over a mile away, we were convinced they could issue from no throat but Sheppard's. Presently the crowd came in, Sheppard triumphant at being the

discoverer. Of course, he had a thrilling account of his search to relate. He really ought to have been the finder, for none other could possibly have been so elated over it as he. Still, although glad to recover the "outfit," which was an expensive one, and the fish, which we wanted to devour, a part of our company felt that indescribable sensation of disappointment born of finding one's predictions wrong. We sighed as we said: "All men will steal fish. Nobody might n't have found it, you know; if they had, it would have been *non est*."

Our plans for the day were various. Of course, Mr. Root wandered off alone after trout, as soon as breakfast; Mr. Reeves and his wife were going botanizing; Mr. Pease and Miss Hattie were to go fishing, he to catch the fish and she to catch the grasshoppers for bait—a very comfortable arrangement for two people intensely interested in each other. This left Mrs. Root and myself to plan for ourselves; so we impressed our jolly host into the service as an escort, and galloped off in the early morning to visit North Boulder Falls, twelve miles distant, at the confluence of the Boulder Creeks. We had a glorious ride. We dashed through the lovely park that forms "Goss's Ranch," and which I have mentioned before; but it will bear further mention, for it is one of the finest places in the country. It is a green, beautiful meadow, nearly hemmed in by heavily timbered hills, with a clear opening at the head of the park, where, capping the dusky forest, lay miles upon miles of bleak upper range, sharpening into snow-slashed peaks, or stretching off for leagues, brown, barren, and rolling, without tree or bush. The sun glittered on the snow-fields, and lighted up the bare granite, each rock of which seemed to stand out near and distinct against the transparent atmosphere.

We took the road that leads to Boulder City, through the celebrated Boulder Cañon, claimed by travelers to present some of the grandest scenery in the world. The gorge is narrow, and the road follows its windings. On one side, the stream dashes down the steep grade, tearing itself in a thousand foamy pieces over the piled-up boulders in its bed. With a noise like an avalanche, it leaps over craggy precipices, and struggles and rages through narrow passes, fretting over its banks occasionally (for the water was high at this time), and lapping the rock-foundation of the road with eager tongues. O, it is a magnificent stream—one that madly beckons and invites you to come and throw yourself into its depths, and see what short work it will make of you! It talks to you like a human voice, and says: "You may think

you are happy now, but you are really miserable and wretched. Life has nothing for you, nor ever will have, but cares and disappointments and sorrows. What with false friends, and loved ones dying, and the fruitless search for wealth, what is there pleasant in your dreary career? What have you to live for? Life is a farce; jump in, and end it all at once. See how white I am, how pure, how full of force! I will rock you to an eternal slumber, give you an everlasting '*In Pace*.'" There is just enough insanity in most of us to feel a mad, momentary longing to obey this summons, and leap into eternity from these green banks. Once among those rude waves, no power could save. The force is tremendous, and the first dash would probably be against some monstrous uprising bowlder, that would effectually stun, and send on down the seething current an inert mass which had been, a moment before, full of life and hope and thought.

A month before, Dr. Sweet, of Central, with another gentleman, had visited the falls, and was returning to the road. The nearest way was across a foot-log, large but stripped of bark, and slippery from the spray that dashed over it; for the water was very high. They had crossed it in safety going over; but, in returning, the doctor's foot slipped, and in a moment he was in the boiling caldron of waters. To make the matter worse, a loose cloak he wore floated over his head, pinioning his arms; and before his friend, who had already crossed, could come to his relief, the waves had dashed him down among the bowlders and out of sight. His friend followed down the stream, and searched for some time; then rode back to town, leading a riderless pony. A party started out, and the next evening they found his drowned and mutilated body seven miles below, drifted into an eddy formed by a huge rock and some logs that had lodged against it. Thus a strong man, in the vigor of youth and health, passed in a moment from life into eternity, leaving a young wife, only five months married, to mourn his loss.

THE different ranks and orders of mankind may be compared to as many streams and rivers of running water. All proceed from an original small and obscure source; some spread wider, travel over more countries, and make more noise in the passage than others, but all tend alike to an ocean where distinction ceases, and where the largest and most celebrated rivers are equally lost and absorbed, in that vast course of waters, with the smallest and most unknown streams.

THE FIRST CONTINENTAL CONGRESS.

BY MELVILLE C. WIRE.

WE date our national existence from the Fourth of July, 1776. That was the morning when our national sun arose; and, to-day, in the full and dazzling light of its meridian splendor, there fades from our minds recollection of the twilight that preceded its rising.

We drive our stake at Lexington or Bunker Hill, and from there take our bearings and calculate our distances, hardly thinking of those earlier events which, though less warlike in their character, are scarcely less important in our history. Among the more important of these is the first Continental Congress.

George III, deeming himself master, and the colonists slaves, and deluded with the idea that he could beat them and misuse them as he pleased, had for years added wrong to wrong, insult to insult; had scourged them with the lash of despotism, until it sank deep into the quivering flesh of the groaning victims. Remonstrance proved of no avail, and forbearance ceased to be a virtue.

In view of the fact that the colonists of New England were so closely allied to Old England by ties of kin, it would seem that they would bear almost any thing rather than revolt. But their Teutonic blood fired at the remembrance of their wrongs, while their kinship only caused it to course the swifter in their veins, and made them feel more keenly the smart of the parental lash.

Gage, commissioned by the crown, had besieged Boston. The Port Act, by which the custom-house was removed from Boston to Marlborough, and the capital to Salem, had gone into execution. This was the last straw to break the camel's back. The people, hemmed in on every hand, watched by foes without and foes within, threatened and cajoled by turns, were distressed beyond measure, and began to look abroad for assistance. But the Sons of Liberty, in New York, had already anticipated their necessity, and proposed a general Congress of the Colonies to fix upon some definite and mutual plan of action in regard to exports and imports, to settle various other perplexing questions, and to deliberate as to what could best be done for the relief of the distressed Bostonians. They sent word to Boston to stand firm; then sent to Philadelphia, and from there through the Southern Colonies, inviting them to a general Congress. Each Colony sent as many delegates as it pleased, and, in Septem-

ber, 1774, they came together in Philadelphia, every Colony being represented except Georgia.

There were grave and momentous issues to be met—questions which needed the careful consideration of clear heads, and the decision of wise hearts. No minds of narrow mold could hope to bring order out of the chaos of public opinion. The greatest men of the Colonies were now for the first time brought together; and it is no wonder that the meeting was a solemn one, for the liberties of three millions were at stake.

By the nomination of Samuel Adams, himself a strong Congregationalist, Mr. Duché, an Episcopalian minister, was invited to conduct the religious services. Then there might have been seen the spectacle of Congregationalists, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Quakers, uniting in that first American Congress to ask wisdom, strength, and guidance from a common Father. Washington kneeled, while near him was Adams standing in prayer. Is not here to be found a partial explanation of the extraordinary wisdom, foresight, and endurance of those noble "apostles of liberty?"

Of the men who composed that Congress we need not be ashamed. "It is such an assembly," writes John Adams, "as never came together on a sudden in any part of the world. Here are fortunes, abilities, learning, and eloquence." Let us look for a moment at some of the prominent characters, as they take their seats before us.

There is Patrick Henry. I mention him first, because he was the first to speak in this the first American Congress—the first to break the deep and death-like silence that filled the hall. As he arose, all eyes were fastened upon him. "He faltered at first, as was his habit, but his exordium was impressive; and as he launched forth into a recital of Colonial wrongs, he kindled with his subject," until his whole being seemed to be on fire, and his stirring appeals and stormy eloquence swept over and swayed that grave assembly as the mountain storm sways the pine upon its summit. He sat down amid the subdued murmur of voices that were choked with emotion. Then followed Richard Henry Lee, who charmed his hearers with an eloquence of Ciceronian polish. There was Galloway, the British spy. There was Samuel Adams, the patriotic and self-sacrificing Puritan, who, like the "lean Cassius," "ate little, drank little, slept little, but thought much;" John Adams also, styled by Jefferson "the Colossus of debate;" the Rutledges, of South Carolina; the aged Hopkins, a Quaker, palsied in body, but vigorous in brain and steady in

heart, who had come up from his little Rhode Island home to lay his life, rich in treasures of experience and ripe in wisdom, upon the altar of liberty. Then there was another, whose memory, though it is borne to us across the century, has lost none of its fragrance—George Washington, in the meridian of his days.

The first measure of Congress was, to denounce the recent acts of Parliament, and to assert its determination to aid the people of Massachusetts in resisting any force that might attempt to carry those acts into execution. They drew up specifications of the eleven acts passed since the accession of George III. These were: the Sugar Act; the Stamp Act; the two Acts for Quartering Troops; the Tea Act; the Act suspending the New York Legislature; the two Acts for Trial in Great Britain of Offenses committed in America; the Port Act; the Act regulating the Government of Massachusetts; and the Quebec Act. These were declared to be in direct violation of the rights of the Colonies. They resolved, unanimously, to import nothing from Great Britain, and to export nothing except rice. "They inaugurated the abolition of the slave-trade, and they brought forth another measure, perhaps greater than all the rest. It recognized the political being and authority of the people."

During the session, Putnam's messenger arrived from Boston, and reported that a bloody attack had been made upon the inhabitants of that city. By a second express, the report was confirmed. Muffled bells were tolled, and the delegates from Massachusetts received on every hand proofs of the sympathy, attachment, and support of the people. These reports gave intensity to the proceedings of Congress. The citizens of Boston made to Congress a formal offer, to "abandon their homes, and throw themselves, with their wives and children, their aged and infirm, on the charity of the country people, or build huts in the woods, and never revisit their native walls until re-established in their rights and liberties." Money being needed, a subscription was circulated, and the committee reported a sum of less than ninety thousand dollars. What! ninety thousand dollars with which to withstand a warlike Empire, her armies flushed with victory, her sails whitening every sea, able to spend a hundred millions a year in the subjugation of America? It seems preposterous, and yet it will be sufficient; for I see, in the future, soldiers serving on half-pay, half-clad, half-fed, but whose every breath is an utterance of the sentiment of Virginia's greatest orator, "Give me liberty, or give me death."

Owing to long debates, they were slow in

coming to a decision upon many of the questions. With all their determination to resist oppression and gain their liberty, it was liberty with equal rights, not independence, which they sought. Some would ask, Why did not the members of this first Congress declare their independence? Because the fullness of time had not yet come. Legislators must be driven to this as a last resort. The world must wait yet two years for that wonderful declaration that should proclaim throughout the land liberty to all the inhabitants thereof; must wait until blood flows at Lexington; until that motley soldier band, from shop and plow, roughly clad in homespun, armed with old rifles and rusty muskets, without breakfast, weary with intrenching, should again and again force down the slope of Bunker Hill the well-fed, well-drilled, gayly dressed, and finely equipped soldiers of the king. It must wait until the gallant Warren falls, until distresses multiply on every hand; then it is that the mighty heaven-piercing, world-resounding cry of independence arises from stricken hearts. After a session of fifty-one days, the Congress adjourned, having first employed its best talent in framing its official papers for presentation to the king. These documents wrung from the great Chatham the confession that, "for solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity, and wisdom of conclusion, under such a complication of circumstances, no nation or body of men can stand in preference to the general Congress at Philadelphia." This Congress was the spontaneous outgrowth of the people; it was the first clasping of hands between the North and South; it was a union that was unconsciously formed on the day that every member signed his name to the articles known as the "American Association;" and from that day should date the commencement of the "American Union." We have every regard for the men who, two years afterward, immortalized their names, and bequeathed to posterity a free estate of untold value, yet we can not forget those who, in the first Continental Congress, when the days were dark, and the eastern sky black with the oncoming storm, were conservative of a people's hope, faithful to its trust, and whose councils were the presage of "the rising power that was to light all nations of the earth to freedom."

FOR the *body's* sake, "remember the Sabbath," and keep it as a rest from all business. For the *soul's* sake, remember it, and keep it as a rest to the spirit, and a day of preparation for the rest of heaven.

TRIBUTE TO CÆSAR.

BY ERSKINE M. HAMILTON.

MR. TOM CHAMPLEY had disposed of a good breakfast, and, with good digestion and a clear conscience to aid him, felt exceedingly comfortable. He was a kind, generous-hearted young fellow withal; and just now he was full of good-feeling toward every body, and felt a general desire to abolish all the evil and ameliorate all the suffering in the world.

Josh Billings says, "It is easy for a man with eighty thousand dollars out at interest to be a philosopher." There is a great deal of truth in that remark. And equally so the extent of our Christian graces often depends on the condition of our digestive organs. Take an ill-fed, overworked man—a man with a weak stomach, with food hastily swallowed and never fully digested—and if he goes through the duties of the day without stumbling, why, he's got a Christianity that is worth something.

But Tom Champley's stomach was sound, his general health good; though, to be sure, he was only a clerk in an up-town dry-goods store; and on this bright February morning he ensconced his person inside an overcoat, placed a glossy silk hat on his head, and emerged into the street, as fine a gentleman as you could wish to see, and beaming with benevolence and good-nature.

With all this combination of happiness and amiability, Tom sauntered leisurely up the street toward the store, bowing occasionally to gentlemen acquaintance, or lifting the silken hat to the ladies. A blind beggar at the street corner attracted his attention, and he deposited a small silver coin in the extended hat; then a diminutive newsboy cried forth his wares, and in the liberality of his heart Tom made a generous purchase. These last incidents set him to thinking. Like all the rest of us, he began to wish for great means, that he might do great things. If he only possessed the opportunities, such as others had, what good would he not accomplish! Very naturally, his mind fell into castle-building as he passed along, and he laid out a very large imaginary fortune in building a newsboys' home, and an asylum for blind beggars; in all of which, of course, Tom Champley was the prominent figure, spoken of as the "great benefactor of the poor," and blessed by all the orphans, widows, and such like, when he appeared upon the street.

Thus occupied, Tom moved onward until he overtook a fine-looking, portly old gentleman, walking slowly just in advance of him. As he came up near the stranger, Tom incautiously

placed his feet on an icy part of the sidewalk; and in a moment, with entire unanimity, those feet shot forward from under him; and not only that, they struck the old gentleman near the ankles, causing his feet to go through the same maneuver. Tom took a seat on the sidewalk. The old gentleman also sat down. Then, overpowered by these mutual acts of politeness, the two gentlemen gazed at each other in a kind of helpless amazement.

"I beg your pardon, sir!" said the old gentleman.

"I beg your pardon, sir!" said Tom, and, springing quickly to his feet, he assisted the stranger to a standing position.

"This is very extraordinary!" said the old gentleman, brushing away the snow from his clothing.

"Yes, sir," answered Tom; "and I confess it is my fault."

"Very true," resumed the stranger, somewhat irascibly. "I think you should be very careful—very careful, young man! What were you thinking of, sir?"

"I?" replied Tom, speaking rather confusedly. "Why—that is—I was thinking of establishing an asylum for blind beggars," he continued, with entire truthfulness.

"O!" followed by a moment's pause. "Allow me to observe, then, that it seems to me your method of securing patients is quite unique—quite unique, sir! But it so happens that I am not blind; neither am I a beggar, sir!"

"I trust not," said Tom, laughing. "Indeed, from my carelessness I should seem best fitted for an asylum of some sort myself." And then, as they walked on together, observing the look of curiosity in the old gentleman's face, he explained on what he was cogitating when he lowered the stranger's standing in community so suddenly.

The old gentleman shook his head.

"That's a bad habit, young man; the habit of day-dreaming, or castle-building, some people call it. It is the great bane of society. Every body indulges in it, to a greater or less extent. The poor are continually dreaming they are rich, and live beyond their means; the rich dream of things beyond the caliber of their intellect, though may be not of their purse, and eventually fall into poverty and disgrace; the mechanic dreams he was cut out for a professional man or statesman; and the professional man and statesman are never satisfied; but dream they were intended to command armies in the field, or do some or any other thing than what they are now doing. I tell you, if the truth were known, day-dreaming would be found

at the bottom of a majority of the cases of dishonest clerks, government embezzlements, bank frauds, and the like; and if the people would only quit it and settle down to real life-principles, they and the world would get on a great deal better. However, I must not preach too much against day-dreaming, or my business would be gone, to a certainty."

"What is your business?" asked Tom, as they arrived at a street-corner.

"I have n't time to explain now, as we part here; but here's my card. Please call and see me when you have leisure." And, with a hasty "good morning," the old gentleman walked away up the side street.

Tom glanced at the card, and read, "J. Walters, 208 Barkhurst Street;" then, placing it in his pocket-book, hastened on to the store.

It was some weeks before he thought about the card again—indeed, in the hurry of business he almost forgot the whole matter—when, one day, happening to be in Barkhurst Street, he concluded to give his new acquaintance a call. He had the card in his pocket, and it did not take long to find number 208. A small tin sign, at the bottom of a flight of stairs, announced, "J. Walters, General Agency, second floor," and springing up, two steps at a time, Tom quickly found himself in an elegant office, carpeted and furnished in the most costly style. Mr. Walters was seated at a center-table writing, as he came in.

"Well, young man, so you came to see me at last? Take a seat."

"Yes, sir; I chanced to be up this way and took the liberty of accepting your invitation," answered Tom, taking the proffered chair.

"I am glad you did. By the way, how comes on your asylum for—for—blind lunatics? Was not that it?"

"Not exactly," said Tom, laughing; "not for lunatics."

"Better make it for lunatics, then; that's my advice. You will find more of them. If the crop should fail out of the world, I don't know what would become of my business."

"I saw 'General Agency' on your sign below stairs; would it be impertinent to ask what your business is?" said Tom.

"Not at all. I know my sign reads that way; but I call my business 'Tribute to Cæsar.'"

"'Tribute to Cæsar?' What may that be?"

"Why, you see, the good Book says, 'Render unto Cæsar the things that be Cæsar's,' and I have constituted myself tax-collector for that gentleman. In other words, I am the Cæsar."

"How so?"

"I will tell you. The people of this world—as you probably know, my young friend—are divided into two classes: those who are sharp, and those who are not so sharp. The first class, by reason of superior tact and shrewdness, manage to live at the expense of the other, which embraces the greater number of mankind. Therefore, the first, or smaller class, are the Cæsars; and the second class, or the great majority of the people, are those who pay the tribute."

"I understand, then, that you belong to the first class?"

"Precisely! Of course there is a continual struggle between them; the first class striving to maintain their position, and the second class striving to climb up and displace them. And every once in a while you see a Cæsar, or one who has set himself up as such, tumble down from his position, and made to pay tribute instead."

"That would be unpleasant."

"Very! Occasionally I have been made to pay, instead of exacting, tribute; but seldom. Now, properly to hold my position, and to prosper financially at the expense of the other class, it was necessary for me first to study, and then use, the characteristics of that other class to the best advantage. The first thing I discovered was, they all wanted to be Cæsars."

"And what then?"

"What then? Why, I try to convince them they are Cæsars, until—"

"Until you convince them to the contrary by draining their pocket-books," said Tom, dryly.

"Exactly," said the old gentleman, nowise disconcerted. "Credulity is largely developed in most people, and you have only to find out their weak points, flatter them a little, make them think they are capable of making a large fortune without honestly earning it, and then present some plausible scheme, and, as you say, wind up by draining their pocket-books."

"And do you call such transactions honorable?"

"That depends on circumstances. If I succeed in my game, and exact tribute, why I consider it an honorable transaction; but, on the contrary, if I chance on some fellow sharper than I, and I am obliged to pay tribute, why, then, I consider it a downright swindle."

Tom laughed.

"You laugh, young man; but that's human nature—at least, business human nature. Why, go out on these streets to-day, and you will find hundreds of people upholding and supporting that which to-morrow they will denounce as a swindle; and why? Because to-day they are

the Cæsars, and are making money, while, on to-morrow, the tables will turn, and they will be the losers."

"Then whether a transaction is honorable or dishonorable, depends on its success?"

"Certainly; and so it is viewed by the world in general. If a man is successful in money-making, and does not openly render himself amenable to the law, why, his actions are not too closely scanned, and he is looked up to with respect. It's your man who tries to make money and *fails*, he is the rascal who is held up to the scorn of Church and State. In short, make money in whatever unconscionable way you will, pay your debts, give largely to build churches, found colleges, and the like, and you will be highly respected in the community, sent to the Legislature, made president of public meetings, and all that; and when you die the newspapers will speak of you as 'our highly esteemed fellow-citizen.' On the other hand, if you have unfortunate scruples about honesty, and do n't make money, you're a nobody; and when you die, your friends, perhaps, can get you a short obituary notice for the small sum of fifty cents, payable in advance. Is n't that so?"

"To a great extent," answered Tom; "but I think you draw it rather strong."

"Not a bit of it. However, as to the nature of my business, that you inquired about a few minutes ago; I engage in any and every transaction that has money in it—that's the short of it. I buy and sell stock, loan money, get up magnificent stock companies which are to make the fortune of every body buying the stock, advise and aid merchants and others, who wish to fail and avoid paying their creditors at the same time; and when I have nothing else to do, I amuse myself by collecting tribute from would-be Stewarts, Astors, and Vanderbilts."

"And what may that last be?"

"Well, you see, from the training our country youth get in these times, they are led to think they can live without work; and that by merely putting their property in a red handkerchief, placing it over their shoulder on the end of a stick, and walking into some great city, the traditional merchant will at once appear to take them into partnership. Or else their parents, instead of putting them out to a trade, or making them settle down to honest work on the farm, send them to the city to half starve as clerks, book-keepers, and the like. At any rate, thousands of young men flock here from the country in search of situations; and for their and my benefit, I have placed a sign at the foot of the stairs, 'Applications for Situations Received.' Did you notice it when you came up?"

"No, sir; I did not," answered Tom; "you find situations, I suppose?"

"Bless you, no! I do n't promise to. Mark you, I say 'applications received,' not 'situations found.' When a place is vacant, there are forty applicants after it on the spot, without their coming here for it. To be sure, I do find a place now and then; but seldom. Do you see that large book?" pointing to a huge, ledger-like volume on a side-table. "Well, when applicants come here (generally five or six a day), and ask if I have situations open, I tell them none at present; but they can leave their applications in that book, and I charge them two dollars each for the privilege. Then they go to some boarding-house and wait, coming back each day to inquire if any situation is open, and receiving the same reply, 'None at present,' until in about a week, or until their money is nearly gone, they get disgusted with me and the city together, and travel off home. In most cases, this experience satisfies them, and they go to work on the farm, and leave the city alone. Why, I really think I do them a kindness in thus treating them."

"May be you do," replied Tom, smiling at the disclosure; "but I should prefer more honesty mixed with the kindness."

"View it as you please, young man," said Mr. Walters, coolly; "but so long as there are fools in the world to pay tribute, there will be Cæsars to collect it; and I may as well be a Cæsar as any one."

At this point, the conversation was interrupted by a low knock at the door, and in response to a "Come in!" from Mr. Walters, the door opened, and a lady dressed in deep mourning entered.

"Is this Mr. Walters?" she asked, advancing to the center of the room, and addressing that gentleman.

"It is," answered Mr. Walters, with business-like brevity. "What can I do for you, madam?"

The stranger hesitated a little, tapping the floor somewhat nervously with her foot.

"You can do a great deal for me, if you will, Mr. Walters. I am the widow of James Cheever."

A slight flush overspread Mr. Walters's face at this announcement; but it quickly gave place to a cold, hard look as he simply interrogated:

"Well?"

"I thought," said the lady, as she sank into a chair near her, and speaking with evident embarrassment, "I thought—that is—perhaps you would help me in my present strait."

No answer was given, and the lady resumed, a little desperately:

"You know, Mr. Walters, that it was through your instrumentality that my husband went into that speculation and lost all, and—"

"I am not responsible for that, madam. Mr. Cheever used his best judgment, I suppose, and if the enterprise failed to make money for him, that was his lookout, not mine."

"I do not view it exactly in that way. My husband was doing an honest, prosperous business until he saw you; owned this very building in which we now are—this entire block. But you came to him, and by specious arguments and glittering promises, induced him to invest every thing in the Great Western Petroleum Oil Company. That Company failed, as you well know, and he and his family were reduced to poverty. Who got his property? Who owns this block of buildings to-day, Mr. Walters?"

"I believe the records show it to be in my name, madam."

"Precisely," continued the lady, bitterly, her face flushing in her vehemence. "And pray what equivalent did you make in return for it?"

Mr. Walters moved a little uneasily in his chair.

"You do not view business matters properly, Mrs. Cheever; women never do. You seem to speak and feel as though I were a common highwayman, who had robbed your husband, instead of engaging in an ordinary, every-day transaction. You should look at it in a business-like way. Be calm, madam. The world is full of ups and downs. The rich of to-day are the poor of to-morrow. All of us are on one side or the other. To-day, we are the rich Cæsars, and collect tribute, and to-morrow, we render tribute unto Cæsar, and are made poor. Your husband had collected tribute all his life; and now, forsooth, because he embarked in an unlucky speculation, and lost, you blame me for his free act. Nothing business-like in that, madam—not a bit."

"Well, being a woman, as you say, may be I do not understand business; but this I know, my husband never took property from his fellow-man without rendering an equivalent. He got no equivalent from you, Mr. Walters."

"There you are again, madam. Equivalent! What is equivalent? It is only taking in something and giving out something in return; and how else was it in your husband's case? His whole life had been a constant, prosperous taking-in; and in the nature of business, of course, he had to give out. There's your equivalent."

"I don't know as I quite comprehend you,"

answered the lady, looking down sorrowfully. "Perhaps it is owing to my ignorance of business; and I am ignorant, I acknowledge; but then, under the circumstances, I thought may be you might give me something back, to keep my family from want."

"I am under no obligation to, madam. If you are in want, there are public officers to attend to such things; go to them. I will give you five dollars, however, to settle the matter."

The lady's eyes fairly flashed. She rose to her feet, and turned upon Mr. Walters a look of such intense scorn that Tom thought he must have shrunk before it. And, indeed, he did. He raised his eyes to hers; but they instantly dropped under her burning gaze, and thereafter he looked doggedly at the floor. For a moment Mrs. Cheever did not speak; then, with voice calm, deliberate, not loud, but husky with suppressed feeling, she said:

"And so I may go to the public for charity, and you will give me five dollars—that is all! You spoke of rendering tribute to Cæsar a few minutes ago. Do you know the rest of that verse, Mr. Walters: that a Higher Power than a Cæsar will, some time, also exact tribute? that even the Cæsars must give an account to him at last, to that Higher Power, God, who hath said: 'Ye shall not afflict any widow or fatherless child. If thou afflict them in any wise, and they cry at all unto me, I will surely hear their cry; and my wrath shall wax hot, and I will kill you with the sword; and your wives shall be widows, and your children fatherless?' Did you ever think of that, Mr. Walters? And, sir, more than that: crazed and dispirited by his losses, caused by you, my poor husband took his own life. You, sir, were directly responsible for that terrible act! The code of business may excuse you—I know not—but, sooner or later, the great God will exact the tribute."

Mr. Walters made no reply; and his head, resting between his palms, sank lower and lower, while, more than ever, his gaze seemed intent on the floor at his feet. Mrs. Cheever watched him a moment, and then, overcome by her feelings, she burst into passionate weeping, and hurried from the room. For a little space after her departure, Mr. Walters still sat, seemingly lost in gloomy reflection; then, raising his head, and half addressing Tom, and half in soliloquy, he suddenly exclaimed:

"I do n't believe it! If there is a God, he will require no account hereafter. When we die, that is the end of us. But I did n't kill her husband! No: I am not accountable for his death!" he added, abstractedly gazing for-

ward at the wall in front of him, as though answering some unseen accuser.

Tom made no reply. He felt he could say nothing to comfort or cheer under the circumstances; and, after a few minutes of painful silence, as it would be no pleasure to remain longer, he announced that he must go. No heed was paid to him, however, and he passed down the stairs. Looking back, he saw that Mr. Walters still sat, his eyes yet intent on the wall, and gloomily thinking—of what? Ciphering out, may be, that awful problem of profit and loss, "For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

Months elapsed before Tom saw his strange acquaintance again; and then, one day, he met him on Wall Street. He was pained and surprised at the wan, haggard appearance the old gentleman presented. All the cool, calm resoluteness of purpose, the nonchalance, the undisturbed serenity, that characterized him at their first interview, had forsaken him, and he seemed to have grown suddenly old and decrepit. On inquiry, Tom learned that he had been unfortunate in speculations for some time back, and had lost heavily; and furthermore, worst of all, a malignant fever that prevailed in the neighborhood had swept away his wife and two grown-up daughters—his whole family. "Yes," he muttered, pitifully, "I am an old man now, and all alone—all alone." He did not seem desirous of talking much of himself, and, after a few desultory remarks about other matters, Tom left him.

It was only at occasional intervals afterward that the two came together. Mr. Walters seemed to grow more and more reticent; and Tom noticed, with increased apprehension, that his step had grown more slow, his person bent forward, his eyes fixed upon the ground—he scarcely ever looked up now—while his poor, pale, pinched face plainly showed that some mental or physical malady was undermining his fine constitution, and rapidly sweeping him to the grave.

"Can it be," thought Tom, as he paused one day and looked after him, "that God is now exacting a retributive tribute? that the cry of the widow and fatherless has been heard, and punishment is being taken?"

Perhaps! Silently and mysteriously moved the government of the universe in the great and the small, he knew that; but of the ways and methods of the Hand that controlled all, he knew nothing.

And thus sped the days, the weeks, and the months, from that February morning when the

two so strangely met, through the Spring with its freshness and beauty, the Summer with its intolerable heat, until at last Autumn came to relieve by its coolness the driving, heated multitude of the great city. Late one October night, and Tom sat at his room window. An unwonted restlessness had come over him; he was unable to sleep, and he had taken this position where the breeze came in upon him, and where he could look out and watch the few people yet passing on the street below. Suddenly he heard a distant cry, then the sharp notes of the fire-alarm. Fire-alarms were of nightly occurrence, and he usually gave no heed to them; but now, as he listened, the alarm seemed to become general, and from the throng of people who rapidly filled up the street, he became convinced that a fire of unusual magnitude was in progress. He could not sleep; he felt it useless to try; and hastily donning his coat and boots, he passed down to the street.

Falling in with the crowd that surged in front and behind him, ere long he found himself in Barkhurst Street, and in full view of a vast, seething conflagration. It was the property of Mr. Walters. As soon as he overcame his first feeling of surprise, or, we may say, consternation, at this discovery, Tom stood and gazed at the magnificent sight before him. There is a peculiar magnetism, a something strangely grand and terrific, in a great fire at night. The hundreds of men rushing in and out, removing goods and furniture; the various steamers plying their steady streams upon the burning mass; the great flames bursting forth, dancing, and shooting upward with a tremendous roar, as though laughing at the puny efforts made to subdue them,—all this inspired him with awe. The heat became so intense at last that the crowd were compelled to fall back; and Tom sought a more comfortable position at some distance.

"This is a fearful fire!" he said, addressing a man who stood alone by a pile of goods, his face turned away from Tom, and who was watching the fire in moody silence.

"Yes: it is fearful—fearful indeed!" came the answer, as though wrung from the very heart.

Tom recognized the voice at once. "Why, Mr. Walters, is that you?" he said. Then added, "I trust, sir, they will yet save a portion of your property."

"No, they won't; they can't," was the reply. "There is a curse on it, and it will all be destroyed. That woman said that some time God would exact the tribute. I did n't believe it then; but I do now. He has taken my family,

and now he has taken my property; and I am all alone; yes, all alone."

The tone in which this last was uttered was so hopeless, and so indescribably mournful, that Tom was touched to the quick. A something rose in his throat and filled his eyes, and he turned away to hide his emotion. Just then a sudden panic in the crowd attracted his attention, followed by a loud, terrific report, and the air was instantly filled with pieces of flying brick and stone. It was afterward ascertained that a large quantity of powder had been stored in one of the cellars, and, coming in contact with the fire, had exploded.

For an instant after the accident, all was confusion, and shrieks and groans sounded on every side. When the excitement had subsided somewhat, and examination was made, quite a number were found to be injured. Tom was at first completely dazed by the concussion, but a low moan at his side recalled his senses; and, looking, he saw that Mr. Walters had fallen to the ground. He first thought him dead, but bending over him, he found that he was simply unconscious. A flying stone had struck him on the breast; yet, whether he was seriously hurt or not, Tom could not then discover. As speedily as possible, however, he procured a conveyance, and had the still inanimate form taken to the hospital. Then, after seeing him under good medical care, he returned home. But Mr. Walters's prediction was verified; the whole block was burned, and the morning found nothing but smoldering ruins.

The events of the night had a saddening effect upon Tom. All through the succeeding day, thoughts of the friendless, despairing old man crept into his mind; and late in the afternoon, when he could leave the store, he hurried to the hospital. He learned that Mr. Walters had returned to consciousness, but the physician forbade his talking then, and Tom soon came away. But thereafter he never missed visiting the old gentleman daily. Mr. Walters always seemed so glad to see him, watching anxiously for his coming, and worrying if any thing detained him, until Tom could not find it in his heart to remain away if he would.

The old man's mind seemed to grow more calm and composed than it had been for some time back; but Tom noticed he was growing weaker each day, his voice more feeble, and gradually and surely he was losing his hold upon life. An old clergyman occasionally came in to see him, and talked with him; but with what effect Tom did not know until one day, when he made his usual visit, he found Mr. Walters sleeping peacefully, with an open Bible lying

beside him. After that, however, the Book was his constant companion, and he often requested Tom to read to him from its sacred pages. And thus the days passed until, although the old gentleman seemed hopeful and cheerful, it was evident the end was not far off.

One afternoon, just as Tom was ready to leave the store, a hospital attendant entered, and said that Mr. Walters wished very much to see him. Tom obeyed the summons at once. As he came in, Mr. Walters looked up with a glad smile, and held out his poor thin hand for the warm grasp of his young friend.

"I sent for you, young man, because the doctor says I shall probably not live through the night. I thought, may be, you might not come, and I did n't want to die until I saw you once more. But, first of all, please read to me from the Bible—the fourteenth chapter of John."

Tom picked up the book, and, though he could scarcely control his voice, read those glorious words that have comforted so many desponding hearts in all the years. Mr. Walters lay, with closed eyes, listening, and, at the end of the reading, said:

"Now read the twenty-fifth verse of the twentieth chapter of Luke."

And Tom read: "Render therefore unto Cæsar the things which be Cæsar's, and unto God the things which be God's."

"That's it! I called myself a Cæsar once, and exacted tribute from the widow, the orphan, the poor; exacted it wrongfully. I paid my debts, kept my engagements, and men called me shrewd, sagacious, and honorable; and so I was, according to business morality. But O, how mistaken I was! I forgot to render tribute to God, and I was punished. He took away my family, my property, and left me alone. But I am not alone now," he continued, looking up with a bright smile; "no, no, I am not alone now. The Lord Jesus has had mercy on a poor, miserable old man like me, and I have plenty of company now; yes, plenty of company. Do you love the Savior, young man?"

Tom shook his head.

"O, then, give yourself to him! You have been so kind to me that I can't die happy unless you promise to do that. Will you?"

The piercing gray eyes were fixed on him with such longing earnestness that Tom could not resist, and after a moment's hesitation, he placed his hand in the wasted one extended to him, and gave the promise.

"And now, one thing more. Under my pillow you will find my will. I have made you my executor; and as far as the little remaining property goes, I have endeavored to make

restitution. Good-bye now, and God bless you!"

Tom took the document, hesitated a moment, then bent over, and imprinted a kiss on the sunken cheek. He noticed a tear there; but without a word—he could n't speak—he turned and left the room.

Outside, as he reached the head of the long street and looked down to the westward, the sun was just sinking away for the night. Tom paused a moment and gazed at the long line of golden sky, the light dancing and shimmering upon the house windows. So sinks the sun, he thought, to rise in glory again on the morrow; and so may our sun, sinking in the night of death, rise again in glory on the resurrection morning. Then he passed down the street—down toward the sunset—with the light of that sunset radiating his face, and the light of a nobler, higher life radiating his heart for the future.

May we leave them thus—the old and the young; the one, to pass out soon into the mysteries of the world beyond; the other, to struggle on a little while, and test the realities of the present. But may we venture the hope, that when they stand together in the presence of Him who died for them, that then and there they may render themselves as tribute—rendered “unto God as the things which be God's.”

THE HYRCANIAN DESERT, AND THE PRINCIPAL ROADS ACROSS IT.

BY PROFESSOR ARMINIUS VAMBERY.

UNDER this name is known the large tract of land extending from the eastern shores of the Caspian Sea to the left bank of the Oxus, in an easterly direction, and from the Aral Sea to Persia and Afghanistan, in a southerly direction. Its greatest length measures about six hundred, and its width nearly four hundred English geographical miles; almost the whole of this enormous space being properly termed a desert: first, in consequence of the barren nature of its soil, and, secondly, from the want of a settled population; so that the idea of being on such a spot of the globe, where a man has to travel sometimes two or three weeks before he meets a fellow-creature or a habitation, is really frightening. The variety of the geographical features of the desert is commensurate with its extent. Along the eastern shores of the Caspian, the soil is either firm clay or stony, its flatness being only interrupted by the Great and Little Balkan. A little further in the interior, the eye meets very often

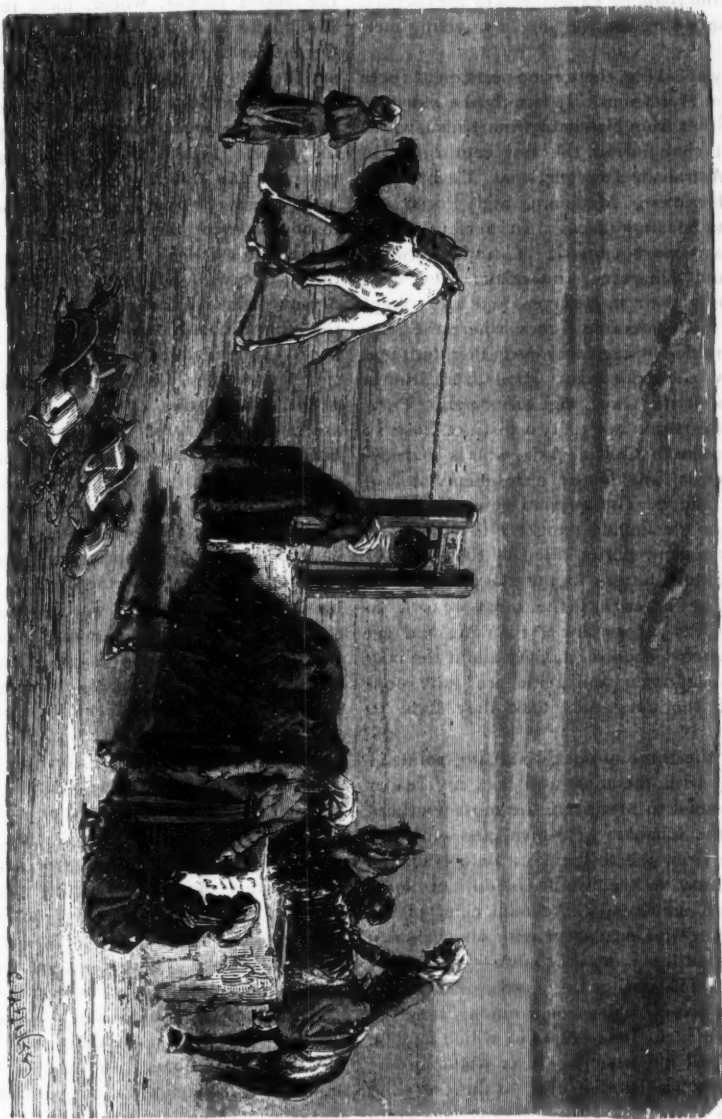
with those endless ranges of sand-hills, rising to a height of two or three hundred feet, which form the most formidable and dangerous obstacle to the traveler, partly by the unfathomable, thin sand, which glides under the feet of men and camels, and makes a firm footing almost impossible, partly by their continually changing in height and position. The idea of a moving range of hills sounds rather strange; but it is, nevertheless, a fact that the most experienced traveler is unable to track a safe path across the sandy part of the Hyrcanian Desert, as it happens very often to him to find a long chain of hills in places where a few days ago he saw a level plain of firm soil. The beginning of these much-dreaded *koumluks* (sandy places) is apparent by a slight undulation of the sandy surface. This becomes always thicker and thicker, and without noticing the ascent under your feet, you find yourself, on turning back, at the top of an elevation.

Bewildering as the aspect of the dreary desert is to the eye of the stranger, the curse of nature would shock him much more, if vegetation, poor and unseemly like the soil on which it grows, did not beguile the creeping minutes of wearisome time. Here you see a long patch of grass, which a freak of nature produces in the middle of desolation. It has a dark-green color; but its life is of short duration; springing up in the middle of April, you find it almost withered at the beginning of May. There you may discover queer-looking plants forcing their way out of the crevices of the scorched, clayey ground. Certain kinds of wild carrots and radishes grow there; both are eatable; but if you wish to gather them, you must dig them up; to try and uproot them is always a hopeless proceeding. The sand is not quite naked, as might be supposed. A great portion of it is covered with shrubby trees, sometimes ten or fifteen feet in height, with no stem. The branches, of a considerable thickness, grow out near the ground; and the trees are so loose in the soil that they fall almost with a grasp; and the wood, as soon as it ignites, quickly burns to ashes, with little or no smoke.

Taken altogether, the Hyrcanian Desert can not be compared with the deserts of Northern Africa or Central Arabia. The latter, as recently ascertained, bear the character of desolation rather in consequence of neglect and want of industry than of natural condition; and, judging from the descriptions of French, German, and English travelers of this century, they are certainly more accessible and less dangerous than the desert we are speaking of. Apart from the inclemencies of the weather—the

thermometer rising in Summer above 120° Fahrenheit, with a Winter of bitter cold, and frosty winds which blow in wild hurricanes from the north-east—the traveler might yet think himself safe from the terrors of nature, if man—I mean the roaming Turcoman robber, cer-

tainly more rapacious and cruel than the Nubian lion—did not beset his way with a thousand troubles. Owing to this circumstance, no caravan would venture to cross any part of the Hyrcanian, if not escorted by Turcomans. This is much like making the goat a gardener; but



WELL IN THE HYRCANIAN DESERT.

then, even, you are not sure you may not be attacked by some tribe hostile to your escort, there being continual feuds among them. Nor can an encounter with a Turcoman bear any resemblance to that with another foe. It is not death alone which is dreaded; it is slavery still worse than death which might follow the unfor-

tunate issue of an engagement, the greedy son of the desert always taking particular care not to kill his prey, as a slave promises him greater benefit than the clothes and arms of a slain victim. This is the chief reason why travelers have shown at all times a preference to struggle rather with the various and manifold dangers

which the desert puts in their way, than to jeopard their lives in an encounter with the inhabitants of the desert. And in order to avoid this, either the most dreary and desolate-looking part of the desert is crossed, or such a time of the year is chosen which, less propitious for the roaming expeditions of the robbers, is the more sure for the slowly traveling merchant.

Strictly speaking, there is no permanent route across the Hyrcanian. It is only the starting-points, either from Persia or from Khiva, which have not changed in the last centuries. In Persia, Astrabad, Dereguz, and Meshed; in Khiva, Hezaresp, Medemin, and Porsu are known as starting-places. In ancient times, these towns were emporia of trade between Persia and Kharezm; nowadays they have lost entirely their importance, and are, except Meshed, inconsiderable places, where the poor and miserable-looking caravans gather, to transport a few bales with scanty goods from Iran to the banks of the Oxus, and *vice versa*. Travelers in the region are of two distinct classes: 1. The native of Central Asia, who is journeying to Persia, and whose only enemy is bad weather; and, 2. The Persian going to Khiva, who incurs the double danger either of being buried by a sand-storm, killed by thirst, or being brought in fetters to the slave-market of Khiva. The latter has the most reason to dread the way across the Hyrcanian; and yet both are almost equal in anxiety about the necessary precautions, and both are fully convinced of the dangerous task they have to perform.

Taking the three aforesaid starting-points, I will begin with the first, and lead my reader from Astrabad to Medemin, the most southern point in the Khanate of Khiva, and only two days' ride from the residence. Before all, the caravan must secure the friendship of some mighty and influential Turcoman chief of the Yomut tribe, who is to serve with his clansmen as a safeguard, surrounding always the string of laden camels during the march, or watching over the piled-up bales when among a settlement of tents, the inhabitants of which may be his most reliable friends. It is not only the goods which are handed over to the escorting Turcoman chief, but even the traveling commodities, such as dresses and provisions, are left under his care. The rich merchant, in order to show poverty and to divert the greedy looks of the nomads, must eat the scantiest meal; he must be wrapped in rags, sleep on the bare ground, while his paid guard makes use of his dress, bed, and food; nay, some even

feign to be the servants of the Turcoman, and undergo all kinds of hardships, only to save their fortune and life. This, of course, lasts only for four or five days, until the caravan has left the encampment, the green pastures of the banks of the Gurgan and Etrek, and entered the desert proper, where, until reaching the Balkan, flocks or tents are but seldom met with. On the eastern slopes of the last-named mountain there is abundant verdure in the month of April; but in May all is scorched and withered, and grass becomes rare as a draught of drinkable water. This is also the main reason why caravans can travel safely at this time of the year, the marauding Turcomans being unable to find food for their horses, while camels can nourish on thistles, which are every-where plentifully met with. It may be, therefore, easily understood that the more dreadful and awful the natural condition of the desert, the safer it becomes against the wickedness of men. The travelers patiently struggle with hot, feverish winds, sand-storms, and want of water, if they are safe from a surprise of these merciless robbers. The waterless part of this road is generally reckoned from the banks of the Etrek to the frontiers of Khiva, where artificial canals convey the pure stream of the Oxus; but I believe there are some springs of good water on the southern slopes of the Balkan, which are kept most secretly and watched strictly by a certain branch of the Yomuts, who, as I am told, possess it by inheritance. There must be also, if I am not mistaken, either a spring or some cistern on the northern slope of the aforesaid mountain; but, apart from these, there is no drop of drinkable liquid on the whole way, an average length of three hundred miles, and rarely traveled over under ten or twelve days.

Taking into consideration that caravans consist mostly of several strings of heavily laden camels, this mode of traveling must not be called a very slow one. One day's march is generally twenty-four or twenty-six miles, divided into three different stages: (1) an hour after sunset until dawn, which is called the longest, as the cool night and bracing air lessen the hardship. Between dawn and sunrise is the time of breakfast, for men as well as for animals; and the sun has not yet risen when (2) the second stage begins, which lasts until nine or ten o'clock. This stage, called the noon repose, is the longest, but is tiresome even when resting, as the excessive heat and thirst prevent repose. No shade or tent will bring benignant sleep over the tired eyelids; and the traveler is longing again to exchange this quiet position for the undulating movement of the

camel in the evening breeze. About four in the afternoon begins (3) the last and the shortest part of the march, which is continued until seven or eight o'clock, leaving plenty of time for the evening meal. Sleep is mostly taken while riding. The Central Asiatic, who is reared up and spends the greatest part of his life on horseback, finds such a bed quite comfortable. He is firmly seated in the saddle, and although his head is continually tottering right and left, he is very seldom awakened by an involuntary descent from his beast.

On reaching Medemin, or the inhabited part of the Khanate of Khiva, the route is at an end, albeit there remain yet three or four days before the capital is reached; but there are no further fatigues or troubles, except through the governmental escort, which takes care that nobody escapes the scrutinizing eye of the collector of customs.

This is the main road between Persia and Khiva, and is called *Etrek Yolu*; the second, named *Tekke Yolu* (The Way of the Tekkes, as it passes through the last-named tribe), begins at Bujnoord, goes across the upper part of the Etrek River, and skirting the Tedjend swamps eastward, runs mostly through a region well provided with wells of drinkable water, with sufficient grass for the cattle, and nearly a hundred miles shorter than the first one. This, I am told, was the most frequented road in the past century, and even before was for a long time used as a highway, which is pretty well ascertained by the fact that Nadir Shah chose this road for his speedy return to Persia, leaving there in the sand-hills two large pieces of artillery which could not be extricated, in consequence of the great hurry of his march. When I asked why this road had been discontinued, I was answered that the Tekkes, the sole masters of this part of the desert, make all communication impossible, owing to the continual war they wage against the neighboring tribes. Nobody can trust to their amity, and it is only the mightier and more powerful who can venture to use this road.

The third road is called *Dereguz Yolu*, which cuts the desert in its narrowest part between Dereguz, a small place in the most northern part of Persia, and Hezaresp, in Khiva. It is only of twelve days' journey, out of which eight days are passed in deep sand, with three wells of bitter water, and four days among cattle-breeding Turcomans. This road, used mostly by adventurous, daring travelers, is often styled *Naseeb Yolu* (The Way of Chance), and those who undertake it are generally such people as have lost their fortune, and gain their livelihood

either by audacious enterprise or by nefarious dealings with the Turcoman robbers, to whom they serve as agents in the abominable slave-traffic. The Dereguz way serves, therefore, as a means of communication to the Central Asiatic trader from Turkestan to Iran, but never, or very seldom, to the Iranian or Persian trade.

These are the starting-points from Persia, properly speaking, to Turkestan, and *vice versa*; but there are other routes besides from Khiva to Merv, which place was looked upon for a long time as belonging to Persia, but is nowadays in the hands of the Tekkes. The first of the Merv routes, called *Ortakju* (The Middle Well)—from Khiva to Merv in fourteen days—runs entirely across sandy tracks, and deserves well the epithet of "frightful." The second, the *Akyap Yolu*, between Hezaresp and Merv, is of the same length, but less difficult, having at intervals grass for the cattle, and, every other day, a well of drinkable, although not good, water. The third—comparatively the best—is called *Kabakli Yolu*. Its length is about one hundred and seventy miles, easily performed in eight days, as only one-half is covered with sand, and the rest with firm surface, which is clad in the Spring in a bright coat of verdure.

All that I have said in reference to the roads must be taken to apply to the time of the year between the middle of April and the end of September. While in other regions, with the beginning of Winter, communication by land is rendered difficult, with the Hyrcanian Desert it is just the contrary. As soon as the trackless sand-plains are covered with snow, which remains for about four months, the great plague of nature, namely, thirst, has ceased to bar the way. Instead of slowly moving camels, the speedy horse is chosen for a conveyance; and instead of army-like caravans, small traveling companies hurry from one end of the desert to the other. The surface furnishes him with water to quench his thirst; the dry shrubs supply fuel to boil his tea, and give warmth to his frozen limbs. Nor must he dread the enemy; the fear of falling far from the well does not check him in his way; and the stronger the sinews of his horse, the safer his life. In Winter, the Etrek road is traveled over in eight or ten days, the Kabakli even in five; and in spite of frosty winds and snow-storms, the inhabitant of Central Asia gives not only preference, but finds his delight in, a Winter tour across the desert.

EXAMINATIONS are formidable, even to the best prepared, for the greatest fool may ask more questions than the wisest man can answer.

WATCHING.

BY NELLIE M. SOULE.

AND Christ took Peter, James, and John apart,—
 "Come, watch with me," he said, "the while I pray.
 The dark death-sorrow weigheth on my heart;
 Tarry ye here and watch. I go my way."

He went. But, coming soon again, they slept.
 "What! could ye not watch with me one short
 hour?"

The lonely voice with chiding pity wept.
 "Watch! pray! ye love me? Test the spirit's
 power."

Again he went; again the cup he took;
 Again he came to heavy sleeping eyes.
 So soon denied! The cruel burden shook
 The wrestling, agonizing soul. He sighs,—

And, turning from weak men to faithful God,
 The world's weight on him, drinks the draught of
 death.

With strength of full submission now is trod
 The little way. They sleep; but now he saith:—

"Sleep on, dear weary ones, and take your rest;
 He watcheth with me who doth never sleep.
 And lo! another hour! One who hath blessed
 Cometh with swords, and scattereth my sheep."

We read, and in our throbbing love we say:
 "I would have watched with sympathy more true.
 The while the Master went aside to pray,
 I would have prayed with him, and struggled too."

And yet, and yet when Christ to us doth come,
 And bid us in the darkness share his cross,
 Lips that should pray, "Thy will be done," grow
 dumb;

The victory sweat we count our direst loss.

O, human hearts, whose human help doth fade;
 O, weary, weak, and tossed ones, His is power.
 He who the spirit and the flesh hath made
 Is saying, "Child, come watch with me one hour."

A SABBATH.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

THE tranquil brightness of the Summer day
 On smiling lands and sparkling waters lay;
 Solemn and clear, through the soft Sabbath air,
 Rang out the bells that called all souls to prayer.

A little wind ran dimpling o'er the wheat,
 Small leafy shadows swam around our feet,
 Where fretted arches lightly sprang to hold
 A glorious roof of shifting green and gold.

Swarms of bright atoms, happy new-born things,
 Whirled in the sunshine on their gilded wings;
 And in the tree-tops, lifted far above,
 A bird sang blithely to his brooding love.

The swallows circled round the steeple tall,
 White doves were nestling on the sunny wall;

And grave yet glad, from all their winding ways,
 Gathered the people to the house of praise.

A lily, clothed in garments like a bride,
 With brimming cup of incense, stood beside
 The dear Lord's table, at the altar spread
 With mystic feast of sacred wine and bread.

A low, sweet psalm rose throbbing on the air,
 A tender voice bore all our souls in prayer.
 "Dear Lord," it cried, "who art not far away,
 Speak to our hearts some word of peace to-day.

Thou art with us, as when, in flesh made known,
 Walking the lilled fields amid thine own;
 Linking sweet lessons of the Father's care
 With flowers that bloom, and birds that cleave the air.

Grant us, in all thy wondrous works, to see
 Thy constant love, and thus remember thee;
 In nature's lovely parables to trace
 The hidden meanings of thy higher grace.

So daily shall our hungry souls be fed
 From thine own table, for our comfort spread,
 And common blessings, touched by hands divine,
 Grow heavenly bread and sacramental wine."

Then sudden, with a flood of rosy flame,
 The sunlight through the oriel window came;
 Warm to its heart, the lily chalice pale,
 Transformed and glowing, seemed the holy grail.

And as a bird that beats, with piteous cry,
 Round the strange walls that shut it from the sky,
 Darts through the casement with exultant wings,
 And in its native sunshine soars and sings,—

So the low music dropped its sad refrain,
 Swelling to triumph with ecstatic strain;
 Till through its notes, so heavenly clear and strong,
 Breathed the full rapture of the angel's song.

ABIIT AD PLURES.

CALM are the holy dead,
 When the passion of life is o'er,

When the green turf-flowers o'er the resting head,
 And the turbulent dreams of the world have fled,
 And the wild heart throbs no more!

Bless'd are the holy dead,
 Though dark were their lot before;
 For healed are the wounds that on earth have bled,
 And dried are the tears that on earth were shed
 For the sorrows that there they bore!

Wise are the noble dead—
 Ay, wise with a noble lore;
 For to their clear glances are open spread
 The scrolls where the secrets of God are read,
 In the heaven where the angels soar!

O, who will bemoan the dead
 As stricken with anguish sore?
 Though the sod or the marble be o'er his head,
 His beautiful soul with a song hath fled
 To the rest that it loved of yore!

A REPRESENTATIVE MINISTER.

BY JAMES F. RUSLING.

MOST men are like pebbles, smooth and round, that roll easily in any direction, and are of small account in this world, one way or the other. Now and then, however, there comes a man, sharp and angular, cutting and flashing his way through life like a diamond; and when nature favors us with such a character, we may be sure he will make his mark upon the times, deep and lasting, whatever betides. He may not suit every body; the old women, of both sexes, will be apt to scold and storm at him; but he will have fast friends while he lives, and when even his days are numbered, his memory men will not willfully let die.

In such men, it seems to me, Methodism has always been singularly prolific—men of high courage and firm resolve, of large heart and active brain; men who, in another sphere of life, would have led a cavalry charge with the same gallant intrepidity as a Custar or a Sheridan, or faced a battery with the same impassive bravery as a Thomas or a Grant. Nor are we to-day destitute of such men. We still have them scattered up and down the Churches. And when, now and then, one falls in the thick of the fight, others are always ready to catch up his banner, and bear it onward. God still watches over the conferences. If we are not his "peculiar people," we are sure, at least, of his guardian care; and so long as we are faithful to our holy mission, he will never desert or betray us.

Now, such men Methodism instinctively finds out and brings to the front, *ex necessitate*. She needs them, and, it would seem, they quite as much need her. With her vast work, with her mighty enterprises and great schemes for the future, she has no time to wait for finished scholars and polished theologians. Not that she does not prefer them, and would not be supremely glad to get them—ay, verily, twice over—but with her two million members, increasing at the rate of over a hundred thousand annually; with her six million sittings, mostly fully occupied; with her twenty thousand churches, costing seventy millions of dollars, and increasing at the rate of two new ones every day in the week, Sundays included; with her frontiers extending widely in all directions, and every-where a call for men to man her ports instantly and thoroughly,—with all these things, she takes such men as she can get, if only they be true men; and, putting Christ back of them, soon molds and shapes them to her purpose. If they prove of little worth, if there be nothing

virile in them, they soon find their appropriate level, as men do elsewhere in life. But if they have the heart and soul of a man in them, if they have any latent goodness or greatness, if they mean business really and absolutely, if they have a brain to plan and a hand to execute, she soon finds the fit work for them; and they do it valiantly, serving her loyally. Whether Carlyle's famous diction (if not his it ought to be), "The tools to him who can use them," be the true rule of affairs or not, yet, surely, as a Church, we ordinarily adopt this; and the consequent results we see in our solid achievements for humanity and God already, in the first century of our existence; and who shall estimate our future?

We have had such a man here, in New Jersey—I do n't say the only one; but *such* a one—and now have him no more. His name was Ruliff N. Lawrence; but now he is not, for God took him. Born in 1825, on the verge of the Jersey Pines, he was early a drunkard's orphan (though his ancestors had been men of pith and moment), with no advantages of birth or education or friends whatever. He soon developed a passion for knowledge, reading every thing that came in his way; but what chance was there for such a boy in such a place? At fourteen, he became a stage-driver between Farmingdale and Keyport, and no doubt he drove stage well. If his nags were not a match for Bucephalus—and what country stage-horses ever were?—doubtless he got their best speed out of them, and had the mail always "on time." At sixteen, he became a shoemaker, and was soon reputed to make "the best pair of boots in Monmouth County." But, like Adam Smith and many another honest cobbler, while pounding the last and driving the awl, he was also pounding and driving away at something better. Instead of loafing and gadding, smoking and guzzling, during his spare hours, like so many of our young apprentices, he husbanded his moments like a miser his golden dollars, and was all the while storing his mind with valuable information. In a vacant room, over the shop, he fitted up a table and desk, and here, night after night, and month after month, he was to be found, poring and studying over the best books accessible to him. As a consequence, cordwainer though he was, he soon became the best-read man in the town; and at eighteen, was called from the shoe-shop to the village school. Of course, this grew and flourished in his hands; and the school at Farmingdale was soon known far and wide for its thoroughness and excellence. Here he continued nine years, all the while devoting his leisure time to study

and improvement; and in 1855, was elected principal of the county academy, at Freehold, Monmouth County, New Jersey. Though a prophet in his own land, and among his own friends, he was thus constantly honored, and grew in favor as he grew in years. Nor did he devote his energies to the school alone; with a mind keenly alive to passing events, he threw himself actively into local politics, and every Autumn, "stumped" the country side for what he conceived to be the best and noblest in American life. In 1852, he was a candidate for the Legislature, and, though unsuccessful, he yet added to his reputation for manly character and consistent honor. He had already won a good reputation for sturdy eloquence, for wit and sarcasm and fiery invective; and though his fellow-citizens now voted for him to stay at home, it was with undisguised admiration for him as a man and citizen.

Meanwhile, religiously, he had been mostly a doubting Thomas, revolving about what Carlyle calls the "center of indifference." Once, when asked if he was a Church member, he answered with his ready wit: "Well, no, not exactly; but as the tipsy fellow said, who reclined against a church-wall, I *lean* a little that way." In 1852, however, God found a way to his heart; and in 1853, he became a local preacher. In this capacity, as a sort of a clerical guerrilla, or ecclesiastical bush-whacker, while still teaching school, and studying incessantly, he scoured the country over, and in 1856 entered the regular work on Farmingdale Circuit. His first year was only under the presiding elder, and the circuit was his old home, where they knew him as errand-boy, stage-driver, shoemaker, politician, pedagogue, skeptic, and what not. He still taught school five days each week, preached three times every Sunday, delivered frequent temperance lectures, and wrote constantly for the country papers. But at the end of the year, he counted up two hundred converts, and was graduated into a full-fledged Methodist itinerant. This was his true field from the first, and it was now soon seen that all his previous work was but preparatory to the pulpit. Here he talked and argued, scorched and persuaded, flamed and thundered, in turn; and his labors every-where were crowned with that best of all successes—a harvest of souls.

Here is the record of a few of his appointments: At Beverly, nearly two hundred souls; at Williamstown, one hundred and twenty-six; at Mount Holly, over two hundred; at New Brunswick, nearly three hundred; at Trenton, two hundred and fifty. And these are but a part of his fruits, as he was incessant in

labors, far and near, wherever the Church called and his presence was most needed. Up through all his appointments, in the midst of multiplied engagements, he grew and developed intellectually and religiously, until he became a strong man in Christ Jesus, fit to cope with every adversary; and in 1872 was transferred to Philadelphia. Here, at Wharton-street, he at once grappled with his duties like a giant; and, rejoicing in his hard work, felt, with all his friends, that a new career was opening up before him. Here, in a large and growing city, was a bigger field and broader one. Here were wider plans and nobler opportunities; and he was prompt to see and seize them. With his whole heart in the work, he marched manfully forward without fear or doubting, looking neither to the right nor to the left; but only onward and to God. And already, in Wharton-street, he was kindling a fire that will long be remembered.

But now his hour had struck, and time had come. Suddenly, July 1, 1872, with but a few days' illness, God called him hence; and now there remains to us only the sweet odor of his memory. Of course, he died right; Methodism takes good care of that. Whatever be her faults, and she has many, she knows how to make men die happy; and that is worth considerable to average human nature. His last words were, "Going up! going up! Tell every body to be ready!" So characteristic of him, too. He wanted "every body" to go along; and all to be "ready"—well-equipped soldiers, with arms and accouterments all in order; "ready" to march—and fight too, if need be—at the sound of the bugle or tap of the drum. Such was the good man's life and happy exit—all for humanity, all for God.

1. He was emphatically a good preacher. Of course, he was not a Durbin or a Simpson. Nature is chary of such men, and we have to be content with what she may grant us. And then, again, his life was too busy and too short for him to gain that culture which every minister should aim at and strive for. Nevertheless, he knew how to seize and present the truth with vividness and power; and he delivered his message with an unction that subdued strong men, and enchained congregations as with a spell. For point and pungency, for apt illustration and shining anecdote, in homely pathos and sweeping though rugged argument, he had few equals and no superiors among our preachers, as a class; and now that he is gone, we are only just beginning to appreciate his worth and services. He believed the great work of the Church to be, to save souls—to help poor human nature, as it blunders along, and lift it

to a higher plane; and he went about this with such sharpness and vigor that his blows always told for Jesus. His sermons were usually short, though sometimes long, and always aimed straight at the head of the object before him. There was no softening of words or mincing of phrases; but he proclaimed "the whole counsel of God" as he understood it, no matter whom it hit. His courage, during the war especially, was splendid. Bold, intrepid, a soldier by nature all through, he loved his country next to his religion—no: patriotism with him was a part of his religion; and he never hesitated to defend her cause, no matter what the cost. So, also, he believed in "perfect holiness," and fearlessly preached it; but he always knew how to subordinate this, when necessary, to other and liver questions. Through most of his sermons, indeed, this doctrine ran, like a thread of silver, interwoven here and there with rare judgment and skill; but there was so much of the pure gold of the Gospel besides, with fruits and flowers from the celestial clime, that it never obtruded itself offensively.

2. He was equally a good pastor—one of the best I ever knew. He believed in visiting systematically every member of his charge, and no one was too high or too humble to escape him. His calls were not lengthy; but it was a warm shake of the hand here, a gentle word there, or a fervent prayer yonder, with which he did the business; and his members were always glad to see him again—yea, verily, twice over. Everywhere he left a firmer purpose and a higher resolve behind him, and men welcomed his footsteps as the coming of a friend. Ruliff V. Lawrence, beyond doubt, had a white soul. There was no guile in him. The truth shone in his face and ensphered him; and, wherever he went, men felt somewhat more of comfort and of cheer.

3. He was a thorough Temperance man, and made no parley with rum in any of its aspects. No doubt, he never forgot his early troubles at home on this account; but, rather, they served as a constant spur and inspiration to him. Far and near, he lectured on the subject incessantly; and no man did more than he, in New Jersey, in building up and maintaining a healthy Temperance sentiment. He was none of your "impracticables" either. He was too shrewd and sagacious to stand up for the unattainable. But, looking on "local option" as the true measure just now for this latitude, he labored and planned with all his force to get this through the Legislature of 1872; and only just failed through the adverse opinion of our attorney-general, a wine-bibbing Democrat, who, of course, pronounced

such a law unconstitutional. Subsequently, our Supreme Court unanimously reversed his opinion; but now the Legislature of 1872 had adjourned, Ruliff V. Lawrence was no more, and the Legislature of 1873 proved hostile to the measure. Had Lawrence lived, beyond all doubt, as many think, "local option" would to-day be the law of New Jersey; for, far better than most Temperance men, he knew how to soften asperities and bring men together; to plan and manage; to restrain the earnest and incite the doubtful, and make all work together, with a common purpose, for a common end; and here it was, it seemed, our Temperance folks failed chiefly last Winter. But they will not fail always. Their cause is just, and in the end they will surely conquer.

4. He was an ardent lover of camp-meetings, and one of the founders of the great enterprise at Ocean Grove, New Jersey, where his name should be held in perpetual remembrance. He was one of the first to conceive of the idea of a camp-meeting by the sea-side here, which should also be a Summer resort for those who preferred to come before or remain afterward, free from the evil associations of such places as Long Branch and Cape May; and he gave unstintedly of his time and talent to make it a success. How well he succeeded, the thousands who yearly assemble there may well testify; and the day is not distant when it will be a second Martha's Vineyard, if it do not, indeed, surpass that. He loved Ocean Grove as a child largely of his own hand and brain. One of his last acts was a business visit there; and there seemed to be something in the solemn grandeur and ceaseless rolling of the ocean that answered to his own great soul. Those who go there hereafter will sadly miss his sterling piety, his unfaltering zeal, his tireless energy; but let us hope he will not be far away, and that God will raise up others to continue his good work.

5. Lastly, but not least, he also was a good writer. Not much of a rhetorician or logician, may be, but keen, incisive, and bristling with points. For many years, he squandered his articles every-where. But some time before his decease, he engaged to write regularly for the *Home Journal*, of Philadelphia, and contributed an article a week for many months together. Recently I have had the pleasure of looking over a considerable collection of these, and have been surprised at their ability and variety. They cover nearly every subject of Christian thought and experience—"brief, pithy, and concise," as the editor of the *REPOSITORY* once said—and seem to be the concentrated wisdom of a shrewd Methodist preacher, double-

distilled and boiled down, or whittled to a point. Of course, I have no space to epitomize them here. But if the reader wants to see and profit by them, as well as learn something more about this representative minister, let him purchase a copy of "The Earnest Minister; or, Rev. Ruliff V. Lawrence," a handsome little book of some four hundred pages, with a superb portrait, just published by Adam Wallace, of Philadelphia, and recently noticed in the REPOSITORY.

Had Lawrence lived ten or twenty years longer, he would have made a figure in the Church inferior to few. He was developing and maturing in all right directions, and every body felt there was a future in the man that would yet tell upon the world. But, in the midst of his years and prime of his usefulness, God called him hence, and we can but submit to his sovereign will. Though never my minister, he was for years my faithful and good friend, and thus I would lay upon his grave this tribute of my esteem. Here's justice to his life, and tears for his memory; or, as Whittier says,

"Praise and thanks for an honest man."

OUR MOTHER.

BY MRS. JENNIE FOWLER WILLING.

WE may speak only to each other of what she was to us. "Mother" is a synonym for fidelity, tireless love, and tenderness. Few who have passed the "half-way house," do not know the meaning of the word "motherless."

Our mother was a great-souled woman, capable of the widest achievement. She belonged to that royal household, whose sympathies belt the globe, whose aspirations touch the stars. They are not always recognized here. They are kings and queens nevertheless.

Looking upon this woman, busy with hard, plain labor, yet stopping now and then to drop an astute criticism upon some reformer or literary autocrat—some measure, civil or Churchly, that looked to the lifting-up of the trampled; some political complication, here or across the sea—one had to say: "Surely, she was meant for strong work. Something is wrong in this society that gives tricksters places of high trust and broad opportunity, while this noble soul is held from that upon which her powers could be used to such advantage. God made a mistake in endowing her with that immense brain, keen insight, and rare gift of expression, or men have blundered, to their own loss, in not giving her a chance to use her strength where it is so needed."

The grand natural resources of this country lay useless for centuries, waiting for this late civilization to utilize them—acres of ship-timber, miles of coal, mountains of iron; and the land no richer for them, because the men and women for whose service they were made were not equal to the problem of their use. The great rivers flowed to the sea, carrying no craft but the Indian's canoe, turning neither lathe nor spindle. So these broad mother-hearts, that might do so much to put this wrong old world to rights, have waited, and are waiting, for a civilization that shall recognize their powers. When their day comes, intemperance, the social evil, and their kindred abominations, will be hustled off to their own place, right speedily.

Few hate oppression so heartily as did our mother. Few so despise shams, or hold in such utter contempt cant and hypocrisy. She was herself so far above tricks and chicanery, she hardly knew how to have patience with those who were not thoroughly truthful.

She was cradled in a heroic home. Her mother had been disowned by her family, for her marriage. She had chosen, for love of a spirited young itinerant, to leave an affluent home for a cabin in the wilderness, such as a Methodist preacher could give his bride in those days. The stories our mother loved most to tell us, were of the courage of her mother during the long absences of her resolute husband,—how she kept the family in comfort, while he knew little but caring for the "societies" and working for the conversion of souls; how she learned, on the sly, to weave, though her liege had forbidden such hard labor, and then presented him, when he came home, travel-worn and shabby, with a handsome suit of homespun; how she held herself in hope against hope, those long days when he was lost in the great woods; how bravely she bade him good-bye, when he plunged out into the wilderness dangers of his three months' district tours.

And her father—ah, he was her Ajax, her Achilles! She never wearied of relating his exploits. She would laugh as merrily as if it happened yesterday, when she told us of his catching up a little upstart of a British officer, whose profanity had offended him, and pitching him, face downward, into a snow-drift, "to teach him better manners." And that was sixty years ago! Then his capture by hostile savages, who, supposing from his fine form and lofty bearing, that he was some British mogul, honored him with a war-dance and powwow. He, not knowing their gibberish, was preparing himself meanwhile for an immolation. Yet

he came out happy and safe, as heroes usually do.

It was somewhat gratifying to our unregenerate fancy to hear of the physical prowess developed by his horseback life; his sleeping with no roof between him and the stars, or one that sifted the snow upon his bed. Once upon a time, this mighty Methodist preacher—our Hercules—took a camp-meeting "rowdy" in each hand—"great strapping fellows," the story went—held them at arm's-length, and shook them till their teeth chattered.

One day we were near a village on Niagara River, in Western New York. "My father preached the first Methodist sermon ever heard in that town," said our mother, with a proud look in her eyes. "He had ridden several miles, held a love-feast, preached, administered the sacrament, and baptized some children. Dinner was over. He had only ten miles or so to ride, to get to his evening appointment. This left him a little leisure before setting out; so he said to the preacher in charge, 'Let's take a skiff and go over into the States, and give them a dash of Gospel truth.'"

"How did they get their congregation?"

"O, that was easy enough for father! You ought to have heard him sing once! He could drown out a dozen of your peeping, mincing choirs. Well, they crossed the river, and took their stand on the green. Then father struck up one of the old hymns, and they had a congregation together quickly enough. He gave them a rousing sermon, rowed back to the other side, mounted his horse, and started for his night meeting, glad of a chance to put in a little extra work."

How we wished we could have looked upon, and listened to, and talked with, the giants of those days! If only we could do such noble, unselfish things! These old itinerants were to us the world's true heroes, their wives its best heroines. No crusades could have half the charm for us that we found in the chivalrous efforts of those palmers, to storm Satan's strongholds.

How few mothers comprehend that the future is waiting at their feet, for the magic touch that shall give life or death, weal or woe! While they are gratifying their children's love of stories, and their own reminiscent fancy, the purpose is being formed in the little hearts to go and do likewise some day, whether the exploit be right or wrong. So, while our mother related her father's adventures, we made up our minds that the noblest life is the one used for the good of others. What could be grander than to arouse the people to so intense a desire

for a better life that men and women would cry out in their sorrow for sin, and shout their joy over deliverance from its bondage? No matter about the poverty and hardships; they were touched into glory by the spirit that encountered them.

Our mother's life emphasized the old saying, "Where there's a will, there's a way." Financial reverses took the old home. To begin anew, at forty, with a family of little children, an empty purse, among strangers, is no light test of strength. "We will make another home, in the West." So said, so done. "The boys must be sent to college," and they were. She had few homilies to give upon the possibility of a woman acquiring mental culture under difficulties. She preached by example. After the day's work of spinning or sewing—and no gentle tasks did she set herself—the reading must be done. "Scott's Comprehensive Commentary," from Genesis to Revelation; Clarke, Josephus, Macaulay, those stout, verbose writers, that so few working-people attack, yielded to her energy, a chapter a night. One of the pictures that is fresher than any other, and that will last forever, is of that comely, spectacled face, the lamp held so as to make the fine print of some formidable author legible, the keenest enjoyment glowing in every feature. She had such an utter forgetfulness of the plain little room and hard work, while she reveled in the imagery of Oriental poets, hunted down the meanings of Hebrew prophets, or studied the combinations of social forces that had turned out this modern civilization. There could hardly have been more discouraging circumstances about one, yet she mastered them. In this new state, twenty-five years ago, there were few books and periodicals, and almost no conversational stimulus. There was little use then, in the big, selfish world, for a woman's thought, be it never so strong and brave. She studied from sheer love of it. And this held to the last. Only a few years ago, she took up mathematics for the sake of the culture. "I'm not going to let my brain die out for the lack of use," she said, in her sententious fashion, when we found her busy with slate and pencil. Chafing her hands, the last day she staid with us, she said, with her little, broken voice, "That was a nice thing for the orphans of the Franco-German war that Madame Thiers did, was n't it?" Lying there, with a broken leg and arm, a cancer gnawing at her side, and half suffocated with asthma, she knew more of what was going on the other side of the sea than her children did. She will have her thirst for knowledge satisfied now. O, how eagerly she will crowd

her great thought through the opened problems, as she comes in direct contact with the essence of things! No longer hedged away from the sources of truth! No more limitations! She can know now, and for her to know is to live and to enjoy.

The clay that was left to us when she went to God, had a look of joyful surprise upon the lifted brows. We said to each other, "She always so underrated herself; she knew so much more, and was so much more than she ever dreamed, heaven will surely be one grand surprise to her." She had said to us so humbly: "I know Christ will save me; I can't see how. It is such a wonder; but I am perfectly safe in his hands." And then she would repeat, "Such a wonder! such a wonder!" She slipped from us at last, just as she had passed other crises of being, without words. The Spring had been tardy and churlish; but it came suddenly, the very day she left us for the eternal Spring-time. And so she went away with her ripened sheaf in her hand, a crown of white flowers at her head; noble men and women gathered about her, with sweet music and simple utterances.

We carried her to the old burying-ground, where we had laid our father only four years before. His grave was opened, and she was laid beside him, to wait till this mortal shall put on immortality. Old friends, into whose homes her strength had carried hope and help, dropped their tears upon the fresh earth. The sun shone gloriously in the heavens, birds sang jubilantly, buttercups gemmed the grass. Well, the tide of life sweeps on. The waves close, with scarcely a ripple, where such grandly freighted lives go down. Age and feebleness, pain and death await us, who are now so busy, so full of work and care. God grant we may leave a record of as unselfish love, patient conquest, and sure trust, as did our mother!

THE READABLENESS OF THE BIBLE.

BY REV. C. E. MANDEVILLE, A. M.

NOT that we expect to show the Bible to be a readable book from the actual amount of reading done in it; for we have to confess, at the outset, that it is a much neglected book in most of our families.

The general impression is, that, of all books, the Bible is the most *unreadable*. True, in this Christian land, most people have been taught to believe that it is a most sacred book, and in some way connected with their salvation; so, under protest, they read it now and then. That this should be the case with the unconverted, is

quite natural, since many of the truths of the Bible are to be spiritually discerned; and it would be unreasonable to expect a blind man to see. But that this should be the case with those who profess to have been regenerated by the Spirit of God, is most surprising. One of the plainest marks of distinction, made by the Psalmist, between the godly and ungodly is this: that while the latter find no interest in God's Word, the former have "their delight in the law of the Lord, and in it they meditate day and night."

Those who find Bible-reading dry, evidence, by that fact that they are still in their sins, and have not been brought from nature's darkness into the marvelous light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Notwithstanding the Bible receives so little attention, even from Christians, we wonder, when we remember the *manner* in which it is read, that it finds as many readers as it does. How can one expect to read the Bible intelligently, and with interest and profit, if he read it by bits, with weeks and months intervening, and in the most desultory way? If other books were read in this style, there is not one in print to-day that would have a hearing.

What a marked difference would the result show if men would make the Bible a *systematic study*, with a determination to comprehend its principles as they would any other science! Then would they find a new world of thought unfolding at every reading, and opening up to them a broader range of vision, displaying God's wonderful scheme to save a ruined world. If men would only "search the Scriptures" as for hid treasures, they could not fail in finding many pearls of priceless value.

Viewing the Bible simply as a human production, it is rightly named *ὁ Βιβλος*—*The Book*. Apart from its inspiration and Divine authority, we hold the Bible to be the most readable book that was ever published. Its diversity of material is something wonderful, and grows out of the diversity of composers, among whom were kings, prophets, shepherds, warriors, fishermen, etc., who wrote at different times, in different circumstances, and under different impressions. And yet, amid this vast variety of history, biography, poetry, prophecy, philosophy, proverbs, parables, narratives, and epistles, there is a manifest unity running throughout the whole. Hence, it has more to interest, to instruct, and to satisfy all classes of readers, with all grades of intellectual advancement, than any other book extant.

Again, the *originality* of the Bible, both in material and style, renders it a most readable

book. In this respect it is *sui generis*. It can justly lay claim to more originality of thought than any other book in existence. Go through the twelve hundred and nine chapters, and how seldom you will find a quotation from other writings incorporated! In the days of Christ and the apostles, Plato's works and Cicero's "Ethics" were current, but they are not quoted as authority on any point. Paul was conversant with the Greek philosophy of his day, yet does not draw from it for any of his sublime thoughts. True, Christ and the apostles quote from Moses and the prophets, but these latter form a part of the authorship of the Bible; and thus the New Testament indorses the Old. On the other hand, no book in all the world has been, and is to-day, so much quoted, and forms so large a part of other books, as the Bible. Its deep philosophy, its pure ethics, and its sublime teachings are sought after by the best writers, and interwoven in their numberless volumes. While all other books shine, more or less, by reflected light, this shines by its own inherent light.

Also, in its *style* of teaching, it stands alone. Like its Author, it speaks not as the scribes and Pharisees, but as one having authority. It does not court our favor, but demands our attention; and rightly so, because it is not a mere luxury—it is an absolute necessity. Hence, with the sound of its voice, comes such an impression of truth and solemnity as we get from no other source.

The readableness of the Bible is also seen from this fact: the oftener one reads any other book, the less will be the interest awakened in his mind; while the very reverse is true of the Word of Life. Every successive reading but increases our interest in it, and creates anew the desire for another perusal.

With what eagerness and delight does the devout student of history sit down to read the chronicles of the past, and, by the aid of that creative faculty of the mind—the imagination—how he becomes an eye-witness of scenes long ago! He is, in a limited sense, every-where present, and even becomes a participant of the wonderful events of departed ages. Is it the history of Greece he holds in his hands? Then he travels over the Assyrian, the Median, and the Babylonian Empires. He follows Cyrus on his great expedition, makes the passage of the Hellespont with Xerxes, and fights the battle of Marathon with Miltiades. Now he is in Peloponnesus, and then in Thessaly, and anon in Attica. He walks the streets of Miletus, of Corinth, and of Thebes. He beholds the Temples of Diana, at Ephesus; of Juno, at Samos;

of Apollo, at Delphi; and of Jove, at Athens. He hears the laws of Solon delivered to the people; is captivated with the eloquence of Demosthenes, and charmed while Hesiod and Homer sing. He sits in the Amphictyonic Council, is instructed by the Seven Sages, and taught in all the schools of philosophy. Is it Roman history that absorbs his attention? Then, with Antony, he goes into Egypt; with Scipio, into Africa; and with Hannibal, into Spain. He crosses the Rubicon with Cæsar, is with him in councils of war, and fights with him his many battles. He finds himself rambling in Italy, and beholds the magnificence of the Eternal City. He walks the Forum, stands in the Capitol, visits the Senate, and hears Cicero's oration against Catiline.

But if there is thrilling interest awakened by these profane histories, what shall we say of the Bible student who sits down to search its sacred pages? He goes far back of profane history, and begins with the Alpha of all things. Now he learns not only how an empire was founded, but how the world was created, and how he himself was wonderfully made. He stops not in Greece or Italy, but goes into Eden's Garden, walks with Adam among the cooling bowers, and talks with God, the Maker of all things in the heavens above and in the earth beneath. He sails not in the Theban fleet, commanded by Epaminondas, but in the Ark of safety, commanded by Noah. He follows not Xerxes across the Hellespont at the head of his army; but with Moses—a greater than a Xerxes—he crosses the Red Sea, as he leads the Israelites from the house of bondage. He listens not to Solon's laws, but to the laws of Solon's God, as they are promulgated from Sinai's smoking, burning, trembling mount. He sits not down to hear a Homer sing, but is more delighted to hear David—Israel's sweetest singer—as he strikes his golden harp, and makes melody unto the Lord of hosts. He walks not the streets of Athens, beholds not her temples, and learns not her philosophy, but treads the streets of ancient Jerusalem, "beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth;" beholds on Mount Zion the sacred temple, and learns the wisdom that maketh wise unto eternal life. He follows not Cæsar in his mighty conquests, but Cæsar's King, as he subdues death, hell, and the grave. He listens not to a Demosthenes or Cicero, but to Him who spake as never man spake. He is with Peter on the day of Pentecost, to receive the baptism of fire; with Paul as he is struck down with a great light, and afterward hears him preach of "sin, temperance, and a judgment to come."

to the Roman governors. He sees not an army militant across the Rubicon, but with John at Patmos, he looks across the River of Death, and beholds that grand army triumphant of prophets, apostles, martyrs, and the saints of all ages, clad in armor bright, as they pass in review before Him who sitteth on his eternal throne, and at whose feet they cast their palms of victory.

THE EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

BY CHARLES W. CUSHING.

EDUCATION has come to be deemed indispensable in every country which is thoroughly civilized. Until recently, attention has been bestowed very largely upon the education of young men. But the time has come when the part which woman is to act in society demands that she shall be educated as thoroughly as man. By this I do not mean that her education shall be identical with his. In fact, it ought not to be, unless the spheres of labor are to be the same. In any case, girls must become teachers of the race in an important sense. So that when we say that our girls should be educated as thoroughly and completely as our boys, it is not on the ground that they are necessarily to enter professions, or figure in public life in any way. The fact that the normal condition of woman is to be a wife and mother, and the peculiar responsibility which this involves, is reason sufficient for the claim here set up, if there were no other.

But it is a fact that, hitherto, no adequate provision has been made to meet this important demand. No schools are found for the higher education of girls, which compare at all favorably with those which are provided for boys. The complaint is often made that women can not teach, nor do many other things, with as much efficiency as men. Now, the difficulty is, that they have had no proper opportunity to fit themselves thoroughly for these important positions. Those who have had much to do with the education of girls, will be very slow to concede that they are lacking in ability. It must be granted that the type of mind is often different; that generally, in fact, there is as much diversity here as in their bodies. But there is nothing to fear so far as competency is concerned, when they are brought into competition with young men. All that is asked is, that they shall have the opportunities. What provision, then, is demanded in order that they may be fitted to take the places which society would assign them, and fill these places with honor? Shall our colleges and universities be thrown

open to them? Why not? If they desire to enter them—and some do—why not break down the middle wall of partition, and let them enter? A majority will not do it perhaps, but a small minority. But would it not be well to give these few the chance, at least until some other provision can be made? Occasionally we find a woman who is so masculinely organized that she would naturally choose the college and university as it is, and that without any modification of the course of study on her account. There certainly can be no *moral* objection to the association of the sexes in these higher schools. Those who have had most experience in separate and mixed schools, will generally testify that the association of the sexes, under wholesome restraints, is conducive to a high sense of moral integrity.

Professor Agassiz raises an objection on the ground of mental dissipation; and I am not sure that there is not more foundation for an objection here than on the ground just mentioned. But may there not be an offset to this in the natural stimulus to effort which is the result of such association?

But if we look still further, we shall find, I think, that there are some valid, if not insuperable, objections to making this association the rule in our system of education. For instance, as our courses of study are now arranged, the same uniformity and regularity of effort is demanded as in the case of boys. But every thoughtful teacher and parent will see that to require this is to antagonize nature and imperil life and health. In many instances this demand can not be met. In other instances, where it can be done at all, it will be fraught with evil; and only in a few instances can it be done with impunity and safety.

The objection, then, takes this form: that there is danger when our colleges and universities are thrown open to boys and girls alike, that, in addition to those who can safely enter them, there will be many who, influenced by an unnatural stimulus, will undertake what will prove physical ruin. The periodical interruptions which occur are a check upon uniform effort and the most steady progress. The fact is obvious to every physician, and ought to be to every thoughtful person, that there are days, in every month when no young woman can do ordinary work without injury; and this is the reason why so many of them break down in our public schools. Every course of study should be arranged with reference to this. Moreover, it will be seen by careful thought, that this will necessitate smaller classes than among boys, and hence smaller schools, or

many more teachers. In proportion as there is liability to irregularity, in that proportion is the difficulty of classification, on a broad scale, increased. In fact, a school of one or two hundred girls is much more difficult to reduce to a thorough system than a school of the same number of boys, because there will be much more irregularity to provide against, and the range of studies is much broader. There must be more flexibility in the system, which makes it almost impossible to organize large schools for girls, which shall be as successful as smaller ones. I am speaking from an experience of fifteen years in larger schools, and of nearly two-thirds that in smaller ones. These facts necessarily make schools for girls more expensive than those for boys—a fact to which the community has not adjusted itself as yet. But it is a necessity of nature, and must be met.

Another objection to relying upon mixed schools is in the fact that woman demands an education differing widely from that of man. It may be said that the object of education is discipline, and that the same discipline is demanded for any sphere. This is true in part, and not true in part. Educators have deemed it wise to establish specific schools for Law, Medicine, Theology, etc. But all the students in these different schools go together up to a certain point. But when this point is reached, they deflect, and study with specific reference to the sphere of labor contemplated. And who shall say that this is not wise? But if, so in this case, it is equally so in the case of woman, unless it be in those cases where the sphere of labor is to be identical with that of man. So girls and boys may be educated together in primary schools up to fourteen or fifteen years of age, before the physical objection referred to will have any bearing. After that, as a rule, they belong in different schools. And the highest welfare of society, and the fullest development of woman, demand that these provisions shall be made.

Our universities ought at once to establish schools where young ladies can pursue the fullest courses of study, and, after passing their examinations, receive their degrees from the university; or, at least, failing to do this, they should say to young ladies, as Oxford and Cambridge do, You may pursue your studies when and where you please, but whenever you shall come and pass the examinations which are required of young men, you shall receive the highest honors to which they aspire. Will Harvard do this? Will Boston University? Harvard has already published her two examinations which she offers to young women. But it has too

much of the appearance of a farce. In the first place, it is severer than would be required of young men at such a stage and under similar circumstances; and, in the second place, if a young lady pass through the severe ordeal with ever so much success, they offer her no distinction, no degree. To be sure, they will say upon a bit of paper that she has passed the examination prescribed, or has passed it with distinction. But who cares for that, so long as the other sex is entitled to more substantial honors? Shall we not have provision made, then, for the higher education of our girls, such as shall meet the demands made upon them, and give them a fair opportunity to do the honorable and important work which will be required of them?

THE PROGRESS OF ART AT THE CAPITAL.

BY MRS. MARY E. NEALY.

ANY years ago, a brilliant, learned, and refined lady of Ohio wrote to the *Louisville Journal* from Paris: "I am more and more satisfied that no American artist should leave his native shores as a student in Europe, until he has established a style for himself, and gone far toward exhausting the nature so bountiful around him. When Cole was asked in what school he studied, he replied, 'In that of the Juniata.' In such schools must the great national one be built, and not by bad imitations of exhausted originals."

Speaking of the galleries of the Louvre and Luxemburg in Paris, she asks: "Will we ever have such exhibitions of art, and evidences of refinement, in the United States? Are these galleries really associates of weakness and corruption, and may not a free and strong people possess them? I believe we may, and even anticipate fondly the day when, in Washington City, we may look down long vistas of genius, recording imperishably the greatness of our land. Art with us has to be cultivated; and it belongs to a much-neglected class to undertake our education. Experience has shown, from first to last, that efforts on the part of the Government are worse than none. But artists themselves should take the matter in keeping. The public buildings at the capital are worthy of our people; let it be the earnest effort of every artist to paint one or more pictures worthy of the place, and present them to the Government, until a taste for art shall be followed by a knowledge and true appreciation."

Since the above was written, many of our most celebrated artists have arisen; their works

have been exhibited in our city, and many of them purchased by wealthy citizens, and a few by the Government. With the rapid development of our capital within the past ten years, wealth has flowed in, and a taste for all that is beautiful has been extensively cultivated; so that the hopes of the refined and beautiful lady writer have been, even in this short time, almost fulfilled; though she, alas! may never behold the change.

Our wide and magnificent streets have been paved with wood and concrete, with green parks for miles along the sides or centers, and with thousands of trees along their borders, while princely mansions have arisen on every side. In these palaces are yearly gathered paintings by our own artists; and in some of them statuary, also by American sculptors. There is most surely and rapidly developing among our people a taste for art—for views of our own grand scenery, and ideals from the brains of our own artists. We are cultivating a pride in *our* art which is refreshing to see and to think of, after a century of talk of the saints and Madonnas of the old masters. These are all well in their way; but they have served the purpose of refining the taste of our people and of creating a veneration for art and artists. Now that the pioneer age of our country is past, and we have both time and money wherewithal to embellish and adorn, it is only natural that a country so great in other things should desire to have a distinct nationality in art.

Thomas Cole, J. G. Brown, Durand, Bellows, Ferris, Kensett, M'Entee, Bierstadt, Moran, and many others, have made our beautiful scenery celebrated at home and abroad; while by the aid of the best engravers, *THE LADIES' REPOSITORY*, *The Aldine*, *Appleton*, *Scribner*, and *Harper* have taken the beautiful scenes into every home. Though the *REPOSITORY*, as a magazine, is confined chiefly to the families of Methodists, we have a number of friends not Methodists, in Washington, who take it especially for its elegant engravings from paintings by American artists. Some of these friends are themselves artists; and we were out last week with one of these, on our beautiful Rock Creek, where, in a view a short distance from the city, he sketched a birch-tree, very much like that in the engraving from Hubbard's "New Hampshire Scenery," in the *JULY REPOSITORY*.

In the private gallery of Hon. Thomas B. Bryan, of our city, is the finest collection of portraits, probably, in our country; two-thirds, or perhaps four-fifths, being by Healy, an American artist. He has also several works in

marble, by Stone, the sculptor, whose works are said to be the best in the Capitol. In the Washington Club-house is an ideal statue, "The Spirit of the Carnival," by Vinnie Ream, who has also lately sold a statue of "Miriam" (one of the most exquisite works we ever beheld) to a wealthy lady of Philadelphia. Vinnie Ream's ideal works are the greatest proofs of her genius. They are perfect, so far as we are capable of judging. Fiske Mills and Mr. Flannery have also some fine new works in marble; while Clarke Mills, who has done so much toward embellishing our public parks, has an extensive establishment a few miles out of the city, where he works in plaster and marble, and casts in bronze.

Miss Belle Smith, of Ohio, who passed several Winters with us, painted a fine portrait of Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, for City Hall, for which she received two thousand dollars. Theodore Kauffman, one of our greatest historical painters, passes his Winters in Washington. His "Columbus before the Council at Salamanca," is a celebrated picture, as are also his "Indians Destroying the Pacific Railroad Track," "Lincoln's First Dollar," and "Farragut Lashed to the Mast."

Mr. Baumgras, one of our resident artists, is now in California, where he is winning golden opinions. Max Weyl, the distinguished young landscape artist, sold a number of his pictures of West Virginia and Potomac scenery to people of taste and distinction during the Winter. Hon. Mr. M'Guire, Senator Sherman, Hon. E. B. French, Grace Greenwood, and others have specimens of his genius upon their walls. Mr. Poole, Mr. Turner, and a number of other young artists are winning a name in our midst.

The Corcoran Art-gallery, presented to our city by the millionaire and philanthropist whose name it bears, is to be opened to the public next Fall; and it is now said that a School of Design will be added to it. May we not hope that this will be the first step toward a National School of Design in our city? Such a gallery as this, with the addition of a single work from the hands of each painter and sculptor in our land, would be a flattering promise to our hopes of a gallery which might, a hundred years from now, almost rival that of the Louvre or the Luxembourg.

WHEN the saints are under trial and well-humbled, little sins raise great cries in the conscience; but in prosperity, conscience is a Pope, that gives dispensations and great latitude to our hearts. The cross is, therefore, as needful as the crown will be glorious.

SCRIPTURE BURIALS.

BY REV. R. C. BASS.

IN the first twenty-two chapters of the Bible, we read of no sepulcher or burial. More than two thousand years of human history, and no record of grave or monument! It was doubtless a custom of the ancients to bury the dead. Every man among "the children of Heth" appears to have had his own family sepulcher. Public burying-grounds were probably not known.

The first recorded burial was that of Sarah. When "Abraham came to mourn for Sarah, and to weep for her," he bethought himself of the need of a burying-place. It was then that he bought Machpelah, as recorded in the twenty-third chapter of Genesis. What tenderness of feeling, and what a vein of sympathy and respect appear in the negotiation!

Abraham.—I am a stranger and sojourner with you: give me a possession of a burying-place, . . . that I may bury my dead out of my sight.

Sons of Heth.—In the choice of our sepulchers bury thy dead.

Abraham.—If it be your mind that I should bury my dead out of my sight, . . . entreat for me to Ephron, . . . that he may give me the cave of Machpelah, . . . for as much money as it is worth, . . . for a burying-place.

Ephron.—Nay, my lord, . . . the field give I thee, and the cave that is therein, I give it thee: . . . bury thy dead.

Abraham.—But if thou wilt give it, I pray thee, hear me: I will give thee money for the field; take it of me, and I will bury my dead there.

Ephron.—The land is worth four hundred shekels of silver; what is that betwixt me and thee? bury therefore thy dead.

And Abraham weighed to Ephron the silver, four hundred shekels, current money.

The purchase included "the field and the cave which was therein, and all the trees that were in the field, . . . in all the borders round about." "And after this, Abraham buried Sarah his wife in the cave of the field of Machpelah."

Forty-five years elapse, and another burial occurs at Machpelah. Abraham had "died in a good old age, an old man and full of years," "an hundred threescore and fifteen years;" "and his sons Isaac and Ishmael buried him in the cave of Machpelah." Death has many times brought varying children to join hands in acts of affection in memory of parents. These

brothers seem to have had no mutual sympathies. The "wild man's" "hand was against every man, and every man's hand was against him." But on this occasion, and in this last service to a father, the son of promise and the son of the bondwoman are as one.

And this scene is repeated, with little variation, one hundred and five years later. Another father is dead, and other brothers, long estranged, join in burial rites. Returning home after twenty years of unnatural absence, and reconciled with Esau on the way, Jacob appears to have reached Mamre just in time to witness his father's death. "Isaac gave up the ghost and died, . . . being old and full of days: and his sons Esau and Jacob buried him."

Again and again the ancient mourners went to Machpelah. No other burying-place is so frequently mentioned in the Bible. To none other came so large a funeral company. When Jacob was about to die, his heart yearned for this endeared field and its sacred cave. His residence of seventeen years in Egypt, in the garden of all the realm, with all his children and personal interests near him, and the king for his friend, did not lessen his love for his native land and the graves of his fathers. The dying patriarch "called his son Joseph unto him. . . . Bury me not, I pray thee, in Egypt; but I will lie with my fathers, and thou shalt carry me out of Egypt, and bury me in their burying-place, . . . in the cave that is in the field of Machpelah. . . . There they buried Abraham and Sarah his wife; there they buried Isaac and Rebekah his wife; and there I buried Leah."

The burial of Jacob was notable. The funeral company journeyed two hundred miles. "And it was a very great company." What a funeral! The world has not seen the like since. The twelve sons and many grandchildren in filial affection and sorrow; many of the old men of Egypt, in respect for the worthy patriarch of one hundred and forty-seven years, and all the servants of the king as a royal escort! "And his sons carried him into the land of Canaan, and buried him in the cave of the field of Machpelah." Holy Machpelah! One could wish to be there in the day when the blessed dead shall rise.

A singular interest attaches to the burial of Joseph. "By faith Joseph, when he died, made mention of the departing of the children of Israel; and gave commandment concerning his bones." "They embalmed him, and he was put in a coffin in Egypt." Then arose a "Pharaoh who knew not Joseph;" and about one hundred and fifty years of hard bondage and

bitterness of life are suffered by the children of Israel. But the dying prophecy and commandment of Joseph are not forgotten. His body is preserved. In all their enslavement under Egyptian task-masters, it must have been peculiarly true of Joseph, that "he, being dead, yet speaketh." Generations came and went. Fathers died, but their sons accepted the commandment and cherished the prophecy. "And Moses took the bones of Joseph with him." "And the bones of Joseph, which the children of Israel brought up out of Egypt, buried they in Shechem." And so the going up out of Egypt was a funeral procession. Forty years in going to a grave! And only two men who began the funeral journey living to see the end of it, and witness the burial! Burying their fathers by the way in all the wilderness—an average of fifteen thousand men of war dying every year, to say nothing of women and children—but carrying one honored dead into the promised land! Once bought for money and carried as merchandise to Egypt, but borne back for burial in more than kingly state! Was ever another body preserved one hundred and fifty years for burial? Did an entire nation ever before or since that occasion pay such burial honors?

Few burials awaken interest like the burial of Moses. "And the Lord spake unto Moses, . . . Get thee up into this mountain Abarim, unto Mount Nebo, . . . and behold the land, . . . and die in the mount." "And Moses went up, . . . to the top of Pisgah, . . . and died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord. And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab: . . . but no man knoweth of his sepulcher." Going up to the top of Pisgah to see a goodly land, and to die! The Lord himself burying his servant! Of all burials this is first in its rites. No need of granite shaft or chiseled marble! Burial at the hand of God is enough.

Once in all the Bible the burial of a child is mentioned. "Abijah, the son of Jeroboam, fell sick," and the wicked father sent the child's mother in disguise to inquire of the blind prophet Ahijah "what shall become of the child." This was the Lord's message: "The child shall die, and all Israel shall mourn for him, and bury him: for he only of Jeroboam shall come to the grave." Happy child! A jewel snatched up from the very slough of sin, and set in the Redeemer's crown! His father was full of wickedness, but Abijah was a child of God; "in him there was found some good thing toward the Lord God of Israel," and God cared for him, soul and body. Early dead, but early

crowned; and, may be, dying thus early that he might be crowned.

The New Testament records one Christian burial—that of the first martyr. "Devout men carried Stephen to his burial, and made great lamentation over him." A terrible storm-cloud had gathered over the infant Church, and its first lightning fell upon this "man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost." It was a fearful stroke. But the blood of murdered Stephen has enriched the Church. What Christian heart is not that of a mourner at the burial of Stephen? The Church of all lands and centuries is brought into sympathy by this record. The crown of Stephen grows brighter still.

The fullest record of burial or entombment is that of Jesus. And this is well; for all human hopes and all human fears gather around that tomb. With tender and grateful interest, the Christian reads how "Joseph, a good man and a just," besought Pilate for the body of Jesus, and that the request was granted. If enemies nailed him to the tree, friendly hands gently took the body down. And Nicodemus came with an hundred pounds of myrrh and aloes, and these two men wound the body in clean linen clothes with the spices, and laid it away in a new sepulcher, and rolled a great stone to the door of the sepulcher, and departed. The spices would probably preserve the body from immediate decay. At the same time, devout women were preparing to anoint or embalm the body. But for this work of love there was no time then, for the Sabbath was at hand. They would come early in the morning after the Sabbath, but not on the holy day.

But while friends were thus employed, enemies were making other preparations. That great stone must be sealed with the authority of the Roman Empire, and a guard of soldiers must stand there night and day, lest the body be stolen, and a resurrection be falsely reported. The Jews meant that seal and that guard of soldiers in opposition to Jesus; but God made this "wrath of man to praise him." By this evil precaution of the Jews, the world has an additional and indisputable proof of the Savior's resurrection. In the presence of that guard, no man would break that seal or move the stone. But an angel of God came down to that sepulcher, and was there before even those honorably mentioned women who came very early, and he had strength and authority to break a Roman Emperor's seal, and, in defiance of armed men, to roll away the stone.

No need of embalming or anointing now. "He is not here; he is risen: . . . see where they laid him." The soldiers report the fact,

Very likely they saw the "wonderful, the mighty God" come forth when the angel opened the sepulcher. Surely his "flesh" did "not see corruption." And what heavenly light falls upon every Christian grave since Jesus, "delivered for our offenses, was raised again for our justification!" We can not contemplate the night of his entombment without recalling "the morn that saw the Lord arise." And from the fact and thought of his resurrection, we come at once, and fondly, to the promise and assurance it gives of the resurrection of all "who sleep in him."

"Welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus hath lain there,
I dread not its gloom."

Other burials are mentioned in the Scriptures. A man and his wife each died suddenly, and were buried immediately, one following the other in "about the space of three hours." In Machpelah, a trio of patriarchs and their wives were buried. The only other Scripture record of husband and wife occupying the same grave is this of Ananias and Sapphira. Their burial appears to have been without ceremony or sorrow. Their smitten bodies appear to have been carried out by the young men as they would have carried out dead dogs. Unfit to live, they were unfit for Christian burial.

The burial of "the rich man" is instructive. Lazarus died, and angels carried him into Abraham's bosom. No mention is made of his body. But "the rich man died and was buried; and in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments." Brief record! The whole of his epitaph and eulogy! When a rich sinner dies, a burial of the body is about all that can be done for him, and so it comes about that the burial is often with "great pomp and circumstance." The funeral of wealth and wickedness makes an impression. The less of good there is to be said of the soul, the more honor is heaped upon the body. "Died, . . . was buried, . . . in hell, . . . in torments." It did not pay to be such a rich man.

Some were unburied. It was so with Jehoiakim: "Drawn and cast forth beyond the gates of Jerusalem," "buried with the burial of an ass." As a dead ass is drawn out of his stable through his own filth, and through the streets, to be cast upon the heap of offal, exposed "in the day to the heat and in the night to the frost," without sympathy or respect from man or yoke-mate, so the vile man is cast out. His memory rots because it is not preserved by any goodness.

It is noticeable that the Scripture records of burials are very few and very brief. The Bible has no extended and wordy obituaries. The

Word of God tells men how they ought to live, and it speaks of some devout Simeons and temple-loving Annas, and good men full of faith and of the Holy Ghost. We follow the paths of Scripture saints almost to the gateway of glory; but we do not see them enter there, and we may not know what disposition was made of their bodies. Paul writes, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand;" but the world knows nothing of the great apostle's burial.

Down to Abraham's time, the record says, with hardly a variation, "Lived, . . . died;" subsequent history adds, "buried." "Joshua died, and they buried him in the border of his inheritance." "Samuel died, and they buried him in his house at Ramah." "David slept with his fathers, and was buried in the City of David." "Elisha died, and they buried him." Concerning John the Baptist, it is written that "his disciples came and took up his corpse, and laid it in a tomb." But of Nathan and Isaiah and Daniel and Jeremiah and Simeon and Anna and Joseph and Mary and Nicodemus and John and James, and hosts of others, we have no record as to their deaths and burials.

Verily, the care of the body is not man's chief duty and highest interest. If life has been well lived, the body may be buried or unburied; a royal procession may follow to the grave, or it may be the neglected funeral of a pauper,—in either case,

"'T is with the righteous well."

And if life has been empty of holy purpose and righteous doing, wealth is still powerless to adorn any more than the outside of the sepulcher. God does not fill up the pages of the Book of Life by copying the names engraved on costliest marble. The heads that lie under tallest monuments rest no better, and will not more surely receive the "crown of righteousness," than this poor man,

"Little and unknown,
Loved and prized of God alone."

THE boundary-lines between the family and society are very delicate, but also very legitimate; and he who, from a misconception of this difference, oversteps these limits, and de-mends himself in society as in the family; that is, does not show that proper reserve which seeks not to press itself upon others,—in a word, he who shows himself over-confidential, is regarded, and rightly so, as indelicate, characterless, or impudent; and when the person so acting is a female, she is looked upon as unwomanly or shameless.

READING.

BY THE EDITOR.

READING is one of the grand sources of human knowledge. The senses are the medium of man's personal acquaintance with the material world. Observation, if the faculty be fairly exercised, gives one all requisite information of what falls under individual cognizance; but the most diligent employment of any single life would not allow its possessor to become acquainted with a tithe of the events which happen in his own country, to say nothing of past time and the world at large. Reading supplies the lack of personal observation. Reading lays other observers under contribution to increase our stores of knowledge. We become familiar with the whole world without stirring from our own firesides. Men die, but their recorded wisdom is imperishable. A library is a congress of the great of many nations. Books make the reader a cosmopolite, a denizen of all lands. He lives over the life of the world, participates in all its acts, is a personal spectator of all its distinguished events. The experience of the years before the Flood becomes his experience, and the post-diluvians pour their boundless treasures of wisdom and knowledge at his feet. The reader goes to the fountain-head of time, stands in Paradise hard by

"The tree of life,
High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
Of vegetable gold:"

soars with Noah's dove over the waste of waters that entomb a world; mingles with the angels that herald the Redeemer's coming; and listens to his plaint of agony and sorrow in the depths of Gethsemane. The reader glows with patriotic emulation over the Spartan self-devotion at Thermopylæ, and smiles at the mad monarch who chastises the elements in childish rage at one moment, and weeps over the frailty of human existence, like a profound philosopher, at another. The reader surmounts Alpine steeps with Hannibal and Bonaparte, and hangs with anxious suspense upon the issue of the struggles of Canæ and Lodi, Marathon and Marengo, Salamis and Trafalgar; with equal interest over the passage of the Rubicon and the fate of Waterloo. He is an artist, an amateur sculptor, a connoisseur in architecture, a critic in music and painting. He admires the strength of Pheidias, the grace of Praxiteles, the wildness of Giotto, the feeling of Leonardo, the beauty of Raffaele, the gigantic conception of Angelo, the sublimity of Handel, the grace of Haydn, the pathos of Mozart, the weirdness of Beethoven, and the beauties of later masters.

The reader is a poet. He may not, like Lycidas, know,

"Himself,
To sing and build the lofty rhyme;"

yet he is inspired with all the true sublimity of magic numbers swept by master-hands from the epic or tragic lyre. Within his bosom stirs

"The hidden soul of harmony,"

"When sweetest Shakespeare, fancy's child,
Warbles his native wood-notes wild;"

or when he contemplates nature, stars, earth, and ocean, and

"Bathes his drooping spirits in delight,
Beyond the bliss of dreams;"

or when

"Above him are the Alps,
The palaces of nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnaced in clouds their snowy scalps
And throned eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity."

The reader is a tourist. He flits at a thought, or like the wearer of seven-leagued boots, or the enchanted boat, from the region of glittering icebergs to the blooming tropics, where every sense is regaled "with Sabian odors and the spicy gales of Araby the blest." With Mungo Park, Bruce, and Livingstone, he penetrates African jungles; and with Hall and Franklin seeks the home of the aurora borealis and the inhospitable Poles. With Stephens, he admires the grotesque images of Palenque and Copan; and with Champollion, reads the lives of kings and the dates of dynasties on the walls of the hidden chambers of the Pyramids.

The reader is privy to the counsels of kings, and unravels the wiles of diplomatists and the crooked paths of legislators.

To the reader

"All the world's a stage."

He draws aside the curtain, pulls the wires, and the mighty dead rise from their graves to re-act before him their parts in the drama of life, as they acted in centuries gone by. The reader is by turns an Aristotle, a Bacon, a Galileo, a Herschel; now plunged, with La Place, in the depths of a mathematical calculation, and now seated at the end of the magic tube, scanning the heavens in quest of new worlds. Isolate the reader from living men, and he is still in the midst of kings and philosophers, statesmen, heroes, and poets. The world may cut him off, and treat him to scorn or neglect, yet he may adopt Cowley's motto,

"Come, my best friends, my books,"

and seek for his social nature that sympathy with the dead which the living refuse.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Our Foreign Department.

It is very gratifying to perceive with what activity and vigor the staid and sturdy Hollanders are entering into the modern race for the advancement and general welfare of humanity; and we therefore allude with pleasure to a recent movement in the land of the original Knickerbockers, that will undoubtedly interest our lady readers.

About a year ago, there was founded in Amsterdam an association bearing the unintelligible name of "Tesselschade," and the motto, "Labor Ennobles." The device gave us some clew to the appellation, for what other than a noble signification could it bear? And, on investigation, it turns out to be the patronymic of a noble woman of former times, well-known to her countrymen, whose life was devoted to the lofty purpose of relieving the social burdens on her sex. The object of the association is to relieve the condition of women of the upper classes whose natural position in society is beyond their ability to support, and to induce them to cultivate a zeal for such industry as may be adapted to their powers and circumstances: and therefore the device of the escutcheon, "Labor Ennobles;" for it is a fearfully prevalent prejudice abroad that female labor degrades. The object of the "Tesselschade" is to purchase the handiwork of women in all its variety, and to encourage its manufacture in the privacy of home, and then to dispose of it either at temporary exhibitions or bazaars, or by means of depots and stores established in various centers. To this end, a parent depot and some ten filial associations have been organized in the largest cities, or most accessible centers, of the land. The object is mainly to aid unfortunate ladies of the upper classes whom the death of their natural protectors has left without a support, or who have been suddenly reduced from affluence to poverty by some ill fortune. Many of these are ready to labor rather than depend on the cold charity of wealthy friends or relatives; but it is almost impossible for them to step into the busy arena of industry, and struggle hand to hand with the competition in trade. For these, the association acts as agents of sales, deducting from the product only a sufficient percentage to pay expenses, and in numerous instances the organization furnishes suggestions, or even teachers, to some light and respectable occupation, whose proceeds may help to eke out an insufficient income.

The "Tesselschade" is under the protection of the intelligent and sensible Queen of Holland, who is said to be a most estimable woman, and whose countenance thus does much to overcome the false pride that connects a certain degradation even with the most respectable kind of labor. It has had great difficulties to overcome, and has virtually fought its way to recognition, so that the recent annual report gave us some most gratifying details. The organization already counts about a thousand members and some two hundred beneficiaries, who have received several thousand dollars, in return for labor performed. The expense of administration has thus far been about eight per cent in the larger, and five in the smaller places, and, with experience, may be reduced even below this. The kind of work performed has been mainly needle-work and embroidery, and such articles as we range under the head of ladies' fancy work. In the Hague, however, many of the ladies have sold paintings, and in Amsterdam carved and inlaid wood-work; while in Rotterdam a large manufacture of artificial flowers has taken place. In this latter city, one lady has taken the establishment, and now employs apprentices in the art. Fancy leather and lace work are also very popular, and are frequently very finely executed, though there is a complaint that the work is not on the whole so good as that offered by regular and inspected workers. The ladies who have the enterprise in charge, as a committee, find many obstacles in the very persons whom they would aid, and a great ignorance among their sex as to the thousands who are now struggling in poverty because their narrow incomes are not sufficient for a support with the present increase in the expense of living. But the good work is evidently being daily better understood and its merits appreciated. They seem, from the tenor of their report, to be determined to succeed in convincing their country-women that it is more honorable to work than to be objects of pity or of charity. We predict that the efforts of "Tesselschade" will effect a transformation among the ladies of Holland regarding the dignity of labor.

A FRENCH general was recently boasting of the valor of his army in a certain battle, and, with a view to interest a number of the Catholic clergy among his auditors, took occasion to allude to the fidelity and

self-sacrifice of the Sisters of Charity on the battlefield and in the hospitals among the wounded. One of the priests replied:

"True, sir; and I am also a general. I stand at the head of an army whose business it is to heal the wounds which yours produces."

He was none other than the male leader of the order of Sisters of Charity, and related some of the incidents of his army of heroines in their various labors—even those of our own civil war. He claimed that the Sisters of all his various congregations numbered about ten thousand. There are in France two parent houses of this order established in Paris and Nancy, and the honor seems rather to redound to the French of having originated the guild of "Merciful Sisters," as they are mostly called. Germany claims the honor of having called into being, some thirty-six years ago, the institution of Deaconesses, to do for the Protestants what the Sisters have done for the Catholics. The growth of these Houses of Mercy among the Protestants has been very remarkable, and is still going on rapidly. There are now about fifty parent houses, with an aggregate of some twenty-seven hundred Deaconesses.

The first establishment of the kind was founded by Fliedner, on the Rhine, and this original house is still the great center of this species of benevolence; it just now numbers five hundred and fifty Sisters, and has very numerous filial or branch houses. Since the war in Germany, a new vigor has sprung up among the Deaconesses, and there is a great call for more, to take the place of some of the female orders expelled from Germany in the train of the Jesuits. There are at present about thirty of these institutions in Germany, the principal ones being at Berlin, Dresden, Stuttgart, and Breslau. Besides these Protestant houses in the parent country, they are rapidly spreading all over the world, being now established in Paris, Strasburg, Utrecht, Stockholm, St. Petersburg, London, Copenhagen, Riga, Finland, etc. They are now extending to the United States, where there seems to be quite a desire to establish the order, to counteract the propagandist tendencies of the Catholic Sisters. We think well of the order if it remains within its legitimate sphere, which is, in imitation of the Master, to go about doing good. But we regret the effort on the part of some of the Episcopal Churches, which are most active in the scheme, to clothe the Deaconesses in black habiliments, and, by giving them somewhat the appearance of Sisters of Charity, to make of them an order apart, with vows differing from those of other well-doing Christians. They make no such vows as do the Sisters, and do not form of themselves a caste which in any way prevents them from returning to ordinary social life. They can devote themselves to such work, if they will, for a series of years, and then retire from it; but while engaged in it, they find it much more easy to secure recognition and effective action by being understood as working under the auspices of the order of Deaconesses. They all first prepare themselves to be useful and skillful nurses of the sick, whether at the hospital cot or beside the sick-

bed of a private house; but they are prepared to enter whatever institutions may need their services or can profit of their systematic training in the parent houses before they go out on duty. They thus find their fields of labor in asylums for the aged and insane, and the institutions for the treatment of the epileptic, idiotic, and crippled. Again, we meet them in the shelters for destitute girls, the Magdalen asylums, and houses of correction for the reformation of young girls. They are also to be found in orphan asylums, infant schools for the poor, ragged schools, industrial schools, and the so-called schools of the Deaconesses. They are angel watchers at the portals of misery, and know no other rule than the Golden one of the Master.

THE Spanish Republicans have a passing strange way of showing their new departure in the line of religion. They are actually representing, in Madrid, the Passion of our Savior, in imitation of the peasants of the Ammergau, in Bavaria. The Spaniards, however, without any scruples, go directly to the opera for their amusement, and a numerous public, drawn mainly from the middle classes, finds its highest pleasure in listening to the words, and observing the scenes, connected with the last days of our Savior previous to his crucifixion. At the first representation, the characters were rather coolly received, until Pontius Pilate made his appearance, in the effort to liberate the Savior from the hands of the blood-thirsty Jews. Mary Magdalene then turns to him with these words, "O, thou who art born in the sunny land of Spain, thou who by this birth art noble and generous, deliver this Christ!" These words, so flattering to Spain, are received with tumultuous applause. And again, as our Savior is sweating under the burden of the cross, a woman approaches him, and wipes away the drops with a handkerchief; and as she displays this latter to the audience, the face of Christ appears upon it, in accordance with an old legend. This calls forth thundering applause. In this garden there appears an angel to allay the sufferings of Christ; and what an angel!—a ballet-dancer in a short gauze dress! At the crucifixion, the dying Christ utters groans of agony, from the piercing lance. What blasphemy!

A SAD story has just come to light, in connection with two ladies of rank in the fashionable watering-place of Wiesbaden, on the Rhine. For a series of years, mother and daughter have been engaged in purloining from stores articles of value to adorn their persons, especially valuable laces. They finally became so bold in this theft they actually appeared in the vicinity adorned with the stolen finery, and were thus discovered, to the surprise and pain of all who knew them, and to the utter horror of another daughter, who immediately became insane. These noble-blooded dames were deprived of their aristocratic titles and rank, and condemned to several years' imprisonment, as a terror to evil-doers in the same sphere of sin, which has become of late too common among ladies of fashion in Europe. Indeed, the rage for extravagant display has become so ram-

pant that it is no easy matter for persons of ordinary power to withstand it; and the moral and thoughtful journals of the country are calling on the schools for the training of young girls to cease to foster the love of display and extravagance, and to use their best efforts to bring back the women of the country to the former days of honest endeavor and appearance, when people were not afraid to seem as they really were. It is, alas! too true that hypocrisy in society and the Church are fearfully rife at present in all Europe.

We have just laid down a letter from a friend in Zurich, where he is connected with the famous schools there situated, in which he discourses largely of the lady students there gathered in such numbers for the study of Medicine and Letters. It will be remembered in our previous allusions to these ladies, that we referred to the circumstance of their being mostly Russians, and those of the radical or communistic

classes who visit Switzerland because they can not find schools at home which will admit them. There is a terrible flurry in the camp just now, because of the arrival of a peremptory order to all these women to return immediately home, under pain of loss of civil rights, and perpetual banishment. It seems that they are terribly unruly spirits in political matters, and are making themselves the agents of secret conspirators of Russia, for whom they are continually transmitting dispatches from the radical refugees in Switzerland. Our friend says that their reputation is none of the best in a moral line, and they are so violently strong-minded as to cut their hair short, wear men's hats, and in some instances clothes, and to smoke cigarettes in the street. He thinks they ought to go home to their mothers, and commends the great father of all the Russias in telling them so in terms so emphatic as to be unmistakable. So the good professors of Zurich will easily get rid of all the troublesome ladies.

Art Notes.

—THE Syracuse University, Syracuse, New York, has the honor of inaugurating the first "College of Fine Arts" in America. At their June session, the trustees of this young but vigorous institution organized such College, with the following special Faculty, namely: Geo. F. Comfort, A. M., Dean of the Faculty, and Professor of *Æsthetics* and History of the Fine Arts; Horatio N. White, Professor of Architecture; Archimedes Russell, Professor of Architecture; Henry C. Allewelt, Professor of Decorative Art; Sanford Thayer, Professor of Portrait-painting; George K. Knapp, Professor of Portrait and Landscape Painting; Ward V. Ranger, Professor of Photography. Courses have been prepared in Architecture and Painting, each course extending through a period of four years. The courses include systematic and progressive instruction in the theory, the history, and the practice of Architecture and Painting, and in those branches of Science, Philosophy, History, and Language, which bear most intimately and directly upon these arts, and without a knowledge of which, success in the higher domains of art is impossible. The trustees commend this College to the patronage of those interested in the progress of art, with the hope that it may become an important agency in promoting that branch of education which exerts so important an influence upon the culture, refinement, and wealth of a nation, but which has been so greatly neglected in our American system of education. We can not but wish for this newly organized College all the success which its importance deserves.

—In reviewing Jackson's "Modern Gothic Architecture," the *Pall Mall Budget* makes some good points on the methods of creating new architectural

styles: "There is only one way to create a new architecture for our own age, and the first step toward such a creation is to repudiate all thoughts of its conscious accomplishment. A true architecture, which is the art of expressing our ideas and satisfying our wants in stone or wood or iron or brick, is like a language in its growth and in its principle. And its growth is precisely parallel to that of a language, in that wherever a new and living architectural style has been created out of the ruins or the decaying life of a pre-existing style, the new art and the new language have been the practical result of efforts to revive, in its original purity, some art or tongue which had long been dead. The ultimate growth has been far different from that which its first promoters contemplated; and, in seeking a mere revivalism, they have brought into existence an instrument of modern civilization of a practically perfect originality. When Charlemagne undertook to restore the arts of Rome in his vast miscellaneous Empire, he had no idea of creating a new art of building. He sent for the best men he could get from Northern Italy, and set them to work on Roman materials and relics. But as their aim was to construct buildings of actual use, and antiquarian societies were unknown, they began blundering away with all the vigor of their age; and, in the end, that which was intended to rival the splendors of Titus and Diocletian grew into the far more varied and wholly dissimilar splendor of the Gothic of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries."

—The two free art-schools of New York—the National Academy and the Cooper Institute—are gradually telling upon the purely ideal, as well as the industrial, art of the country. The number in attend-

ance on these schools is constantly increasing, and the standard of excellence is being constantly raised. Better models are also being furnished, and there is, in the work of this year, evident a vastly greater depth of feeling and vastly increased earnestness of treatment. The whole number in attendance on these two schools during the past year has been about six hundred.

— A monument is to be erected to Baron Liebig at Darmstadt, his birthplace.

— We trust our readers who intend to visit New York, will mark in their note-books the Cesnola Collection, now arranged at the Douglas Mansion, in Fourteenth Street. About thirteen thousand articles constitute this museum—reaching from the eighteenth century before Christ, down to the time of Solomon. For variety and interest it is not, perhaps, excelled by any museum of the world.

— A sale of sixteen pictures, forming the gallery of Viscount Aguado, recently took place, and the prices realized were remarkably low. A Tintoretto brought but \$40; a Salvator Rosa, \$200; a Caravaggio, \$300; an "Assumption," by Murillo, but \$240; and the "Archangel Michael," by Raffaele, which was formerly in the Escorial, and brought to France by King Joseph, was sold for only \$2,800. These prices are remarkably low, and show most clearly the very severe financial pressure upon even many of the nobility of Europe.

— It is with sadness that we chronicle the death of one of America's best-known sculptors—Hiram Powers. He died the 28th of June, at Florence, Italy (where he had resided for many years), at the age of sixty-eight. He was among the very earliest American sculptors that went to Italy for purposes of study, and did very much to call attention to the possibility of art culture and art triumph among his countrymen. His works were very numerous, and were usually great favorites with the Americans. Besides a large number of busts of distinguished men, his "Eve," "Il Penseroso," and "California," in addition to his well-known statue of the "Greek Slave," have given Powers a wide reputation. During all his long foreign residence, he never lost an iota of his love of country. Loyal to the core, and deeply sympathizing with all efforts to elevate the race, he at the same time abhorred those who attempted the destruction of the unity of the Government. We shall ever remember with what spirit and zest he spoke of his blank refusal to produce the bust of one of the arrant villains of secession. It is a source of gratification that his second son, Preston Powers, has devoted himself to his father's art, for which he showed a strong inclination when a boy.

— In June came off, at Aix-la-Chapelle, one of the most famous of European musical festivals, the "Jubelfest" of the Lower Rhine. The whole occasion took on a thoroughly Teutonic fashion, by opening with a festival overture and a prologue, followed by the "Messiah." The second day, the programme consisted of the "Credo," from Bach's Grand Mass

in B Minor; Mozart's Cantata, "David Penitente," and Beethoven's Choral Symphony, without which no German musical meeting is considered to be complete. The third day was occupied with a programme more varied, but equally classical.

— We are sorry to announce the death of Carl Henning, the noted organist and composer, of Berlin.

— During the late season at the Berlin Royal Opera-house, there were one hundred and seventy representations, including thirty-seven different works.

— Among the musical curiosities shown at the Vienna Exhibition, is the piano-forte which once belonged to Franz Schubert, which he used when composing most of his works.

— There was a "grand commemorative fête" at the Crystal Palace, London, in June, in celebration of the nineteenth anniversary of the opening of the palace. A concert was given by a band and chorus two thousand five hundred strong. The principal item of interest was the performance of a commemorative ode in memory of the prince consort. Upward of twenty-five thousand persons were present.

— The spirit of our modern commerce seems to be almost Vandal. It scarcely turns aside to spare the most interesting and valuable of historic monuments, but sweeps these away to give place to straight streets, convenient boulevards, or central marts of trade. The *Saturday Review* deprecates the rapid progress of this commercial spirit in removing or defacing some of the most beautiful architecture and most instructive ruins that Italy can boast. War has left its sad traces on many a noble church, and fortifications in Rome now threaten to blot out many an object that has been dear to every historical student. The very conquests of peace are threatening to these old relics. Why is it not practicable to turn aside, and spare these wonderful proofs of a former high civilization? Why can not such works as the Coliseum, the Baths of Diocletian, and the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore, be saved to posterity to tell their most impressive story? Must the vandalism of modern commerce demolish these monuments of the past? Must every thing yield to this spirit of questionable utilitarianism?

— A writer in the *Galaxy*, incidentally discussing the theory of judging of the appearance of men after their work, gives some interesting features in the personal appearance of some of the noted French artists. Gérôme's works, such as the "Gladiateurs," "Mort de Cæsar," "Cleopatre," etc., suggested a pagan taste, exhibited a certain sublimated materialism, which would lead one to expect in him a Parisianized Oriental, full of sensuous tastes; when in point of fact he was a slight, pale man, with large, melancholy brown eyes, and features of perfect purity of outline—a chastened spirit, one would say, full of charity to all mankind; a monk of the studio, working sadly but steadfastly in expiation of the sins of others. Meissonnier, seen through works like the "Attente," the "Capitaine," the "Corps de Garde," etc., suggested a solitary artist in artistic apparel, living in

Bohemia, who disliked the Philistine spirit of to-day, and systematically shut himself in the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries; and who, with a horror of the tastes and habits of the *bourgeoisie*, lived in regions unknown to it—a lonely, picturesque man, in sack-coat and slouch hat. Meissonnier, in reality, was a dapper, red-faced man, who wore the shiniest of silk hats, and resembled more than any thing else that *bourgeois* from whom he fled as from the wrath to come. In the works of Bouguereau, there was a poetical sadness which indicated a pale student of nature; while in the flesh, he was a jolly, red-cheeked, plump little man, full of gayety—especially pleased with Americans, because they bought his pictures.

That consummate master of drawing, who delighted in painting Arab scenes—Boulanger—presented nothing in his appearance either for or against the probability of the authorship of his work; he was a thin, sallow-faced little man, of pleasant expression, and a head entirely bald, with the exception of three stiff little sprouts of hair, which were always wide awake and unyielding. Lefebvre, as regarded the identification of personality with work, occupied a neutral ground—a youngish man, quick and decided in speech and movement, with large, blue eyes, and slightly bald, all of which had nothing to do with his exquisite manner of painting woman's form.

—At a recent sale of pictures in London, a full-length portrait group of two young ladies, by Gainsborough, and exhibited by the artist at the Royal Academy in 1775, was sold for the enormous sum of six thousand three hundred guineas.

—Charles Lucy, one of the most distinguished of English historical painters, and whose reputation is not confined to his own country, has recently died.

—Shortly after the great fire in Chicago, the proprietors of the *Graphic* raised a large sum of money for the relief of the sufferers; but before the money was remitted, the Relief Committee declined to receive any more aid. On this announcement, the *Graphic* Company gave a commission to Mr. Armitage, R. A., to paint a picture commemorative of the calamity. The subject of the work is an allegorical group, in which England and America, as two draped female figures, support a nude woman, who is stretched on the knees of America, while England bends over her. To the right is the lion of England in repose; to the left, a white-headed eagle; a glimpse of a town in flames is shown behind the latter, and a pine-clad height occupies the opposite side of the background. The painting is fifteen feet long and nine feet high. It is valued at ten thousand dollars, and is to be presented to the city of Chicago.

Current History.

—JAPAN has a national debt of \$104,000,000.

—Alexandra Palace, near London, was destroyed, June 9th, by fire. Total loss, \$3,000,000.

—An official telegraphic dispatch from General Kauffman announces that the capital of Khiva was occupied by the Russian forces on the 10th of June. The Khan of Khiva fled to Youmandow.

—That personification of sensuality and bigotry, the Shah of Persia, after disgusting the Courts of St. Petersburg and Berlin with his outrageous conduct, visited London on the 18th of June, where, no doubt, his manners were equally repulsive.

—A special from Constantinople states that a treaty has been concluded between the khedive and the sultan, for mutual protection, by which the former, in case of an invasion of Turkey, agrees to provide seven hundred and fifty thousand troops.

—After the Spanish Ministry had been reconstructed several times in a few weeks, Pi. y Margall formed the following compromise ministry: President of the Council and Minister of Interior, Senor Pi. y Margall; of War, Gonzales; of Finance, Carvajal; of Justice, Bergis; of Marine, Aurich; of Colonies, Sorni. Aurich, however, subsequently resigned. General satisfaction with the Government thus far has been expressed.

—The Sultan of Zanzibar has signed the treaty with Great Britain for the suppression of the slave-trade, which was negotiated by Sir Bartle Frere.

—General Brodisser has resigned the functions of Chief of the Bavarian Artillery. His period of service dates from 1804, when he entered the army as a trumpeter. He has served continuously for sixty-nine years, and passed through every grade up to that of lieutenant general.

—Persia contains six hundred and forty-eight thousand square miles, and ten million inhabitants. It is, therefore, more than nine times as large as New England, with about three times as many people. The average density of its population per square mile is fifteen, while that of New England reverses these figures, being fifty-one.

—Oscar II, crowned "King of Sweden and also of the Goths and Vandals," embarked at Trondjem in the *Sz. Olaf* frigate, the largest ship of the Norwegian navy, to visit North Cape, the most northerly point in Europe. No king has been there since Christian IV, of Denmark and Norway, who was interested in building up trade and fisheries in that quarter, two hundred and fifty years ago. On the 18th of July, King Oscar received the Norwegian crown, at Trondjem.

— Miss Susan B. Anthony was convicted of illegal voting, in a New York court, on the 19th of June, and sentenced to pay a fine of one hundred dollars and the costs of prosecution.

— The French and Austrian Governments have addressed friendly observations to Italy, with reference to the execution of the law abolishing religious corporations. The *Opinione* denies the truth of the rumor that Austria and France have formed an alliance against Italy, but declares Italy will seek alliances, should they become necessary for the defense of her national independence.

— The city of Palermo is delighted over the finding the original cross carried through the massacre of the Vespri Siciliani. It was discovered during some excavations in the Piazza Aragona, and will be cared for as a priceless relic. The cross is encircled with a lattice of iron, designed after antique arms, and at the base is the simple inscription, "31 Marzo, 1282."

— It is an important fact that the Chinese have recently been reorganizing their army, which now numbers three hundred thousand men, armed with Enfield, Remington, and Colt's rifles, and with a full complement of rifled artillery. It is asked, What if, under able leaders, they should some day swarm beyond the limits of their own empire, and attack the territories of their neighbors?

— June 7th, the Cortes, in session at Madrid, elected Senor Coenz President, he receiving one hundred and seventy-seven votes. President Figueras, the same day, announced to the Cortes his determination to return to them the powers with which the Assembly had invested him as president. Sunday, June 8th, the Constituent Cortes reassembled, and passed a resolution definitely proclaiming the Federal Republic, by a vote of two hundred and ten yeas against two nays.

— The State Department has promulgated, for the information of all concerned, the act of Congress to prevent cruelty to animals while transported by railroads or other means of transportation in the United States. The act does not take effect till October 1st, after which all railroad companies are prohibited from keeping animals in continuous confinement for more than twenty-eight hours, without unloading for five hours and properly feeding and watering. If they are supplied on the cars with food and water, this provision does not apply. The United States courts have jurisdiction in case of a violation of the law, and fines not to exceed five hundred dollars are provided for each case.

— Correspondence from Jerusalem says that the geological plate just completed by the Oriental Topographical Corps, now engaged in making surveys and sketches of Bible lands, shows that the exposed and skull-shaped line of upper strata of the hill outside the Damascus gate, and near the north wall of Jerusalem, is strongly suggestive of Golgotha, the Place of Skulls. This supports the theory of the hill being Calvary. The Oriental Topographical Corps

have arranged, by means of telegraph from Joppa to Jerusalem, for accurate barometric notification of altitudes on the coast between the Mediterranean and the Dead Sea.

— The death of Baron Liebig left vacant the office of President of the Bavarian Academy of Science, and it is now to be occupied by Dr. Döllinger.

— The Rev. Dr. S. Wells Williams has nearly finished printing his "Dictionary of the Chinese Language," the basis of which is the Mandarin.

— The Rev. Joseph Stevenson is making, on behalf of the British Government, transcripts of documents relating to the history of Great Britain, preserved in the archives and libraries of Rome.

— The first eighty pages, comprising the theoretical part of Professor Barker's excellent work on Chemistry, has been translated into Japanese by Professor Griffis, of Japan. A copy has been presented to the college library.

— Mr. Thomas Wright, the London antiquary, has completed a second volume of vocabularies, illustrating the manner of our forefathers, as well as the history of the forms on elementary education and of the languages spoken in England from the tenth century to the fifteenth.

— The number of readers of the British Museum Library within the last ten years has actually decreased, in the face of an enormously increasing population. While in 1861 the number of readers was 130,410, or 49 for every 100 of the population of London, in 1871 there were 105,006, or only 32 for every 100.

— The trustees of the British Museum have secured one of the finest collections of tropical birds that has been made of late years. It is that of M. A. R. Wallace, and was completed during an eight-years' sojourn in the Malay Archipelago. The number of specimens is two thousand four hundred, representing seven hundred and fifty different species.

— The recent sale of the Perkins Library, at Hanworth Park, near London, produced the sum of £26,000 for only about 1,000 volumes, or considerably over \$100 per volume average. A Mazarin Bible on vellum brought £4,300, equal to \$21,400 in American currency—probably the highest price ever paid for a single volume.

— Strong shocks of an earthquake were felt in the north of Italy at five o'clock on the morning of June 29th. The motion was severe in Venice and Verona, and caused a panic. There were several accidents in those cities, but no damage done to persons or property. At other points the shocks were more violent, and their effect disastrous. A dispatch from Treviso reports that at Feletto, near Sonaglio, about thirty-five miles north of Venice, a church was destroyed by the earthquake, and thirty-eight persons killed; and in four villages near Victoria, fourteen persons killed and many injured. Great damage was also done in the town of Belluno, on the river Piave, fifty miles north of Venice.

—The membership of the Church of England is about twelve millions.

—Mr. Whitty, proprietor of the *Liverpool Daily Post*, and father of the *Penny Press*, died June 10th.

—The Lutheran Church in this country has increased 80 per cent in the last ten years. The strength of the Southern Church is reported as follows: ministers, 91; churches, 145; communicants, 11,765.

—In the South Pacific Ocean there are now about two hundred Christianized islands, in which there are 250,000 adherents, 50,000 Church members, and a band of some 1,600 native preachers.

—The Italian Senate, July 17th, passed a bill for the suppression of religious corporations, by a vote of sixty-eight yeas to twenty nays. The measure now awaits the royal sanction to become a law.

—Eighty-two heads of religious orders have signed a document protesting against the call for the suppression of religious corporations, and appealing to the Pope, the law of nations, and to God.

—A dispatch, dated Vienna, June 28th, says: "A complete anarchy prevails in Bosnia, caused by the persecution of the Christians by the Mohammedans. In one district, two hundred and seventy Christians were murdered within six weeks, and no efforts have been made to arrest the murderers. Foreign representatives to Turkey demand investigation, and call upon the authorities to afford protection to the persecuted people. The murders have greatly alarmed the Christians, and many are emigrating."

—The *Journal de Geneve* publishes the text of the bill for the organization of Catholic worship. The canton is to be divided into parishes, each of which will have to appoint a *curé* and a council of administration. The oath to be taken by the priest is analogous to that previously in use. The worship is to be in general directed by a superior council, composed of twenty laymen and five ecclesiastics, elected by the Catholic population. That body is to determine the conditions of eligibility of the priests, in addition to the canonical requirements. The suspension of these latter can be pronounced by the Council of State for violation of their oath, and by the diocesan authority for breaches of discipline.

—The recent debate in the Italian Parliament on the suppression of religious corporations gives peculiar interest to the revenue statistics of the religious houses in the Province of Rome. Exclusive of Papal basilicas, minor basilicas, convents, parishes, colleges, canonicates, and all other benefices of like kind, the Papal revenue from religious houses is 3,000,000 francs, while that of the various institutions named is 1,200,000 francs. The revenue of St. Peter's is computed at 481,000 francs; that of St. John of Lateran is 162,000; that of St. Mary Major, 156,000. The monks of St. Peter, in Vencoli, have a net revenue of 37,000; those of St. Barnabas, 32,000; those of St. Vincent de Paul, 30,000 francs. The Oratorians, Benedictines de St. Calixte, Domin-

icans of St. Minerva, Franciscans, and St. Augustines severally represent incomes of 84,000, 98,000, 42,000, 55,000, and 70,000 francs. The Jesuits eke out from their colleges an aggregate of 45,000 francs.

—It is announced in a semi-official organ at Berlin, that the Government is determined to enforce the new ecclesiastical laws, spite of the resistance of the Catholic Episcopacy in Prussia. It is admitted that the State can not fill up the vacancies in the Church, but it will insist that if they are filled, it shall be with German clergymen, who will respect the laws and preserve public peace.

—The secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society estimates that, during the present century, about one hundred and sixteen million copies of the Sacred Scriptures, in whole or in part, have been put into circulation by Bible societies alone, in various parts of the world. Translations have now been made in two hundred and fifty-seven languages. During the past year, the English society has found a marvelous opening in Russia for its work, where it distributed 331,000 copies of the Scriptures in no less than sixty distinct dialects. The entire European field is encouraging.

—Father Hyacinthe has now a coadjutor at Geneva in the person of Abbé Hurtault, Canon of Tours, and formerly secretary to the present Archbishop of Paris. The abbé arrived at Geneva the other day. He has published a letter in which he states that he intends to assist Father Hyacinthe in his work, being firmly convinced that Catholicism is now becoming as disastrous to society as to the individual conscience. Father Hyacinthe again celebrated Divine service on a recent Sunday, and administered the sacrament to one hundred persons. He has now fifteen hundred followers.

—In the report of Secretary Robeson concerning the *Polaris* investigation, we note these facts: On August 31, 1871, the *Polaris* made her greatest northern latitude, 82° 29' north. After several attempts to proceed farther, the vessel was beset with ice and carried southward with the drift, to 81° 38' north latitude, where she went into Winter quarters. On the 10th of October, Captain Hall undertook a sledge journey, and on the 17th of October reached 82° 3' north latitude, from which point he addressed his interesting letter to the secretary of the navy. In this letter he states that land was visible for seventy miles from his encampment, making the extreme limit of his discovery to reach 83° 5' north latitude. The climate was much warmer than expected, and as late as October no snow was to be seen, except one glacier commencing in 80° 30' north latitude, and extending thence northward. During the Summer, animal life abounded; seals, musk-cattle, rabbits, wolves, foxes, bears, and water-fowl common to our latitudes, and even insects, such as flies, bees, and butterflies, were numerous. Had it not been for the untimely death of Captain Hall, and the doggish obstinacy of the incompetent Buddington, the great problem might have been solved.

Scientific.

THE PLANET VULCAN.—The finding of a new asteroid has become so common an occurrence that it is not regarded with any special delight. The family of these puny planets is quite large enough, already numbering over a hundred and twenty. So the astronomers are trying to vary their discoveries to arouse lagging interest. They now promise, after long years of speculation, a planet whose orbit lies interior to that of Mercury, and so near the sun that it must be blazing hot.

Professor Daniel Kirkwood, an American astronomer, is convinced that there are perturbations in the revolution of the planet Mercury that can not be explained on any other hypothesis than of an attracting body inside its orbit. Some recent observations by Mr. Cowie, at Shanghai, with calculations by Professor Kirkwood, show that the hypothesis is worth a careful test. The believers in the new planet have been so confident in its existence that they long ago named it Vulcan. But, in spite of prying telescopes, the lame Olympian blacksmith has eluded every body. It is true that Lescarbault declared that on a certain day he saw a dark object crossing the sun's disc; but M. Liais, a French astronomer, employed in the observatory at Paris, declared immediately that on the stated day no such object was visible. As calculated by Professor Kirkwood, the planet makes a revolution about the sun in thirty-four days, twenty-two hours, and thirty-one minutes. Professor Stephen Alexander, of the College of New Jersey, writes to the *Tribune* that his calculations very nearly coincide with those of Professor Kirkwood; the Vulcanite year being, by his figures, thirty-four days, sixteen hours, and six and one-half minutes. We hope the astronomers will hunt down the hot little planet, just for the curiosity of it.

A DURABLE CEMENT.—If fine chalk be well stirred in soluble glass, a cement may be produced which will harden in the course of six or eight hours. The addition of powdered sulphuret of antimony will give rise to a black mass, susceptible of a high polish, and capable of receiving a fine luster. Fine iron-dust gives a gray-black mass of great hardness. Zinc castings can, it is said, be readily repaired by a paste of soluble glass and zinc-dust.

WHEAT AND PHYSICAL LABOR.—There is a southern wheat-belt which includes Australia, in part, South Africa, New Zealand, and a part of South America, where a civilization equal to that of the central north of the United States is growing up. Our correspondent reasons almost exclusively from facts as they exist, and not from their causes; but he reaches the same result as, *a priori*, science would have arrived at. For nothing is more sure in the chemistry of life than that the great bread-eaters are the

great thinkers, or that the phosphorus which wheat contains in the outer kernel, immediately beneath the husk, is the feeder of brains, and the material substance which provokes to thought, study, reason, and all the forms of nervous energy. There are physiologists who attribute the remarkable success of States like Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois to the bounty and perfection of the wheat-crop, and the intellectual stimulus, or rather food, which it affords the brain. Certainly no commonwealths in the world have evinced a higher sense of law and order, or more rapidly developed a social system which has hardly an equal in the world. The Constitution of Indiana, for instance, the very center of the wheat-zone, is beyond comparison the best in the Union, and produces the highest results in our civilization. But the full value of wheat as a civilizer will never be fully realized until wheat-meal takes the place of bolted flour, and the people learn to make bread without yeast or risings. Good bread is emphatically the "staff of life;" but the commercial article is the way to dyspepsia and premature death.

TO MAKE FABRICS WATER-PROOF.—A writer in an English paper says: "By the way, speaking of water-proofs, I think I can give travelers a valuable hint or two. For many years I have worn India-rubber water-proofs, but will buy no more; for I have learned that good Scottish tweed can be made entirely impervious to rain, and moreover, I have learned how to make it so; and, for the benefit of readers, I will give the recipe: In a bucket of soft water put half a pound of sugar of lead and half a pound of powdered alum; stir this at intervals until it becomes clear, then pour it off into another bucket, and put the garment therein, and let it be in for twenty-four hours, and then hang it up to dry without wringing it. Two of my party, a lady and a gentleman, have worn garments, thus treated, in the wildest storms of wind and rain without getting wet. The rain hangs upon the clothes in globules. In short, they were really water-proof. The gentleman walked nine miles in a storm of wind and rain, such as you rarely see in the South; and when he slipped off his overcoat, his under-clothes were as dry as when he put them on. This is, I think, a secret worth knowing; for cloth, if it can be made to keep out wet, is, in every way, better than that we know as water-proof."

THE WEATHER OF BY-GONE AGES.—The late Mr. Babbage, of calculating-machine fame, had a singular faculty of suggesting avenues to knowledge. We are told, by one who knew him well, that it seemed possible to him to obtain an exact record of the succession of hot and cold years for long periods in by-gone ages. His plan was as follows: Among

the stumps of trees in some ancient forests, he proposed to select one in which both the number and the size of the rings that have been annually produced were clearly marked. He would write down the succession of hot and cool Summers so marked in this tree, assuming that the larger the ring in each case, the hotter has been the Summer. He then proposed to examine other trees of about the same date, until he found some which recorded a series of hot and cold seasons exactly similar to that which he had already noted down, and until the series extended far enough for him to be sure that the resemblance was not accidental, but that he had before him a natural register of the same seasons which had been recorded in the first tree. As some of these trees would be somewhat older than the first tree, while others would have survived it, he considered that it would be possible, so to say, to piece out the information obtained from one tree by means of the others; and that, after examining a great number of trees, his record of warm and cold seasons might be extended at both ends almost indefinitely.

PREVISION OF FOGS.—Our great fogs have usually been made the subject of jest and joke; but if meteorologists are to be believed, they are very suggestive and important phenomena. The late fogs which so thickly mantled New York, extended many hundreds of miles southward, and have proved the occasion of more disaster than a severe storm; so that it becomes as necessary for our Weather Bureau to be as premonitory of the former as of the latter. In descending the Danube in 1818, Sir Humphrey Davy noticed that mist was invariably formed during the night, when the air on the banks of the river was as much as six degrees colder than that overhanging the stream. The densest fogs are known to form during the Winter months, and especially in the vicinity of large rivers and large cities. The famous London fog owes its November thickness to the comparative warmth of the Thames bed, and the artificial heat of the metropolis, at a season when the cold polar and soft equatorial winds overlap each other and commix. The intervening mist lying between the two great air-currents is a premonition of those terrible gales, originated by the rapid condensation of the warmer and southerly wind, and too often serves as a veil to conceal the deadly designs of the gathering storm. The Gulf-stream, coming in contact with the hyperborean Labrador stream on the Newfoundland banks, is scarcely less certain of causing the notorious fogs which prevail there. There is the conflict of the two opposite aerial streams, "equatorial and polar," to occasion the violent disturbances of the atmosphere, which make the Gulf-stream the terror of the mariner. Humboldt and others have observed that when an oceanic current meets a shoal in its course, the spot is indicated by the shroud of fog which is immediately and permanently formed.

TURPENTINE FOR HEADACHE.—Dr. Warburton Begbie advocates the use of turpentine in the severe headache to which nervous and hysterical women

are subject. "There is, moreover," he says, "another class of sufferers from the headache, and this is composed of both sexes, which may be relieved by turpentine. I refer to the frontal headache, which is most apt to occur after prolonged mental effort, but may likewise be induced by unduly sustained physical exertion—what may be styled the headache of a fatigued brain. A cup of very strong tea often relieves this form of headache; but this remedy with not a few is perilous, for, bringing relief from pain, it may produce general restlessness, and, worst of all, banish sleep." Turpentine is also highly recommended for external application in sore throat, pleurisy, and kindred complaints.

A NEW THEORY OF THE AURORA.—The *English Mechanic* publishes the views of Dr. Wolfert, a German observer, on the nature and origin of the aurora borealis, which, it will be noticed, are based on speculations which do not connect the phenomenon with a magnetic or electric source. Dr. Wolfert says: "The sun's rays, falling on the earth, are variously reflected, according as they fall vertically or at an angle more or less obtuse. The earth being conceived as a large mirror, many of the obliquely incident rays will be reflected to a part of the celestial vault on the night-side of the earth." The zodiacal light he ascribes to the irregular reflection of the sunlight from water; and, similarly, the vast fields of ice in the polar regions, he considers, may be regarded as an imperfect mirror, irregularly reflecting the incident light. The rays which fall most obliquely are the most abundantly reflected; and as the quantity of reflected light increases with the angle of incidence, adds the author, we may see how the reflected sunlight illuminates in the highest degree the night skies of the region nearest the Pole; further, the great similarity of the incipient light of the aurora to moonlight is thus explained, the latter being also sunlight reflected.

The rays falling on the ice at an angle of 40° are, however, dispersed as well as reflected. It is commonly said that the point of origin of the aurora is indicated by the direction of the magnetic needle. More correctly, according to Dr. Wolfert, a line drawn from the sun at right angles to the horizon, and prolonged, would be the middle line of the phenomenon. On this supposition, an advance of the central part of the aurora to the north is explained.

PLATINUM FOR COINS.—The idea of platinum coinage continues to be a subject of discussion among the scientists of Europe. It is well known that no other metal, neither gold nor silver excepted, possesses so many of the qualities required, since, on account of its high specific gravity, it is proof against counterfeit, while its scarcity renders it intrinsically valuable, and its indestructibility fits it for constant use. It is now employed extensively in France for medals of various kinds, and successful experiments have been made for converting it into coin. It was used for money purposes in Russia previous to 1845; but, as the process of refining was not well understood, it was forbidden by imperial ukase.

Note, Query, Anecdote, and Incident.

"THE PEN MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD."—Bulwer's famous saying, which he puts into the mouth of Richelieu, that "the pen is mightier than the sword," is not original, at least not in the idea. A number of letters written by Oliver Cromwell have recently been found among the family papers of the descendant of one of his captains, with the device of a sword crossing a pen upon them, and the legend, "Ten to one the feather beats the iron."

A NERVOUS BACHELOR.—A gentleman of "elegant leisure," and a bachelor at that, has been amusing himself with matrimonial statistics, and reports that, out of two hundred marriages published in New England journals in one week, only two of the ladies had old-fashioned names—such as Mary and Susan. All the others were Mollies, Dollies, Pollies, Libbies, Tibbies, Biddies, Hatties, Patties, Matties, Lizzies, and so on. He says if he can hear of some girl with a familiar "Christian name," he shall "start for her."

DEVIL'S VERSES.—"Devil's verses" are so called from some peculiar trick in their arrangement, which it is difficult to imitate. For example, a line that reads the same forward and backward. One of the most remarkable specimens is the following, applied to the sacrifices of Cain and Abel:

"Sacrum pingue dabo, non macrum sacrificabo."

This, literally translated, signifies:

"I will offer a fat sacrifice, I will not sacrifice a lean offering;" and was applied to Abel.

Inverted, it thus applies to Cain:

"Sacrificabo macrum, non dabo pingue sacrum"—

"I will sacrifice a lean offering, I will not offer a fat sacrifice."

It is not a little curious that the first line, as applied to Abel, is a hexameter, which inverted, as applied to Cain, becomes a pentameter. But the most remarkable thing about it is, that read one way, it applies to one of the parties, and read the other way, it applies to the other, and embodies the dialogue which might be supposed to have occurred between them when the provocation was given which led to the first fratricide. There will probably be many men born into the world, competent to write a second "Paradise Lost," before there is one who can compose another line as remarkable as this. Its author is not known. It was found in an old cloister at Florence, and is attributed to some of the monks who occupied it.

ST. PATRICK.—According to the writers, St. Patrick was born near Dunbarton, in Scotland, about A. D. 377. When quite a youth, the age of sixteen, he was seized by some Irish marauders, and sold as a slave in Ireland. After five or six years of captivity, he escaped from his masters, and returned to the

land of his nativity. Having started on a journey to France, in a few months afterward, he was again captured by the Picts, and carried off by pirates, and sold at Bordeaux as a slave. When he obtained his freedom, he turned his attention to study, entered a monastery, and became a monk. He spent seven years in France and Italy, and was at the latter place ordained a priest. But his desire for the conversion of the Irish would not allow him to remain in any other work. Hence, in the year 432, at the advanced age of fifty-five, he landed on the coast of Ireland, and commenced his missionary labors in Lagenia, a province in the northern part of the island. His success as a missionary was very great, and his labors were very onerous. It is said that for several years he traveled on foot from place to place, slept on the ground, and toiled incessantly to establish Christianity in every part of Ireland. He made several journeys to Rome to obtain from the Pope persons to assist him in the missionary cause. When he had become infirm from age and excessive toil, it is said that even then "he preached daily, superintended the affairs for all the Churches, held a council annually, labored to civilize the nation, to impart to them letters, and performed every duty of a good shepherd, till, worn out with age and toil, he died, about A. D. 460, at the age of eighty-three." He is said to have erected, during his life-time, three hundred and sixty-five churches, consecrated about as many bishops, and to have ordained about three thousand priests.

A BIT OF FUN.—We clip the following laughable piece of nonsense from the Brewster *Standard*, where it is labeled, "A Putnam County Sewing-machine on a Spree." The reporter of that paper will pass:

"A Mr. Peck had long entertained the idea that he could invent a self-acting sewing-machine; and he did. He procured a steel ribbon-spring, about twenty feet long, and of sufficient power to run a horse-car. This he rigged on his wife's sewing-machine with a lot of clock-work; and it appeared to him, when he finished the job that evening, that he had realized his hopes: if any sewing-machine would go, that would; so he wound it up, ready for use in the morning, and went to bed. At four o'clock, Mrs. Peck aroused him, and told him to listen to the burglars in the house. He listened, and heard a most terrific racket in the sitting-room. It appeared to him that there must be a million burglars refreshing themselves with a prize-fight. So he loaded his gun—the trusty rifle with the telescope sight, which he uses at the Croton Falls shooting-matches—crept softly over, and peeped through a crack in the door. It was not burglars—it was Mrs. Peck's sewing-machine. The peg had slipped, and that spring was having full

play. It would rear the machine up on one end, and charge it three or four times, like a battering-ram, against the glass front of the book-case; then it would wheel around, and suddenly tear across the room, and butt up against the mantel-piece; and it would lie down and roll over the floor, and hammer the sofa, tear up the carpet, and boost the center-table, and try and jam a hole through the wall, and then endeavor to leap up on the chandelier. Then, as Peck entered the room, it flew at him, and tore in and out between his legs, the wheel revolving like lightning all the time, and the spring gradually unwinding. And then Peck retreated, and the family all got up, and got a mattress off the bed, with which they covered the machine, and sat on it for a while; but finally pushed it out of the window into the yard, where Peck piled boxes and ash-barrels and slop-buckets and fence-palings and Fred Hall's wagon-wheels on it, to keep it still. But all night, under the heap, it kept up a continual buzz and snort and hum, so that one of Mr. Birdsall's boarders fired at it sixteen times, under the impression that it was cats. Peck has presented his better-half with a new sewing-machine, and he is satisfied for her to run it with feet. He is taking a short vacation in the study of mechanics at present."

CARRYING THE CALENDAR.—Mr. W. W. Skeat, in the English *Notes and Queries*, writes:

"The easiest way of carrying in the memory a calendar for a year, is by observing the day of the month on which the first Sunday falls. Thus, the knowledge of the fact that the first Sunday in January, 1873, is the 5th, enables one to tell the day of the week corresponding to each day of January, with sufficient readiness. For the year 1873, one has, therefore, merely to remember these numbers following, where I arrange the months by threes:

522,641;

637,527.

"For this purpose, the following lines may serve as a *memoria technica*:

"*Five Twisters Twisting Six For One,*

Six Threads Seem Fine To Sever;

These words will show the days of Sun

Each month—if you be clever.

"The letters italicized are letters which easily recall the words *five, two, two; six, fo(u)r, one: six, three, seven; five, th(w)o, and seven.*

"Or, again, if we put A for 1, B for 2, C for 3, and so on, the following couplet on a young lady just 'coming out' will serve equally well:

"Each Beauty's Bloom Forth Dawns Apace;

Fit Caution Guards Each Beauty's Grace.

"Here *Fin* Fit means six; and the 6th of July is a Sunday."

ORANGE-FLOWERS AT BRIDALS.—The use of these flowers at bridals is said to be derived from the Saracens, or at least from the East, and they are believed to have been thus employed as emblems of fecundity. The introduction of the orange into England was previous to the days of chivalry. There is clear proof that orange-trees were growing in

England in the reign of Henry VII. French milliners would not probably have selected the orange-flower. It is not a beautiful flower—certainly inferior to white roses, lilies of the valley, snow-drops, and other things which may be regarded as appropriate. It was a universal mediæval custom to wear wreaths of flowers at weddings; and very natural it would be, in the south of Europe, to use the orange-blossom for the purpose. The flower and its use were both probably introduced to this country together.

ENGLAND'S GREAT DEBT.—This *treasure* commenced in the reign of William III. The war which began in 1689 being very expensive, and the grants of Parliament not supplying the money so fast as it was wanted, the expedient of mortgaging part of the public revenue was adopted. At first, the produce of particular taxes was assigned for repayment of principal and interest of the money borrowed. Large sums were also raised on life annuities and annuities for terms of years; and the funds established for payment, being generally inadequate to the charge upon them, occasioned great deficiencies, which, at the conclusion of the war, amounted to £5,160,459, and were charged on the continuation of various duties, which had been granted for short terms.

CHANGE IN FIFTY YEARS.—At the beginning of the present century, the population of Great Britain was below 11,000,000; it is now supposed to be upward of 20,000,000. The rental of land was then £26,000,000; and now it is not far from £50,000,000. The produce of wheat was twenty-four bushels per acre; now it is thirty-two. The exports were £36,000,000; now £63,000,000. The number of children in day-schools has increased from about 500,000 to 2,000,000; while Sunday-schools, the growth of the present century, number 2,000,000 of pupils. The stamps issued for newspapers were 16,000,000; and now they are 72,000,000.

THE STONES OF SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.—The marble stones which composed Solomon's Temple were said to be forty cubits long, twelve thick, and eight high. Supposing a cubit to be eighteen inches, which is the lowest estimate, they would be sixty feet long, eighteen thick, and twelve high. And supposing a cubic foot of marble to weigh 2,707 ounces, one of these stones weighed 2,715,038 pounds 12 ounces. If one man was able to raise 200 pounds, it required 13,500 men to raise one of these, and also a little boy who could raise 38 pounds 12 ounces. Supposing one man required one square yard to stand upon, it would require two acres, three rods, eleven perches, and twelve yards to stand upon while raising it, besides a place for a little boy to stand. What floats must have been necessary to carry them across to Joppa! What kind of teams as well as wagon do you suppose they had to carry these stones from Joppa to Jerusalem, which is about thirty miles, through a mountainous country? What skill was necessary to square and dress these immense stones, so that, when they were brought together, they fitted so exactly that they had the appearance of one stone?

Sideboard for the Young.

BEARING THE YOKE.

You have read in your Bibles, many times perhaps, the words, "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth." But did you ever stop to think what it means? what it means for yourselves? You may have seen, sometime, the farmer yoking his oxen—some of you see it very often—and you have wondered many times to see the great, strong ox leave the green pasture where he is feeding, and, in answer to his master's call, walk straight up to the yoke and bow his neck beneath it, and then go patiently to his long, hard day's work. Do you want to know why he is now so ready and obedient and patient in the doing of his hard tasks? It is because he bore the yoke in his youth. The farmer could not easily teach a full-grown ox to take the yoke upon himself so willingly, and to draw the great loads of hay and grain, and drag the heavy plow through the tough furrow, all while the sweet, green clover is growing in the pasture, where he would like to be. But he was taught young. He got used to the yoke long ago, and did easy tasks; and all the time, while he was getting older and stronger, his tasks grew harder and his yoke heavier, but he bears it more easily now; and the dragging of that great load of meadow-hay to the barn to-day, was very likely no harder task than the drawing of the little empty cart to which George, the farmer's boy, yoked him when he was a frisky little fellow and very hard to manage. For he did n't like the yoke at the beginning, you may be sure; nobody likes it any time, perhaps; boys and girls do n't like it; grown men and women do n't like it. But all can learn to bear it, and it is far better to begin early. Every body who lives to be a man or woman, has many hard things to learn and to do, and the sooner one begins the better. All the great scholars you ever heard of, and all the men who have ever done great deeds in the world, learned to bear the yoke in their youth. Ask any good shoemaker or blacksmith or engineer whom you know, and he will tell you that he learned his trade when he was a boy, and now you wonder to see how easy every thing comes to him. He spent a great many long, pleasant days of Spring and Summer at his hard, unpleasant work, when he would have liked to be playing ball or marbles, or hunting or fishing. But he learned early to bear the yoke of restraint and self-denial; and he has no doubt now that it was good for him.

I know a great many girls who do n't like to study. Very likely you do n't. When the Spring days come on, there are so many charming things to tempt you from your books. The woods are so inviting with anemones and trilliums, and so many other flowers, more than you can count; the birds are singing all the time, and you want to hear them and hunt their

pretty nests; the brook is livelier and more musical than ever, down in the meadow, and its banks are blue with violets; the sunshine never did seem so bright, and nothing, you are sure, ever was so beautiful; and you don't want to go to school, and sit at your dull desk, and learn difficult tasks—indeed you do n't—and it is n't pleasant; but remember, you must learn to bear the yoke. By and by, when you get bigger, you'll not want to be a dunce. Nobody likes to see a simple, or a foolish, or an ignorant woman, and you do n't want to be one. But learning is a slow, hard business, at best, to most of us, and all the best of what we know we must work for; and the steady work, done day after day and year after year, is the only work that is worth much, and brings us any thing to show for it. The poor slaves in the South, you know, had no chance to go to school when they were young, and now it makes one's heart ache to see old men and women trying so hard, and learning so little, after all. They did n't begin in time, you see; and now most of them can never get beyond the primer and easy speller. The mind gets strong, just as the body does, by use; and it is a good thing for a boy or a girl to have need of using both. Poverty is no bar to success. You have all heard of George Peabody, the rich banker, who did so many generous deeds. When he was fourteen years old, and lived in Massachusetts, he went alone upon a visit to relatives in Thetford, Vermont. Passing through Concord, New Hampshire, he stayed over night at Stickney's Tavern, and sawed wood to pay for his night's lodging.

Gladstone, the Prime Minister of England, was a poor boy, and learned to bear the yoke of work and study and self-denial in his youth, and so rose to his high place as a man. He had a schoolmate, Luke Harmer, the son of a rich merchant, who, three years ago, was appointed porter to Ormskirk Work-house. What made the difference, do you think? Ah, some of you who are rich, and have all you want, will have to climb fast and climb hard to keep out of the way of some of those who have few school advantages. It is not your advantages, but the use you make of them, which will tell on your future life.

Theodore Parker picked berries when a boy, to pay for his Latin Dictionary. He afterward came to know so much that he could almost carry a dictionary in his head.

Jared Sparks walked all the way from Connecticut to enter Phillips Academy, in Exeter, New Hampshire. He carried his cowhide shoes under his arm until he reached the village, when he stopped and put them on. He was afterward President of Harvard College.

Governor Jewell, of Connecticut, our present Minister to Russia, was a tanner's boy, and worked with

his father at his trade till he was twenty years old.

And Vice-President Wilson, when ten years old, was apprenticed for eleven years. He never had so much as a dollar at a time during his apprenticeship; and when this was over, he left with all he had in a pack on his back, and went to work at six dollars a month.

"Needful austerities the will restrain,
As thorns fence in the tender plant from harm."

So don't be afraid of poverty; it will never harm any one who is bent on doing and being something.

One must learn, too, to bear the yoke of obedience in youth. Bad, disobedient boys make bad, ungovernable men. Great criminals do not come from the ranks of those who learned to obey in youth. Keeping the commands of parents and teachers makes it easy to keep the laws of the land. I once knew a big, ugly boy in school, who would never mind his teacher or obey his mother, and who took delight in frightening us younger scholars by throwing stones at us and tormenting us in various ways. A short time ago, in a fit of passion, he killed a man in a distant part of the country, and fled for his life. Just what one might have expected. He did not bear the yoke in his youth, and he could not learn to do it afterward. Idle boys and girls make idle men and women. That is one reason why so many sons of rich men die poor. They can not learn to work, or deny themselves the pleasures and luxuries they love, when they come to be men. "It is good for a man to bear the yoke in his youth."

Christ's "yoke is easy," and the sooner it is worn the better—the yoke of love and trust, of obedience and service. Begin in youth to do something for Christ every day; something for Christ's poor; something to make somebody happier or more comfortable; something for a little child; something to make more easy and happy the life of one of the many animals God has made and has care for; be on the lookout always to do some little service, such as a child or youth can do, in God's great world, where he expects every body to do something,—and when you have grown to be a man or a woman, good deeds will be easy to do, habit will make the doing delightful, and your life will be blessed to yourself and others. "The child is father of the man," once said a great poet. Try to remember it when you are tempted to do some mean or cruel deed, and restrain yourself. Remember it when you feel idle, and wish you had nothing to do, and could have every thing you want; and resolve that what you desire and mean to be when you are a man or woman, you will begin to be here to-day.

FOUR EARS.

"CHILDREN have four ears," so said Rev. Dr. Caruthers, of Portland, at a children's meeting in his church many years ago. He was saying a word to the children to secure their attention to those who were to address them. "Children have four ears," said he; "their eyes are ears; they hear with their

eyes. If I see a child looking at the speaker, I know that he hears him."

Remember this always, when any one is speaking to you, for it will be far pleasanter for the speaker; and, if you listen in this way, you will get the very best things any body has to tell you. Almost every body likes to talk to a good listener, and you can't listen very well without looking. But if you look straight at the speaker, he will see that you wish to hear, and will do his best to give you something worth hearing and remembering. You know how it is. If you begin to tell a story, or to give an account of something you have seen or heard, and nobody looks at you, or seems to mind what you are saying, it is very hard for you to go on at all, and you have a miserable time of it, and stop talking, if you are wise, as soon as possible. But how easy it is to talk when you are sure of good attention! and, somehow, you can tell your story a great deal better, and can say every thing better, all because somebody's listening eyes are helping you so. An eloquent minister said to me, not long ago, that two or three good listeners, who always look straight at him, help him very much in his preaching. "I preach better sermons for my whole congregation," he said, "for just those two or three who hear every word I say, and seem to care what I preach." Think of that when you go to church next Sunday, or when you go to Sunday-school. Your teacher will say more and better things to you, if you do; so will the superintendent and any stranger who may address you. Remember it in conversation, and every body whom you meet will like to talk to you, and you will learn a great many things well worth your knowing, and gain a great deal that your careless companions, with only two ears, will miss.

I know just such a little girl to-day, seven years old, with very large, bright blue eyes—bright, I think, because she uses them so much. And if any of us want a good account of what happened at the day-school or the Sunday-school or a Fourth of July celebration or a picnic, or if we want to hear any good story repeated which she has ever heard, we ask Lulu Kate; for we know very well that she listened with four ears all wide open. And good listeners are generally good talkers too; for what we hear well, we remember well, and what we remember well, we can tell well. So begin early to form the habit of close attention, of listening with ears and eyes; and and it will be worth more to you in your life-time than you have any idea of now.

A SWEET ANSWER.

A LITTLE boy and girl, each five years old, were playing by the roadside. The boy became angry at something, and struck his playmate a sharp blow on the cheek, whereupon she sat down and began to cry. The boy stood looking on a minute, and then said:

"I did n't mean to hurt you Katie. I am sorry."

The little girl's face brightened instantly. The sobs were hushed, and she said:

"Well, if you are sorry, it do n't hurt me."

Contemporary Literature.

THE old, old wail, old as the days of the expulsion of Eve from Paradise, *What to Wear*, comes to us in wailing measure from the pen of Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, author of the popular novel, "Gates Ajar," and one of the most forceful female writers in America. It is a volume of less than a hundred pages (from the press of Osgood & Co., Boston; George E. Stevens, Cincinnati); originally a lecture before the New England Woman's Club, then a series of articles in the New York *Independent*, and now a book in six sections, all on the evils of woman's style of dress, and how to remedy them. At present, woman's dress is productive only of discomfort, bad taste, bad health, bad morals. It needs regeneration. Miss Phelps points out its defects, and suggests modes of reform. Her pamphlet is for the million, and should be read and pondered by every philanthropist and religionist. Every now and then a secular topic is broached of such general interest, and handled with such consummate ability, that it deserves to be published by the tract societies and scattered broad-cast over this continent.

"*He Cometh Not*" (Harper & Brothers), by Annie Thomas—Mrs. Pender Cudlip—author of a dozen similar works, and a great passion-painter.

MEMOIRS, journals, diaries, letters, written while events are fresh in the mind, have a peculiar charm. Colonel J. W. Forney has made a fine addition to this species of literature in the publication (Harper & Brothers, Robert Clarke & Co.) of a volume of *Anecdotes of Public Men*, ranging from the days of Franklin Pierce to General Grant. These reminiscences are requiem-like, so many of the actors in the stirring political drama of the past thirty years are already dead. One of the many points brought prominently into notice in this entertaining volume is the number of politicians who, during the life-time of a generation, have shifted sides in politics. Colonel Forney's sketches seem to indicate that "consistency is a jewel" politicians can seldom afford to wear.

Olive; or, One Year at the Nest, is a little story of a little girl, to interest little girls and boys, to whom it is most affectionately dedicated by the author, Mrs. C. A. Munson. Published by N. Tibbals & Sons, New York.

Lionel's Courage and Florence Rewarded, are the third and fourth of the Hollywood Series, written by Dr. Wise, under the *nom de plume* Francis Forrester, and published by Perkinpine & Higgins, Philadelphia. Dr. Wise knows how to talk to boys, and how to make boys and girls talk in his stories as boys and girls talk when at their sports or firesides. He is full of life and fun and incident.

Wit and Wisdom of George Eliot. (Roberts Brothers, Boston; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.) If you can't make a book out of your own brains, wit, and wisdom, it is a cheap way to make one out of the brains of another. Here is a dish of cream skimmed from the rich yield of one of the creamiest writers of the day. One is here saved the trouble of wading through half a dozen different novels. Some one has done it, and marked the most striking passages, transferred them to a commonplace-book, and then to the printed volume; and here we have five or six hundred choice extracts, and half as many topics, carefully indexed for our profit and delectation.

The Hour and the Man, a republication of one of Miss Harriet Martineau's historical romances, first published more than thirty years ago, of which Toussaint is the hero, St. Domingo the theater, and the deliverance of the blacks from slavery is the theme. The negro chieftain, the Napoleon of the West, is represented as equal, if not superior, to the great Corsican, in moral qualities if not in intellect. The thirst of the French for gold, and the belief in fabulous amounts of concealed treasure, was as strong three-quarters of a century ago, and just as cruelty-inciting and delusive, as with the Spaniards two centuries before. Toussaint's imprisonment and death in the solitary Castle of Joux was as tragic as that of Bonaparte in St. Helena, and apparently far less deserved.

Woman Man's Equal, by Thomas Webster, D. D. (Hitchcock & Walden.) A volume that gives a conscientious exhibit of the power woman has exhibited wherever she has had opportunity in past ages. If the book has any defect, it is in not grappling with the woman question as it exists to-day. It is thoroughly suggestive of what woman may do, by showing what woman has done and can do.

THE announcements made in our papers and magazines, of new inventions and discoveries in the arts and sciences are apt to be lost or forgotten; but, if gathered up and printed in book-form, become available for reference and use at any time. *The Annual Record of Science and Industry for 1872*, edited by Spencer F. Baird, and published by Harper & Brothers, New York, secures this advantage to us; for with painstaking labor, and a judicious selection of the most important scientific and industrial facts, on the part of the editor, we have a most excellent book. In addition to the general summary of progress, we have presented to us the principal facts of the year under the departments of Mathematics and Astronomy, Physics and Meteorology, Chemistry and Metallurgy, Geology, Geography, Natural History, Botany, Agriculture, Household Economy, Technology, Medicine, etc. The work is valuable for the general

reader as well as for those more especially interested in the study of the general sciences. For sale in Cincinnati by Robert Clarke & Co.

THE best text-books are those which are prepared by practical teachers from their experience in the school-room. The wants and necessities of the pupils are better provided for, and instruction can be more easily imparted. If, instead of the old-fashioned, cumbrous Latin books which we studied in our college-days, we had used such a one as *A Grammar of the Latin Language*, by Professor G. K. Bartholomew (published by Wilson, Hinkle & Co., of this city), we should have saved ourselves much labor and our teachers much vexation. This book has been prepared in the class-room; and the methods of instruction indicated are in general the results of the author's long experience in teaching Latin. We are glad to see that he uses what is called the *Roman* system of pronunciation—a system which in the main, years ago, we used in our own classes, and which we prefer to all others on account of its simplicity and uniformity. We gave the consonant sound of *v*, however, the same as in the English; being represented nearly by the Greek *digamma*, of which, in many words, it is the representative, as in *vinum*, *vesperus*, etc., and *qu*, as in *piquant*: thus, *equus*—*ekus*; *qui*—*ke*. There are several new features in this text-book which commend themselves

to our judgment; and we cordially recommend it to others.

CATALOGUES.—*Wesleyan University*, Joseph Cummings, D. D., LL. D., President. Faculty, 12; students, 189. *Ohio Wesleyan University*, Frederick Merrick, D. D., LL. D., President. Faculty, 11; students, 419. *Pittsburg Female College*, I. C. Pershing, D. D., President. Faculty, 26; students, 289. *Ohio Wesleyan Female College*, P. S. Donelson, D. D., President. Faculty, 10; students, 351. *Hillsboro Female College*, Rev. J. M. Mathews, D. D., President. Faculty, 6; students, 70. *Cincinnati Wesleyan College*, Lucius H. Bugbee, D. D., President. Faculty, 17; students, 317. *DePauw College*, Erastus Rowley, D. D., President. Faculty, 6; students, 75. *Cottage Hill Seminary*, Poughkeepsie, New York; C. C. Wetsell, Principal. *Illinois Female College*, W. H. De Motte, President. Faculty, 13; students, 130. *University of Nebraska*, Allen R. Benton, LL. D., President. Faculty, 5; students 123. *Ripley Female College*, Poultney, Vermont; John Newman, D. D., President. *Lasell Female College*, Auburndale, Massachusetts; Charles W. Cushing, Principal. Faculty, 10; students, 46. *Cornell College*, William F. King, D. D., President. Faculty, 15; students, 353. *Boston University*, William F. Warren, D. D., President. Faculty, 40; students, 177.

Our Letter-Bag.

SHAVINGS FROM THE CAPITAL.—*In Memoriam—Mount Vernon*.—It was Fourth of July. For the sake of the old-time fire-crackers and girls and speeches and basket-dinners, and such delightful humbug, let us ever say that it was the "glorious" Fourth. And now that the annual cracker is again in our ears, and the squib-tortured air floats upward through my open window, the mind refuses curb, and the voice of early days struggles and jostles for predominance. My dream carries me to a snug old farm-house, half buried among the forest oaks and untrimmed cedars. Around are the evidences of thrift and rural comfort. A stout rail-fence incloses a liberal yard, which never knew the flaming sword, "Keep off the grass!" From the slender hickory planted near the gate floats a patch-work flag, the jolly stars and stripes. I see myself, a tow-headed, pug-nosed urchin, dressed in but two garments—one hung lightly by a single suspender—dashing down the path to fling it to the morning breeze. It was the "glorious Fourth" then. The morning has not yet fairly broken, when we stealthily prepare the first explosion, which is to startle an innocent family from their slumbers. Upon its success hung a large share of the day's pleasure. It was one of the glories. And what if it should fizzle! It hung by a single thread, and that thread filled with powder.

But we trusted and trembled, and a failure was never known. There is no pity in our heart. A subdued scratching of the fatal match, a touch, a dash around the corner, a holding of the breath, and from that empty barrel comes a ringing crash which depopulates the beds for miles around! Glorious! We roll in the grass, black in the face from suspended respiration. Had it failed, we might have been these several years in a region of perpetual Fourth of July, where every body takes a hand in the fireworks. For from within come timid shrieks, incoherent expostulation, and rather heavily laden English, with the unanimous opinion that the worst boy that has ever been permitted to exist has certainly gone crazy. To escape such an unhappy conclusion, we let off a full bunch of crackers, shifting the responsibility on a score of howling dogs. Then come Ed and Gordon and Harry and Em and Mary and Lide, in disjointed Sunday attire, eager to take part in the fun. Nobody thinks of eating until, with smiling reproof, our mother intimates that those who go to the picnic will want breakfast. A half-digested meal, with many calculating glances at the huge corn-basket being filled with lunch; an excited running to and fro for the last touches of dress; a careful cross-examination as to chores; a constant cry of, "There goes" so and so, as the farmers' wagons, overloaded

with gay country folk, went rapidly by,—then our shining team, shying and prancing at the unusual noises, stands at the gate. The seats of the new spring-wagon are so close that knees are in familiar relationship with backs, and four bare feet dangle behind—a ridiculous mass of mixed humanity, with two pairs of diminutive underpinning. And thus we move off, amid the general lamentation of pigs and kittens, leaving no other unhappy hearts behind. The wind is fresh; the golden wheat bows its rich, ripe head in gentle, undulating waves; the corn rustles its leaves of darker green; the sun rises fierce and hot; the wheels sink into the powdered earth, sending the sandy spray in a cloudy, eddying wake. Uncomfortable enough we sit, in seats of three-inch back, and clothes of seventh-day starchiness. What care we for sun and dust? Here we are among the great oaks, among the baskets and benches, among the dinners and diners. A little man is tearing his hair, and grasping at the clouds over the Declaration of Independence, while a large number of elderly people occupy the benches with becoming patience. We scatter away to our "sets," where we expend the remains of our ammunition, and play "ring," "Copenhagen," and kindred games. Then came dinner; and was not such a dinner glorious? What wonder the memory thereof floats in upon the pregnant air of another and so widely different Fourth! The boys of to-day are as the boys of yesterday. When the same years of change, of hay-field, of battle-field, of joy, and of sorrow, shall have intervened, they, too, will see with other eyes, and hear with other ears.

A truce to dreams. I said it was the Fourth. I may particularize, and mention that it was early morning of that natal day—the place Washington. Instead of fields and woods, around us rose the glowing brick; the voices of the farm were ably represented by the clatter of hacks and drays, and the explosive music of gunpowder and newsboys. We endeavor to think kindly of the boy who threw a handful of torpedoes in our basement. We are morally certain that boy wore one suspender, and was instigated by the devil. But when an exhausted rocket-stick plunges through our Mansard sky-light, we form the hasty conclusion that it must be the old gentleman himself. Our friend, Captain S., of H. B. M. service, happening in at this juncture, we were uncertain as to whether we had not collided with the Royal Navy. Would hardly have evinced surprise had the gallant captain been followed by the jib-boom of the *Peruvian*. He had dropped down from Baltimore, he said, to see the Fourth of July. But we objected on the ground of plate-glass, which he said was "too thin." Producing a blackened wand, he wanted to know—"Certainly," said I, "that's the Fourth." If that was the fourth this early in the morning, he only desired to express his regrets, and return to his vessel. His policy had run out; in fact, he was n't well. He thought the country was what an innocent sailor needed. When did the cars start for Mount Vernon? When he was informed that no cars ran to Mount Vernon, he

thought we ought not to take advantage of a poor sailor's ignorance; but it was rather a good joke for me. My assurance that we could go by boat considerably mollified him. We suggested a walk around town to see things. But he thought he had already seen more than he had come to see—saw more than he'd ever seen at sea. Thought he was in Georgia, at first; the effect of some of our native poetry, "Hell's broke loose in Georgia." Had witnessed two glorious fights, between two men gloriously drunk; saw two boys deprived of as many coat-tails and adjacent cuticle; met a man inquiring the price of imported glass-eyes; and two others with no fingers to speak of,—all before breakfast. We would go to Mount Vernon. He had a tear of sympathy for "George," which he had carried from childhood, and now desired to shed; but feared lest some untoward July frost should nip its tenderness, some patriotic stick, descending, should overturn the cup of sorrow. His bold British father had long since paid homage to the memory of one to whom, living, his father had surrendered up his ship. He said the worst they might wish him now was, that he were yet alive—to draw his back pay and Mobilier dividends, and to be torn with annual remorse in memory of the day on which he had kicked his mother country.

We went. We "stood upon the burning deck" of the "fast and commodious steamer *Arrow*," silently pondering the story of Casabianca. Modern philosophy had weakened our faith in that story, and now it slipped from our moral grasp forever. The *Arrow* was not so rapid as its name would indicate, but with a fair current would shake a canal-boat. The generous sun poured its chaste beams on all alike—negro, African, the colored gentleman, the Britisher, and the rest of us. We fain would have sat down, but the captain's objections were color; and, indeed, there was some color for his objections. There was a great deal of both on board. The "colonel" of the boat (he was from Virginia) took a great fancy to our royal duck, and gave him the run of the quarter-deck. This *esprit de corps* was all the more touching, since there was only room on it for one at a time. It was not a place for exercise. The second officer (the barkeeper) volunteered some useful information about navigation, but set such a poor example personally, it would be unsafe to follow. Down by the ancient city of Alexandria, under the guns of Fort Washington, we steamed, puffed, and sweltered. It was not until we had put in at the little dilapidated wharf, and clambered up the old hill, stopping now and then to sit on the roots of trees which seemed to bear the marks of George's hatchet, that we felt the fresh-smelling atmosphere of the country, and congratulated ourselves on leaving the capital so far behind. Forgive us for alluding to that hatchet; it is hackneyed. But so is every thing at Mount Vernon, perhaps by George; the whole place seems cut up about him. Then we were shown through the old mansion—after carefully depositing the captain's tear at the tomb—sitting on the old corded bed on which the venerable *pater patriæ* breathed his last. We tried to imagine how he looked, getting into

those skin-tights, in which history has enveloped his shapely limbs, in time for a fire or the early train. The glib usher pointed out the various parts of the room: where George had sat with his feet upon the wooden mantel; his observatory; his little table; the place where he trimmed his corns and picked his teeth,—the usher knew all about George. He said no person had ever occupied that room but G. W. We pointed to the unmistakable marks on the bed, and he succumbed. George's skin was pervious, after all. No wonder he died there.

The grounds about are high, and slope rapidly toward the river. In the rear, are delightful elms and hedges of box-wood. The view from the brow of the hill is picturesque, embracing river and hills and fort and far-away city. A row of bricks in the old court are occupied by the old body-servants of Washington. They all remember him. They will tell you more history in which they and George figure, in a few hours' conversation, than Bancroft has ever written about the United States. George was a wonderful child, but his body-servants are still more remarkable. They chew tobacco and smoke and lie, and live. Poor G. W. was virtuous and great and good, and told the truth, and—died. We stagger under the conclusion. After listening to the usher's glowing tribute to departed greatness—which sounded strangely familiar, though we can't remember just where we had read it—we wandered out on the shady lawn, and, reclining on the green, lazily watched the sails afar off toward the city, and mused upon the olden time, upon ushers, and where we were to get our dinner. It was not unpleasant to feel that every body took such an interest in us; but when interest is sure to affect your principal, it loses its Christian savor. Like lawyers, they all wanted fees; yet, unlike lawyers, the less brief the more fee. It requires a great deal of blunt language to shake off this sort of vermin. They have an especial lien on blue and gold, and our friend S. suffered intensely. He said it was a constant cry of "all hands to repel boarders."

It was with a succession of deep-drawn sighs, however, that we were called from that delicious shade to the hot decks of the *Arrow*, for the homeward trip. We finally arrive, considerably frayed out at the edges, and from the cool parlors, and over the ices of Welker's, resolve against excursions and Fourth of July.

MURRAY.

A MISSION.—Jane Inglewood's sister, Christie, of whom she tells you in the June number of the *REPOSITORY*, known to the literary world (though not particularly to Crocker's Literary World of Boston) as Anna Sherwood, wishes to be understood, this pleasant July morning, as begging the favor of a little corner in the Letter-bag. It is not my purpose to give my experience as a "blue-stocking," after the manner of "M." and sister Inglewood, although it might be interesting to some, and possibly somewhat instructive. Jane has given the public to understand that I'm a country girl (I wonder she did not say "old maid"); that I am an invalid; that I eschew

animal food; that I don't make a hobby of dress; that I'm "rather apt to talk;" and so many other things, as to drive me to the conclusion that the public knows more about me now than I know about myself. And if it were myself, as an individual, of which I wished to speak, I should be utterly dismayed and at a loss to find any thing to say. But as it is my purpose to show forth a few sensible ideas and general truths, and only make use of myself as a sort of frame-work, whereon to hang some of them, that they may be the better seen and appreciated, I feel encouraged to believe there is still something left unsaid. Not wishing to disgust you with my "gift of continuance" the first time, I will at present confine my remarks to the subject of Dress; leaving, until some future time, the other points in Jane's letter which I would like to take up.

Sister Jane claims that a woman must be famous in order to dress as she pleases. I claim that if I am only plain, unpretending Christie —, I have the same right to consult my own comfort and convenience that I would have were I Anna Dickinson or Queen Victoria. My individuality is to me, I take it, much the same as theirs to them. In establishing my right to dress as I will, I have only to teach the public to expect it; and whether the public approves and applauds or not, it has no alternative but to allow me the privilege. And this is exactly what a famous woman must do, only her public is the world and mine but an insignificant handful. She must teach the world that, in the matter of dress, her own taste and comfort will be consulted first, and its opinion afterward, if at all; and the world will soon learn not to expect her to cater to its fluctuating opinions and prejudices; and will generously accord her

"The glorious privilege
Of being independent."

In the same manner, I must teach the insignificant handful that I will not be ruled and guided by its unstable notions rather than my own sense of right and the fitness of things; and, like the famous woman's world, the insignificant handful will very soon graciously permit me to pursue the even tenor of my way unmolested.

Sister Inglewood, in her city home, feels compelled to dress in a way that will be pleasing to the thousand strange eyes she may encounter on the street and in public assemblies; and, when I visit her, no doubt she is made ashamed because I have no such high sense of duty. My sisterly heart may ache that I must needs be the innocent cause of pain and mortification to her; but I fail utterly to see what those strange eyes are to me, that I must undergo tortures in my own person, and rifle the purse of my aged father, just for one indifferent glance. I'm nothing to those people. They will go their way, and never cast a thought after me. Then why strain every nerve on their account, when it makes no manner of difference to them or me whether they think, as they give me a passing glance, "She's fashionably dressed," or "She's not fashionably dressed?" I am able to understand that my appearance may be

a matter of interest to Jane and Sophronia, and that it would be painful to them to see me look like a fright; and if I had any wish to appear ridiculous (which I certainly have not, or I'd patronize bustles, etc.), I would feel it a duty to put aside the inclination, and avoid inflicting needless pain. But to those who will see me but once, and that for but a moment only, my appearance certainly can not be the occasion of pain, and I do not feel that I owe them any thing in this regard. I do not observe but that I am treated with as much respect by all the persons with whom I come in contact, as are those who pant inside of corsets, limp in tight shoes, and ache from head to foot under the weight they carry on head and back, in order to present what they are pleased to consider a genteel appearance. I have not the least desire to control those persons who wish to dress in the extreme of fashion; I wish to do as I please in these matters, and I freely accord this privilege to all others. When we can not avoid evils altogether, it is the part of wisdom to choose the least. With many persons the peculiarities of the mind are such that the inconvenience of *any thing*, no matter how ugly or absurd, is as nothing compared with the pain of being unfashionable. With others, the slight inconvenience of being unfashionable is as nothing compared with the actual pain of being burdened with the fashionable follies of the present day. Thus, each woman must decide for herself which is the greater and which the lesser evil, and choose accordingly.

Now, if to my sister Jane the greater evil is being unfashionable, let her put up with all the inconveniences that fashion dictates. I have not a word to say, only that, though she may choose to put up with them herself, she has no right to say I shall. If to

me the greater evil seems that of following the fashions, let me put up with the inconveniences of not doing so; but let me hold my peace, and not say Jane or Sophronia, or any other woman, shall do as I do.

I believe it to be a part of my mission in the world to point out to girls the evils of lacing. And I think I can fulfill my mission without imposing upon myself the duty of dictating as to the cut of each garment, number of ruffles, quantity of false hair, etc. I did not make the world, and I'm glad of it, for I do not feel capable of managing it in every particular. If I can aid in destroying one great evil, it is as much, perhaps, as I can expect. If there are any women who can wear corsets without injury, I have nothing to say to them. But of all foolish things this world contains, *girls* are unmistakably the most foolish; and I do know that, whatever women may do, not one girl in ten thousand has sense enough to be trusted with a corset. While utterly heedless and unmindful of the advice of those older and wiser than themselves, to whom they fancy they look up with the most profound regard, the counsel of some silly, wasp-waisted, fashionable crony, for whom they have not a particle of respect, is law and Gospel to them. She whispers, "You are *so* large round the waist!" and immediately the corset-strings are drawn tighter. Do not you, my dear doctor, wish that you, in your peculiar mission, could acquire an influence so potent that, with half a dozen words for each, you could entice every girl you know into the right path? I wish I could. But no; you and I must talk volumes, and then fail in nine cases out of every ten. But I did not design *writing* a volume at present; so, although I have not said all I'd like to, I will close, and if you wish to hear the rest, you can call on

ANNA SHERWOOD.

Editor's Table.

"WHAT TO WEAR."—The essay of Miss Phelps will raise a transient wave on the social surface. It is hardly to be expected that any permanent reform will grow out of her animated discussion of the vexed topic. Woman still insists on being "dressed to kill," though "six new diseases have come into existence with the styles of dress which require the wearing of multitudinous and heavy skirts." Miss Phelps expresses the hopelessness of every effort of common sense, philanthropy, and religion to stay the tide of extravagance in female apparel when she says: "We have railed at frills and flounces, we have written columns at trains and ear-rings, we have exhausted breath in denouncing five-thousand-dollar shawls and *décolleté* dresses; and 'lovely woman' has only added a ruffle to our every word, a jewel to our every line, deducted from the top of her dress and added to the bottom, with one to carry, for every spasm of reproof, exhortation, or persuasion." Hear

her again: "The girl of the period is one panorama of awful surprises from top to toe. Her clothes characterize her—she never characterizes her clothes. She is upholstered, not ornamented; bundled, not draped; puckered, not folded. She struts, she does not sweep. She has not one of the attributes of nature nor of proper art: she neither soothes the eye like a flower, nor pleases it like a picture. She wearies it like a kaleidoscope: she is a meaningless dazzle of broken effects." We have no room for her description of a "brown alpaca dress," on page seven, but would like to transcribe it entire. On page fifteen she says: "For myself, I never feel thoroughly ashamed of being a woman except when glancing over a large, promiscuous assembly, and contrasting the simplicity, solidity, elegance, and good sense of a man's apparel with the affectation, the flimsiness, the tawdriness, the imbecility of woman's." "A long train of doleful diseases follows

the confinement of women to the needle or the treadle." "For one stitch necessary to keep soul and body together, probably twenty, in these days, go to frill and flounce, ruffle and tuck, embroider and braid." "I spent one hundred hours," said an educated and cultivated lady recently, "in embroidering my Winter suit." It is a question easier asked than answered, dear, earnest Miss Phelps, "What can we do about it?" Mankind at large, and women in particular, are such slaves to fashion! It requires the whole force of the United States Government to keep its ministers at foreign courts dressed in plain black suits; and the whole *prestige* of the Government could not help the exclusion of a minister from the levee of the meanest dukedom of Continental Europe, if he should happen to present himself before the master of ceremonies in a genteel frock, instead of the prescribed ugly swallow-tail. All the moral power of the Republic can not avail to force the wife of one of its ministers into a levee in cold Russia, unless she comes in a low-necked dress and with bare arms. The stove-pipe hat and high-heeled boots and shoes, swallow-tailed coat, tight pants, and choking neck-ties are perennial abominations. Yet we men stick to them obstinately, age after age.

Can we wonder, therefore, at the "sisters," if the sterner sex has so little independence? With all this inherent ugliness of individual parts, man's dress, as a whole, has that element of beauty which woman's so frequently lacks—simplicity. The form of dress is settled by the question, What is dress for? Drapery is a social and climatal necessity; it is often a physical incumbrance. State dress, dress for show, may be one thing; it is quite another thing to dress for work or war, boat-rowing or a fire. The dress of woman is repressive—as confining as the walls of the harem or the cramped foot of the Celestial. It presupposes idleness. Like the uncut fingernails of the Chinese gentleman, it proclaims gentility—signs to all beholders that the wearer has nothing to do. In this work-a-day age, this age of mechanism and motion, man is regarded as a machine for use. Clothes are instinctively adapted to trades, professions, callings. The question is, whether woman is for use or for show. If for show, Miss Phelps's tirades about long dresses and dragging trains in the horse-cars, muddy streets, and dusty sidewalks, are all wasted; for the full-dressed lady has no more business in any of these places than the Chinese lady has outside of a sedan. With a portion of society, the question of expense is no question. Extravagance is a relative term. With the wealthy, it is a set object, a life ambition, to expend—the more expense the better. They have the means, and can afford to use them. They will have none but the most expensive articles. The evidences to the public that some man has made money are the dresses of his wife and daughters. They are walking lay-figures—peripatetic advertisements of jewelry and dry goods. Such will always seek to be distinguished by their clothes. They will seek, not the arena of wit, intellect, information, genuine social

intercourse, but the battle-ground of competition in tulle and laces; the jam, the crush, the bare, rapid compliment, insipid commonplaces, and infinite surprises in colors, textures, cuts, fits, jewelry, cosmetics, and costumes. If woman is henceforth to play doctor, minister, politician, farmer, tradesman, and sailor, she must, like the feminine skaters on the Dutch canals, or the field-women of the Celestial Empire, dress in styles that will defy mud and snow and rain, and such as will give free and easy play to the limbs, and enable her to work or walk or run or row or ride, without let, hinderance, or tripping. Woman's ruling passion is for ornament. Herbert Spencer reminds us that "ornamentation precedes dress;" that a woman of some savage tribes, who feels no shame at her nude condition, would not dare to go abroad without being hideously tattooed. It is hard to convince the woman of civilization that earrings are as great deformities in the eyes of pure taste as nose-rings; and that gold and silver and jeweled bracelets are as tawdry as the anklets of the less civilized races. The change of "fashions" is a theme of constant marvel, constant reprehension, by the philosophic, and moral and perpetual satire and ridicule by the caustic and the cynical; and yet they change. Beauty is the ostensible object and the great end sought after. Beauty is that which it is the object and aim of one and all to find and express; and yet how often do human ideas culminate in sheer ugliness! One of the marvels lying back of every monstrosity in dress or decoration is, that, however ugly it may seem to others, with the author of the monstrosity it is his or her ideal of beauty—his or her notion of perfection. The lady leader of the *ton* had the ideal of a "love of a thing," and thinks she has expressed it in some new creation, fearful to all beholders. Use gives a species of comeliness even to deformity. Ugly as a style may be on its first appearance, we tolerate it, get used to it, and finally prefer it to change. But, in civilized and Christian lands to-day, "fashion" is a passion; and change is the law of dress, as it is the law of the heavens and the seasons. If beauty succeeded to beauty, this would be endurable, if not desirable. But in female apparel and adornment, barbarism reigns—Miss Phelps tells us—to the perpetuation of "bad taste, bad morals, bad hygiene;" deformities heir deformities, and uglinesses rain, like toads in showers, out of every passing cloud. The corsets (*Anglice* cussed), the crinolines, the bustles, the panniers; the heavy, dragging, multitudinous skirts; the "rats," the pyramids of false hair and jute; the apologies for hats, now stuck so far back as to suggest a waiter following behind with the hat on a tray, and now pushed far forward at such an angle that the ungainly pile of velvet and feathers looks as it were about to take a slide down the wearer's nose—(it would not surprise us next to see the thing hung on one ear)—faugh! what a catalogue! We do not wonder that Miss Phelps is disgusted, and cries out in agony for halt and reform. Heaven send again the scoop-shovel bonnets and drab dresses of the early Methodists and Quakers!

OUR PICTURES.—A beautiful thing is "Gathering Flowers," painted by Kraus, and engraved by Wellstood. "Cat Mountain, Lake George," from a point opposite Bolton, is engraved by Wellstood, from a picture loaned for the express purpose by the gifted artist, D. Johnson. Both are in the first style of art, execution, and effect.

CINCINNATI INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION.—We have received the Report of the Commissioners of the Third Industrial Exhibition, held in this city last Autumn. The success of the exhibitions of industrial art and manufactures has been so great, that the managers hope to repeat them annually; and this year, in the month of September, they hold their Fourth Exposition. It will be even better than before; and will, besides the various products of modern art and industry, contain specimens of natural history, horticulture, antiquities, geology, etc.

THE CINCINNATI CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.—Any creation of female genius or enterprise always commends itself to our favorable consideration. We therefore notice with pleasure the Musical Institute of Miss Clara Baur and its able corps of instructors, among whom we see the name of Conductor Otto Singer, late of Theodore Thomas's orchestra, but now a resident of this city.

THE BOOKS of to-day have one paramount object, and that is, to put money in the pockets of their authors and publishers. There is a book, published in by-gone centuries, the sole design of whose author was to improve the heart—a book that has survived many wrecks of literature, and whose benefits shall survive the wreck of time; a book that embodies faithful history, splendid poetry, philosophy of character and philosophy of morals; the record of human folly and human wisdom; the awful record of the experiences of Deity; the only record that reaches back to that point in eternity when God sat alone in the solitude of his own existence; the only book that records futurity, that points to the period when material worlds shall have been resolved into their original nothingness, and when the surges of chaos shall once more chafe sullenly the shores of heaven and the walls of hell. Peruse this book. Acquaint thyself with history, poetry, philosophy, science, and art, but forget not the book that records the exalted dignity and destiny of man, the history of eternity, and the name of God.

CURIOUS PHENOMENON.—Ten years ago, an intimate friend of ours had a bit of personal experience which he has often thought of writing out and communicating to some medical or physiological journal as a possible curiosity. It may not be uninteresting to the readers of the REPOSITORY. In 1863, our friend began to be conscious of a roaring in the left ear, which seemed to premonish approaching failure of the auditory organs and possible deafness. It has not, however, sensibly increased up to the present time. For some months during 1864, while he was stationed as pastor at a church in an Eastern city, the left tympanum got entirely out of tune with the

right. In the conference-room, he would hear two persons praying or speaking at the same time, whenever one prayed or spoke who occupied a place on the side of the house next to the left or affected ear. At a camp-meeting that Summer, being in the woods a little distance from the service during the singing, a distinct alto was heard which, he was conscious, was simply the harmonic of the tune the congregation was singing. Experiments with a German flute, made shortly after, for the express purpose, determined the relations of the two tympana. The results were written down, and are given herewith:



The upper notes were the only ones produced by the flute, and were responded to correctly by the vibrations of the healthy tympanum of the right ear. The lower or harmonic notes were as distinctly given as the upper, and with equal force, by the tympanum of the left ear. This double hearing of loud or sustained sounds lasted for some weeks, but gradually disappeared. The discordant ear-drums apparently soon adjusted themselves to the new situation, or more properly, perhaps, the perceiving mind soon learned to receive single impressions from the unaccordant organs, just as, in strabismus, retinæ with unparallel axes give but single impressions to the brain.

THE Wesleyan University Alumni Record is just issued—300 pages. It covers forty years, and registers 1,028 graduates, of whom 334 are ministers, 14 college presidents, 38 professors, 110 teachers, 101 lawyers, 65 doctors, 24 editors, 31 manufacturers, 25 farmers, etc. The Committee of Revision believe it to be "a more complete record of Alumni than has yet been issued by any other American college."

METHODIST QUARTERLY FOR JULY.—We are writing about it in the middle of the month in which it is published. It is one of the misfortunes of monthly publication, that what we say of it will not reach our readers for six weeks to come. To those who do not see this splendid ornament and addition to American science and literature, we may say that the number before us is in no whit behind its predecessors in strength, variety, or instructiveness. There is a good deal of whacking at Calvinism, some at Parkerism, some at materialism, all of which are more effectually used up by their own advocates than by the blows or strategy of any adversaries. In addition to the usual quantum of sharp hits from the keen Damascus-bladed editor, we have five articles, the most vital of which is, "The Dangerous Classes and their Treatment." Foreign immigration makes American cities sluice-ways of vice and crime. Romanism sends the most of it to our shores, and does the least toward its suppression or correction. Her sole care is to save her votaries from the contaminations of Protestantism. She is less concerned about her children being thieves, drunkards, beasts, or devils, than about their falling under the influence of Bible Christianity.

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